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THE BUGABOO OF A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

A MAN once picked a kettle off a stove and then dropped it with a cry of pain. He thought himself badly burned until he found there was no fire in the stove.

There is a time-honored idea that a Presidential year disturbs business. Like a number of other time-honored ideas it is more dependent upon its age than its truth. Put on blue glasses and you will see things blue. The people who are looking for trouble put on blue glasses whenever they get a chance. A Presidential year gives them a chance. The danger of these people is that they try to make the rest of us look through their glasses.

Capital is apt to be timid. While our democracy was an experiment we could hardly blame Capital for running to cover before national elections. Had not a change in the executive head often meant revolution, or the next thing to it, for centuries back in the Old World governments? Our President was our nearest approach to a king. So a very flimsy argument by analogy was drawn.

Federalist Adams was going to make our government monarchical, but he didn't. Radical Jefferson was going to set up mob rule, but he didn't. Old Hickory Jackson was a firebrand, but he didn't set anything on fire. Lincoln's election brought on the Civil War. Some years after the war, Jefferson Davis himself said that the assassination of Lincoln was one of the greatest calamities that ever befell

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the South. William McKinley was going to raise still higher his tariff wall. Instead he came to believe in tariff revision, and reduction in certain particulars. Theodore Roosevelt was a dangerous young hothead brought to the Presidential chair by a national tragedy. After three years of his Administration the people sent him back to the White House with an overwhelming majority.

Many years ago that brilliant Englishman, James Payn, saw how really harmless were our elections. What has happened since strengthens his view. He pointed out that our national elections every four years enable us to blow off steam and relieve pent-up feelings, thus preventing the revolutions and terrific strains from which Europe suffers.

No rascal has ever succeeded in getting himself elected President of the United States. Aaron Burr tried it and failed. No fool has ever been able to get himself elected either. Let us, for the sake of argument, suppose the impossible. Let us suppose a man were to be elected President who was both a fool and a knave. What could he do to the country? Some harm doubtless! But could he fill the Senate with fools and knaves? Could he prostitute the Supreme Court? No; even if he escaped impeachment, he would soon find himself gagged and tied into the Presidential chair. And there he would remain, doing a minimum of harm, until turned loose at the next election.

The people with the blue glasses, the calamity howlers, have always had their hands full working up election scares. This year their task is all but hopeless. Their old cry of "An election unsettles business" is denied them. The unsafe business stagings which the gamblers had built up in the name of High Finance have crashed to the ground. The builders of these flimsy structures have been turned out of responsible business circles. Turned out not by the President, the Attorney-General, nor the police, but by their own former colleagues—the honest and conservative financial leaders of America. Business can't be unsettled because it has already been unsettled. The hour for the builders has come!

Since the Civil War the election scaremongers have concentrated their attention more and more on the tariff. One of the great parties has wanted to do one thing to the

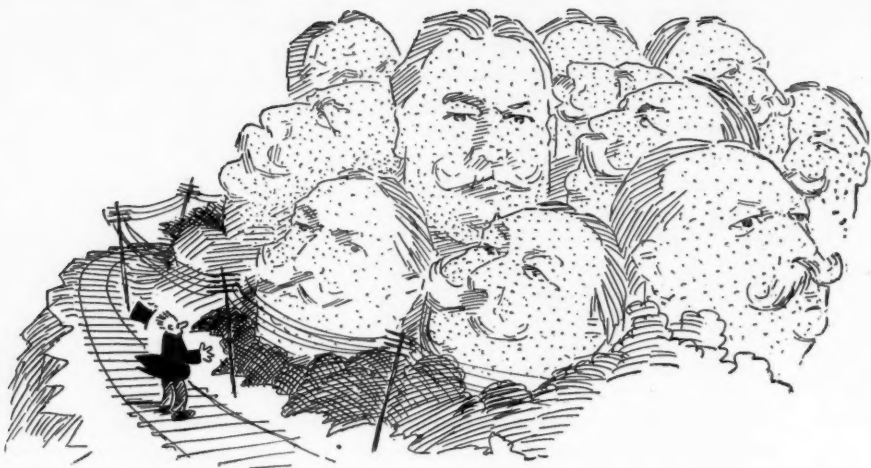
tariff and the other, another. The manufacturers and the "standpatters" have wanted it left alone. According to the calamity prophets of each faction business was to be paralyzed if any other faction won.

For this standard scare there is this year no basis whatsoever. Both the great parties are essentially in agreement on the tariff. Neither proposes to raise it. Possibly both wish to lower it. Certainly both intend to revise it. More remarkable still, the manufacturers themselves wish it reduced rather than raised, and are advocating a Tariff Revision Commission. Whichever party wins, the tariff will probably be revised more scientifically, more wisely, more impartially, and more in the interests of all American industries than ever before.

Our bonds can now be floated in Europe on better terms than those of England or Germany or any other great nation. Our copper, cotton, wheat, oil, corn, meats, and other staples which we are exporting, are creating for us vast credits abroad. The great Northwest will be as immensely prosperous this year as last. The South is emerging from the industrial slough of despond into which it was plunged by the war and rapidly regaining its once proud industrial position. Nothing short of a revolution or a series of disastrous foreign wars could undermine such a foundation for national prosperity. Changing administrations are as powerless to affect it as are the changing seasons.

The people who are looking for trouble will find it. The people who have scared themselves will continue to be scared just so long as they continue to scare themselves. They are the people who are afraid to do business in a Presidential year. They are the people who don't do much business in any year.

We agree with Mr. James J. Hill when he said: "This country has more people in it than at any time in its history, and it has more people of common sense and intelligence than ever before. Intelligence will assert itself and most people will quit ghost dancing." We believe that American business is now building and expanding upon a firmer foundation than ever before. To disturb or retard this advance, we believe the Presidential election is as powerless as is a floating spar to check the progress of an ocean steamer.



"It looks like Taft."

WHO SHALL DRIVE THE BAND WAGON?

BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



HO will be the Republican nominee? That's the question that is agitating statesmen of all calibers at present. Opinions differ. Uncle Heck Mofatt, of Peach Hollow, Ohio, says that Bill Taft will land the per-simmon; but Uncle Heck is prejudiced because Mr. Taft once shook hands with a cousin of his. Uncle Heck's pronouncement, however, cannot be said to voice a very widespread sentiment, because his sources of exclusive information are circumscribed by the limits of Dave Wilson's grocery store.

A Pullman porter on No. 6, running between Fair Oaks, Ind., and Lima, Ohio, says that Booker T. Washington will be nominated on the ninth ballot, with Henry Watterson as a running mate.

A broker in New York has taken out \$4,000,000 insurance against the reelection of President Roosevelt.

A Pittsburg man worth \$19,000,000 says we must "let well enough alone," and advises all good citizens to rally to the support of that sterling stand-patter, Uncle Joe Cannon.

From these few instances, it will be seen that a great diversity of opinion exists. It would be folly for us to say positively that

a certain man would be sure to get the nomination. Such an unqualified statement might mislead many innocent investors. For that reason, if for no other, it is only fair to say that any opinion expressed in this article will be subject to change without further notice.

A man who was determined to get at the truth of the political situation started out with the deliberate intention of sizing up the sentiment of the country in regard to the Republican nomination. He left the corner of Broadway and Wall Street with his ears peeled for particulars. By the time he reached the Twenty-third Street ferry he was convinced that Hughes would win with hands down. The air was full of Hughes enthusiasm. Even as far west as Jersey City the Hughes sentiment was rampant. "Why go farther?" he reflected. "The whole thing is settled already. The whole country is on fire for Hughes."

But he boarded a west-bound train and soon struck a dissenting voice. He found two men in Pennsylvania who said that a man by the name of Knox would win the nomination.

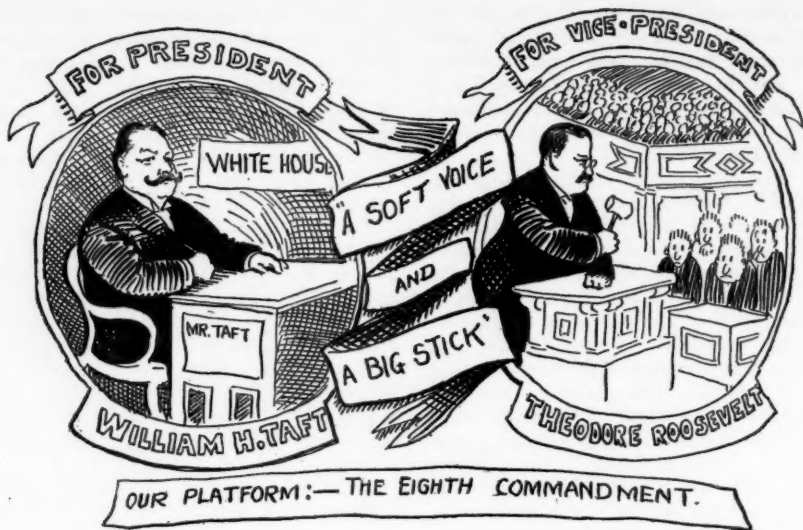
When the train reached Ohio, a party hiding behind a station came out and confided to him that Uncle Joe Foraker, the People's Friend, already had 2,049 delegates pledged, and that Napoleon Bonaparte would be his running mate. This seemed important if true, but in the brief time at his disposal, the investigator could not get the report corroborated.

For five hours of travel across Ohio he interviewed people right and left, and discovered that Peaceful Bill, the Secretary of War, had hailed down the state and had put "No Trespassing" signs up at every crossroad. It all looked like Taft to him at that juncture. One man wanted to run Roosevelt for Vice-President. "Bill Taft in the White House," said he, "and Teddy and his big stick in the Senate, that would make a great combination."

Then the investigator struck the Fairbanks belt and amended his opinions to include Uncle Charley. A man got on the train and whispered to him that Fairbanks had just received a note from a certain party that completely settled the whole matter. If things panned out according to



"Uncle Joe Foraker already had 2,049 delegates pledged."



"That would make a great combination."

what this party predicted, Uncle Charley would get over two thirds of the delegates on the first ballot and twice as many on the second. He—the investigator's informant—was already having a campaign button made to spring on the convention and stampede it at the psychological moment. "It looks like Fairbanks," said the man, confidentially, "and you can bet all the money you have left," etc., etc.

The investigator was confused. When the train reached the Illinois state line he bought a paper expecting to find that all the other candidates had withdrawn from the race. But a new surprise awaited him. Mr. Fairbanks's name was found only in the telegraphic society news from Washington, whereas all the rest of the paper was devoted to Uncle Joe Cannon. A double-leaded article next to pure reading matter announced that Uncle Joe was sure to be nominated on the eleventh ballot. All the favorite sons would become orphans on the tenth, and the delegates would rally to the support of the Sage of Danville. A sterilized interview from Uncle Joe confirmed this report.

The article furthermore counseled all

the uncannonized to hurry up and get into the band wagon or there wouldn't be room for them.

The investigator paused in Chicago to get his breath, and to try to straighten out his impressions. A few waves of La Follette enthusiasm wafted down from the dells of Wisconsin, and a faint yowl for Uncle Leslie Shaw percolated in from Iowa, but they only added to his confusion.

And that seems to be the situation up to the time we go to press. The country is on the *qui vive*. Intense excitement reigns, and little knots of men may be found together earnestly discussing the situation. Patriots are standing poised and alert, ready to make a wild jump into the band wagon, wherever it may be, and about 6,000,000 freedmen are waiting to see who will be the winner before announcing their political allegiance.

Also the favorite sons are poised and expectant. Those who planned to run as conservatives are vexed because the collapse of the Roosevelt policies is sidetracked, and the reaction against Theodore is so slow in coming. Consequently they are casting inquiring glances at the Roosevelt platform

and wondering if it is too late to climb up into the lime light. The conservative policy seems to be a policy of such exclusiveness that they are getting lonesome.

Down in New York, where the interest on investments has slumped from sixty per cent to a beggarly twenty per cent, and men can afford only five automobiles instead of ten, there are a lot of men sitting gloomily around listless tickers deploring the fact that the country is going straight to ruination. Seventy-nine million people are plumb crazy and won't listen to reason. Now if some good conservative man like Chancellor Day, or Mr. Rogers, could be elected President, all would again be happy and peaceful, and the country would be saved. But, alas! that seems impossible when the temper of the people is such that no one will listen to good conservative advice. The land is a seething hotbed of Teddyocracy, and the more the benevolent gentlemen down east advise, the larger and noisier becomes the Teddycratic following. About the only way they can hurt the Roosevelt policies would be by supporting them.

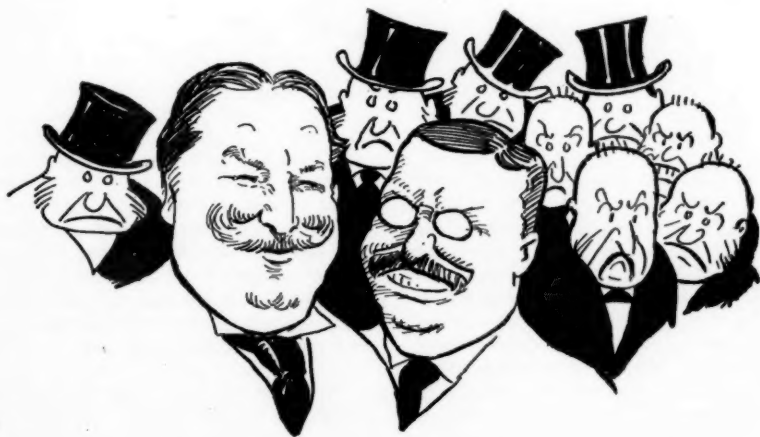
A few state delegations have been instructed for favorite sons, but their interest lies chiefly in whom they will support for second choice. An Indiana man, who was slated for the position of a Fairbanks dele-

gate, and had the job practically nailed down, so far forgot himself as to say that his second choice would never be Taft. He was forthwith dropped into the discard. In many other states where there are favorite sons, the mental reservation seems to be in favor of Mr. Taft as the favorite son-in-law.

On the Democratic side of this fence everything seems to be Bryanesque. To the casual observer the Peerless One appears to have the nomination trained to eat out of his hand. He has it filed away in his vest pocket and, at the proper moment, will take it out and present it to himself. There is little apparent reason for Democratic delegates to travel all the way out to Denver except to get in on the boundless hospitality the Denverites are preparing to extend them.

The Denver programme will probably be as follows:

Denver, July 7 (Special). The convention assembled to-day at ten o'clock and listened to a scholarly invocation by Rev. Maltby. Mr. Bryan was then nominated, a platform was adopted, and at 10.15 the delegates marched in a body to have their photographs taken. At 12.30 a magnificent luncheon was served at the palatial residence of Mr. and Mrs. Quartz. At 2.30 they were taken on a carriage ride to the



"Mr. Taft's Infectious Smile."

Carnegie Library, the cemetery, and the new Soldiers' Monument, and at 4.30 the delegates repaired to the sumptuous home of Mr. and Mrs. High Graders for tea. A banquet was served at the hotel at 7 o'clock and Mr. Bryan made a speech indorsing the Democratic nominee.

Denver, July 8 (Special). The convention

flag worked out with pink stripes and pale blue stars. The nominee acknowledged the beautiful gift in a speech replete with words. The convention then adjourned to watch a ball game over on the commons. In the evening a splendid collation was served and appropriate speeches were made.

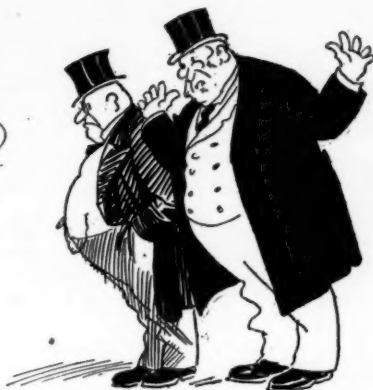


"Discussing the Roosevelt Policies."

assembled at 10 A.M. and passed resolutions of thanks to Colonel Bryan for the platform he had prepared. Miss Pearl Panner, daughter of Delegate Panner, then recited "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," after which the delegates exchanged confidences and autographs. Mr. James J. Jiggitt, of Alaska, made a rousing speech, beginning with "We view with alarm," and ending with "We'll rally around the standard of that peerless statesman, that splendid patriot, that etc., etc., William Jennings Bryan." Lunch was then partaken of at the magnificent residence of Mr. and Mrs. Orr and a delegation of school children presented Mr. Bryan with a

Denver, July 9 (Special). The convention met at 10 o'clock, but there being no quorum present, Mr. Bryan and a few friends selected a candidate for Vice-President, and the convention was adjourned. It is not yet known who was named for Vice-President, but he is said to be a well-known patriot of advanced years and three or four millions of loose cash.

Of course this programme is not official. It may be changed in some of its minor particulars, but from this distance it seems to be the probable one. We reserve, however, the right to a second guess.



"They won't listen to reason."

Politics are "mighty onsartin," as Ralph Waldo Emerson has so aptly remarked. Things may happen that will put a crimp in this programme of joy and harmony. There may be a discord in the pæan of happiness.

For example, Governor Johnson may happen along with his boom. Johnson undoubtedly has elements of great potential strength. If all the Johnsons in the country support him he will have nearly enough votes to elect him, and if he has Hoke Smith, of Georgia, as his running mate, the combination would be invincible. Just think of the Johnson and Smith vote uniting in favor of a ticket. The ticket would get so many votes you couldn't count them. Success would be assured. Nobody could beat them, especially if James K. Jones is again selected as campaign manager.

And then there are other elements of uncertainty that may break up Colonel Bryan's triumphant march to victory. Suppose Alton Parker should get together and ask Mr. Bryan to retire from the field in the interest of harmony, and Mr. Bryan should politely do so. That would inject a new element in the Democratic programme. Judge Gray, of Delaware, and Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati, would become prominent aspirants, and the struggle for the nomination would be desperately dignified.

This contingency is not likely to happen, but, for the time being, it furnishes food for fascinating thought for the Republican candidates.

If all goes well we may expect to have all the preliminaries of the big fight settled by the middle of July. Both of the big conventions will then have picked their standard bearers, and all the articles will be signed and witnessed.

All that will then remain will be four months of frenzied oratory. It will be a fight worth going miles to see. Presidential campaigns of former years will seem mild in comparison.

The Roosevelt policies will be on trial and you will be on the jury. There will be hot words spoken. Those who oppose the Roosevelt policies will rear up and tell you about all the dreadful things the President has done; how he has throttled business energy; how he has domineered over everybody and how he has insisted upon being the Whole Works. They will tell you that his crazy assaults on capital have frightened investors and sidetracked the glorious progress of Prosperity. Quite frequently you will encounter the dissenter who will start out by saying that "he thinks Roosevelt means well and that he has done a great deal of good and that he doesn't question the honesty of his motives, *B U T*—" and then he will get out a sledge hammer and unveil the secrets of his

heart. "I don't like his methods," he will say. "He talks too much. He has preached until everybody is tired. He could have worked out his reforms much more quietly." The dissenter will imply that the President should have politely requested the frenzied financiers to desist in their piratical course, instead of sending for a cop.

Then you will hear from the Roosevelt side. You will be told what would have happened if the President had been a conservative; if he had done nothing to alarm or disturb "capital."

This will be a picture of graphic eloquence.

Suppose that Roosevelt has forbidden the insurance investigation on the ground that it would weaken the confidence of foreign investors in the integrity of our great financiers.

Suppose he had stopped the action against the Northern Securities Company on the ground that such action would frighten capital.

Suppose that he had refrained from at-

tacking corrupt business methods on the ground that such attacks might disturb public confidence.

Suppose that he had refrained from taking restrictive action against Mr. Harri- man's plan of universal railway control on the ground that such action would have been too radical.

Suppose that he had restrained corrective measures against the Standard Oil Com- pany on the ground that such measures would have been too much like a play to the gallery.

In brief, suppose that he had refrained from interfering in any way with the finan- cial methods that have been in vogue dur- ing the past few years of drunken pros- perity.

His oft-repeated pleas for business hon- esty will be defended on the ground that his reforms could not be wrought unless he had public opinion to back him up and that the public conscience could not be aroused in any other way than by shouting his mes- sages from the housetops.

Then the orator will tell you what



"An Invincible Ticket."



"Alarming Capital."

would have happened if Roosevelt had been such a conservative.

How Harriman would control all the railroads of the country; how the Standard Oil interests would control all the available capital of the country; how the Heinze school of piratical finance would have prostituted banking methods, and how the insurance magnates would still be using the hundreds of millions of policy holders' money for the exploitation of selfish schemes.

The inevitable result—anarchy, and the next President, Michael McGuire, the Socialist leader.

By the middle of August the straw vote man will be working overtime. He will be passing the hat in every railway train. The campaign button man will be flooding the country with buttons of the candidates, and the campaign liar will be abroad in full force. Every day we will see in the papers such items as these:

Akron, Ohio, October 29. Mr. James Knoblock returned last night from Washington. He reports having a conversation with a man who is authority for the statement that Mr. Taft had said to him that the American laboring man was no good; that he was making too much money, and that labor unions should be dispersed by federal troops.

Natchez, Miss., October 31. Mr. Ota Jimison reports having had a conversation with Chas. W. Fairbanks on the latter's recent trip through the South. "I don't believe in the prohibition

movement," said Mr. Fairbanks. "The church people are all fanatics, and I'd like to see a saloon on every corner where a church now stands."

Guthrie, Okla., October 30. Is Joseph G. Cannon an infidel? That is the question Guthrie is now discussing. Some say he is not, but Jasper Johnson, the gentlemanly hack driver at the depot, says that he is. Last Saturday when Speaker Cannon arrived in Guthrie on his grand tour of the West, Mr. Johnson overheard a conversation in which the Republican candidate is alleged to have said he was an infidel and that what this country needs is a monarchy. He also said he hated the Irish and the Dutch and would drive them all out of the country if he was elected President.

Way Cross, Ga., October 30. Intense indignation prevails here. Governor Hughes spoke last night on the perils that threaten the republic. On his way to the hotel he was overheard to say that the negro and white children should go to school together and that if he was elected President he would appoint Booker T. Washington Secretary of State. He will not get a vote in Georgia on account of this alleged remark.

And so on. There will be lots of campaign lies and we must be on the lookout for them. Don't believe everything you read, and whatever else you do, don't lose your temper.

Politics will be fashionable this year. It will be food for conversation in polite society. In ordinary years the average woman only reads certain parts of the newspaper. She knows who went to So-and-so's



"His Platform."

party, what the styles are going to be, all the details in the latest scandal, how to reduce flesh, and how much money Mrs. Van Astorfeller spent on her last ball. But in matters political she has not kept up. She has not concerned herself in such things, and whenever she dashes into a political discussion she is likely to say that the Democrats will nominate Mr. Taft and that the war between the United States and Java will be dreadful.

But this year she will be up to date. She will know Taft's batting average when he was a student at Yale, and how Mr. Bryan stands on the question of Injunctions. Even *débutantes* will discover that there is such a thing as politics, and it will cease to be the awfully puzzling thing it always has seemed. They will pause in the Barn Dance or the "Boston" to dwell learnedly on the merits of plank No. 11 of the Democratic platform.

From now until next November, the privilege of free speech in this country is not likely to be overlooked. People who have been slow to realize how much talk

they have been entitled to, are going to wake up to their opportunities. Those who have modestly refrained from settling the affairs of state, will dash in and take a hand in the job. There will be a minimum import of ideas and a maximum export of conversation.

If you ask Mr. Elmer Pratt, the gentlemanly salesman at the drygoods emporium, who will be nominated, he will look wise and try to repeat verbatim what he thought he read in the paper last week, about why Taft is strong with the Roumanians.

The smoking room in every Pullman car will be seething with the output of political gossip. At every corner grocery there will be more concentrated talk to the square minute than there has been since wheat nearly struck the two-dollar mark. Horny-handed fists will swat the top of the cracker barrels, and the queensware on the shelves will rattle and jump every time Uncle Eph Prute elects Bryan.

There's going to be so much to talk about in this campaign that the time is too

short. It will take us till nearly September to analyze, disembody and diagnose the insurance scandals completely. The panic of 1907 will take all of September and nearly half of October. And that will leave only about three weeks to talk over, attack, and defend the Standard Oil fine, the railway rate legislation, simplified spelling, the Bellamy Storer embroglio, the Ananias Club, the Brownsville affair, the Admiral Brownson controversy, race

we have the President and all his by-products. No matter what you start out to discuss you will be sure to end up with Roosevelt.

It will be an iron-willed person who can limit his output of words to any one subject without being switched off into a discussion of the President.

If a man starts on the crop failure in Terre del Fuego, he will wake up to find himself talking about Teddy. If he starts



"Even débutantes will understand politics."

suicide, nature faking, successful dishonesty, unsuccessful honesty, the Panama Republic, the inheritance tax, the land frauds, the increase of the navy, the battleship cruise, the Portsmouth Peace Conference, the Teddy bear craze, states rights, and seventeen other live issues that will require our attention. "The time is too short, even if we divide up the job among 80,000,000 willing patriots.

In off-presidential years, we have had only one or two issues—such as the tariff or free silver, or some such concrete thing of that sort. One good orator could settle any of them in two weeks. But this year

out to talk on the ethics of unsuccessful honesty as compared to the annual rainfall in the Straits of Magellan, he will unconsciously graduate into a vivid description of how President Roosevelt scared a plutocrat out of two years' income, or how he separated an insurance magnate from somebody else's money.

The land will boil with fervor. Democrats will wave their arms and get huffy because some Republican casts aspersions on the candidate for supervisor down in Way Cross, Georgia. The Stand-Patter will fire thunderous volleys at the Square Dealer, and the Square Dealer will swat



"On the alert."

the Stand-Patter. In the dust and turmoil you won't be able to tell a fact from a fiction.

But there will be sad moments from time to time.

Along about convention time we shall have to doff our hats in reverence and pay our last sad respects to several favorite sons' booms. A few state delegates will vote tentatively for their favorite sons and then make a flying leap for the band wagon.

Booms will soar aloft for a moment or two, then collapse with a sickening pop, and the air will be full of delegates parachuting into the aforesaid band wagon. It will be a thrilling sight.

In the din and confusion somebody will be nominated. And along about March, 1909, a period of dullness and quiet will settle over the country. It will seem like an anti-climax. Every day will be Sunday when Theodore retires.



"The rush for the Band Wagon."

THE LAST DUCHESS OF BELGARDE

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

PART FIRST



IN the great, green old garden of Madame, the Countess of Floramour, sat her granddaughter, little Mademoiselle Trimousette, wondering when she was to be married and to whom. Such an enterprise was afoot, and even then being arranged, but nobody, so far, had condescended to give Trimousette any of the particulars. She was stitching demurely at her tambour frame, while in her lap lay an open volume of Ronsard. Every now and then her rosy lips murmured the delicious verses of the poet. A very pale, quiet little person was Mademoiselle Trimousette, with a pair of tragic black eyes, and something in her air so soft, so pensive, so appealing, that it almost made up for the beauty she lacked. Although the only granddaughter of the rich, the highly born and the redoubtable Countess of Floramour, little Trimousette was the very soul of humility, and in her linen gown and straw hat might have passed for a shepherdess of Arcady.

A clump of gnarled and twisted rose trees made a niche for her small white figure on the garden bench. To one side was the yew alley, where the clipped hedge met overhead, making the alley dark even in the May noontime. Before Trimousette stood, in a little open space, a cracked sundial, on which could still be made out in worn letters the legend

*L'ombre passe, et repasse.
Sans repasser, l'homme passe.*

This sounded very sad to little sixteen-year-old Trimousette; shadows passed and repassed; but men, passing once, passed forever. She sighed, and then her young heart turned away to sweeter, brighter things as she again took up her tambour frame. She knew the motto on the sundial well, did little Trimousette, but it always made her sad, from the time she first spelled it out in her childish days. However, her heart refused to give it more than one little sigh to-day, as she turned again to her embroidery and to her love dream. If only she were to be married to the Duke of Belgarde—that splendid, daredevil duke, whom she had once seen face to face, and to whom she had yielded her innocent heart and all her glowing imagination! Her grandmother, the old countess, who was frightfully pious, probably would not let her marry the duke, not even if he asked her. But Trimousette believed firmly that all the wild duke needed to make him a model of propriety was a little tender remonstrance and perhaps a kiss or two. Here Trimousette held her embroidery frame up to her eyes to hide the hot blushes that leaped into her pale cheeks.

Presently came striding along the garden path the fierce old Countess of Floramour, as tall as a bean pole, and with a voice like an auctioneer.

"It is all arranged," she said to little Trimousette, "and you are to be married to the Duke of Belgarde."

The blood dropped out of Trimousette's face, like water dashed from a vase. She had risen when she saw the old countess approaching. Everybody rose when the

old countess approached, for she was a martinet to the backbone. The volume of Ronsard fell out of Trimousette's lap, and Madame de Floramour pounced upon it.

"Reading poetry indeed!" she cried, indignantly. "Precious little use will you find for poetry when you are a duchess. You will be visiting morning, noon, and night, until you can hardly stand upon your legs, and receiving visits until your head swims, or going to balls and routs when you should be in bed, and trailing after Their Majesties until you are ready to drop, and racking your brain for compliments to frowsy old women and doddering old men, and doing everything you don't want to do,—that's being a duchess. Nevertheless, it is a fine thing to be a duchess."

Dark-eyed Trimousette scarcely heard anything of this, her ear had caught only the words—the Duke of Belgarde, and she was dazzled and stunned with the splendid vision that rose before her like magic at the speaking of the winged words. Nevertheless, she managed to gasp out:

"And when am I to be married, grand-mamma?"

"When you see my coach with six horses drive into the courtyard, miss—then you are to be married, and not before."

With this the old countess stalked off, and Trimousette fell into a rapturous dream, her head resting upon her hand. So motionless was she that a pair of blue birds, still in their honeymoon, cooed and chirped almost at her feet. The world held but one object for Trimousette at that moment—the Duke of Belgarde. She knew his first name—Fernand—and her lips involuntarily moved as if speaking it. A heavenly glow seemed to envelop the old garden, the sundial with its melancholy motto, the dark yew walk, bathing them in a golden glory. Before her dreamy eyes returned the vision of the day she had seen the Duke of Belgarde, and had laid her innocent trembling heart at his feet, just as a subject bows before his king, without waiting to be told. It was just a year before on a May day, and it was close by the Tuileries gardens. Madame de Floramour's great coach was drawn up, waiting to see King Louis the Sixteenth and Queen Marie Antoinette pass to some

great ceremony at Notre Dame. The duke in a gorgeous riding dress, and superbly horsed, was among the courtiers, and on seeing a certain beautiful lady, Madame de Valençay, he dismounted, and stood uncovered talking with her, the sun gleaming upon his powdered hair, and making his sword hilt shine as a single jewel. How well Trimousette remembered Madame de Valençay's splendid blonde beauty! She seemed, in her pale violet satin robe that matched the color of her eyes, a part of the pageant of earth and sky that day. At the first sight of her a sudden, sharp, jealous pain rent Trimousette's little heart. Instantly she realized that she was small and pale, and her gown was dull in color. The duke scarcely saw her, as he left Madame de Valençay's side long enough to speak to the old countess. Trimousette, making herself as small as possible in the corner of the coach, was, as usual, completely swamped by Madame de Floramour's enormous hoop, tremendous hat and feathers, and voluminous fan. The old lady, who had a fierce virtue which she would not have hesitated to cram down the throat of the king himself, was lecturing the duke upon the sin of gaming, to which he was addicted, along with several other mortal sins. He listened with laughing, impenitent eyes, and grinning delightfully, swore he would make public confession of his sins and lead a life thereafter as innocent as that of the daisies of the field. Behind him, while he was talking, shone the lovely, fair face of Madame de Valençay, all dimpling with smiles.

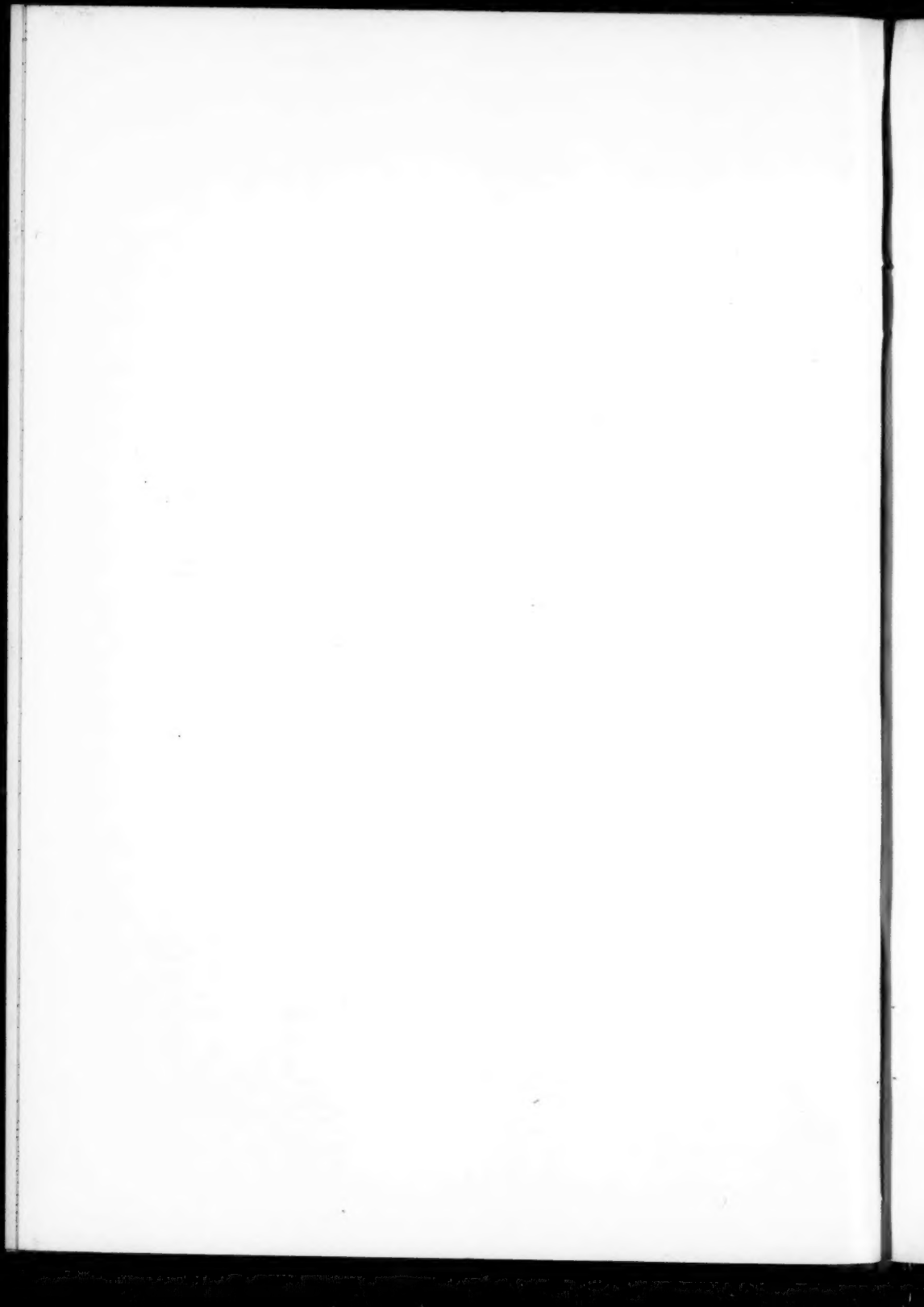
Not the least notice did the duke take of little Trimousette until, the old countess preparing to alight and walk about while waiting for Their Majesties, Trimousette stepped timidly out of the coach after her. One vagrant glance of the duke's fell upon Trimousette's little, little feet, encased in beautiful red-heeled shoes, and as he turned away with a low bow and a sweep of his hat, Trimousette's quick ear heard him say to a companion standing by, "What charming little feet!"

From that day Trimousette's innocent head had been full of this adorable, impudent scapegrace of a duke. She did not, like older and wiser women, try to put



"A very pale, quiet little person was Mademoiselle Trimousette."

Drawn by J. Patrick Nelson.



him out of her mind, but cherished her idol, as young things will; only, he seemed too far above her and beyond her. And the beautiful Madame de Valençay was certainly better suited to so splendid a being as the Duke of Belgarde, than a small creature like herself, so Trimousette thought. But she had not read the story of Cinderella for nothing—and small feet had carried the day in that case over beauty in all its pride.

The duke divided the empire of Trimousette's soul with her brother, Count Victor of Floramour, who was an edition in small of the Duke of Belgarde, whom he ardently admired and earnestly copied, especially in his debts. Count Victor had succeeded in piling up quite a respectable number of obligations, but unlike the Duke of Belgarde, who feared nobody, Victor was in mortal terror of his grandmother, the old countess, who held the reins tight on him, and gave him about enough allowance to keep him in silk stockings. Being an officer of the Queen's Musketeers, Victor had a great many opportunities to spend money which he alleged was a solemn duty he owed Her Majesty, Queen Marie Antoinette. Trimousette believed this, but the old countess scoffed at it. Trimousette had determined, if she made a rich marriage, she would ask her husband to pay Victor's debts, even if they were so much as a thousand louis d'ors—and now—ah, sweet delight! She was to be married to the finest, the most beautiful duke in the world, who no doubt was as rich as he was grand. The thought of Madame de Valençay disturbed her a little, but she believed if she was very sweet and loving with the duke, and sang him pretty little songs, and always wore enchanting red-heeled shoes, he would soon forget Madame de Valençay.

The duke had more than one splendid château, but Trimousette had heard of the little old Castle of Boury, on the coast of Brittany, where the duke was born. Thither, Trimousette decided they would go directly they were married; for, of course, the duke—or Fernand as Trimousette already called him in her thoughts—would ask her where she wished to go. In her day dream she saw the place—an old stone fortalice, perched on the brown

Breton rocks, with a garden of hardy shrubs and flowers, straying almost to the cliff, and seagulls clanging overhead in the soft blue air. There would Trimousette and her duke live like Their Majesties at the Little Trianon, where the Count d'Artois milked the cow, and Queen Marie Antoinette herself skimmed the cream from the milk pails. The queen, too, always wore a linen gown and a straw hat when she was at the Little Trianon, and Trimousette would dress in the same way at Boury.

While all these idle, sweet fancies floated through her mind, like white butterflies dancing in the sun, she glanced up and saw Victor coming toward her. Victor did not march across the flower beds like the old countess, but slunk along through the yew alley, in the dull green light that brooded upon it even at noon-tide. He was like Trimousette, only ten times handsomer, and gave indications of having seen a good deal of life. Plainly he had been up all night. He was unshaven, his hat had lost its jaunty cock, his waistcoat was wine-stained, and the lace on his sleeves had been badly damaged in a romp with some very gay ladies about four o'clock that morning.

He beckoned to Trimousette, and she rose and went into the cool, dark alley with him where they were quite secure from observation. Victor, taking Trimousette's hand, kissed it gallantly.

"So you want to be a duchess, my little sister," he said, laughing, yet kindly. "I hope you will be happy, but don't get any nonsense in your romantic head about you and Belgarde living like a pair of blue pigeons in an almond tree. Belgarde is a gay dog if ever I saw one. We were together last night and look." Victor showed his tattered ruffles and battered hat, and touched his unshaven chin. "We went to a little supper together which begun at midnight, and is just over now within the hour."

Trimousette firmly believed that she would be able to cure her duke of his taste for such suppers, but she was too timid to put her belief in words. She said, however, after a blushing pause:

"One thing I mean to ask the duke as soon as we are married, and that is for some money to pay your debts, dear Victor."

At that Victor sat down on the ground and laughed until he cried.

"You are as innocent as the birds upon the bushes, my little duchess," he said. "Belgarde pay my debts! He cannot pay his own."

"But yours cannot be so very large," urged Trimousette, earnestly. "If it were even as much as a thousand louis d'ors, I should ask the duke to give it to me, and if he loved me——"

She paused with downcast eyes, and Victor stopped laughing and looked at her with pity. What an innocent, affectionate, guileless child she was, and what a lesson lay before her!

"My debts amount to a good deal more than a thousand louis d'ors," he responded, smiling in spite of himself at Trimousette's simplicity. "You will have a good many thousands of louis d'ors at your command, my little duchess, but you will need them all yourself; for Belgarde will have his wife finely dressed, and your hotel and equipages must be suitable to your rank."

"I shall always be able to spare a little for you, Victor," answered Trimousette, looking at him with adoring eyes.

"Belgarde will not mind the money; he is a free-handed, generous fellow, as brave as my sword. But you must not try to domesticate him, you must become gay like himself. Belgarde told me on our way home just now that everything had been arranged, and that he meant to treat you well. I answered, if he did not, I would run him through the body; and so I will."

At which Trimousette was frightened half to death, and replied:

"Then if he treats me ill, I will never let you know anything about it."

Never was a bride less burdened with the details of her marriage than was Mademoiselle Trimousette. Her grandmother arranged the settlements, provided the trousseau, and did not even let Trimousette see the marriage presents, which the duke sent in a couple of large hampers, until the day before the wedding.

The duke did not take the trouble to see his little bride in advance of the formal betrothal, which took place the week after Trimousette had sat and stitched by the old sundial in the garden. The betrothal ceremony took place in the grandest of all of the grand saloons in the hotel of Ma-

dame de Floramour. It was very splendid, and the bride herself, for the first time in her life, was expensively dressed and wore jewels. When she entered the grand saloon on Victor's arm, her eyes were downcast, and she felt as if she were under some enchanting spell. She saw nothing but her adorable duke, with his laughing eyes, and dashing figure and slim, sinewy hands over which fell lace ruffles.

The duke glanced at his bride with good-humored indifference. She was too young, too unformed to reveal what she might yet become, but she looked so gentle, so unresisting, that she appeared to be a very suitable duchess for a duke who took his pleasure wherever he found it. The only thing he noticed especially about her were her dainty feet, in little white satin shoes, and her black eyes, hidden under her downcast lids. He recognized the melancholy glory of her eyes, but thought them too tragic for everyday use. He much preferred Madame de Valençay's blue orbs, languid, yet sparkling. That charming lady was present, and appeared in no wise chagrined. Shortly before the wedding she had suggested to the duke that she should put the Count de Valençay out of the way, in order to make a vacancy in his shoes for the duke; he was always ailing, and could easily be made a little more so. The duke declined the proposition, as every other man has done to whom it has been made since the dawn of time. But he had assured Madame de Valençay that neither a husband nor a wife counted in an all-consuming passion such as theirs, and she believed him. The new duchess pleased her quite as much as she pleased the duke. Surely, that small, timid, almost voiceless creature ought not and should not stand in the way of two determined lovers like the Duke of Belgarde and Madame de Valençay.

Few persons present took any more notice of the young bride than did the prospective bridegroom. The betrothal ceremony was soon over and then a great dinner was served, at which the future Duchess of Belgarde sat next the duke at table. Amid the crowd of merry faces, the cheerful noise and commotion of a betrothal dinner, the lights and the flowers, Trimousette saw only the duke's handsome, laughing, careless face and heard only his

ringing voice. She was so quiet and still during it all that it touched the duke a little, although he had frankly determined in advance he would not trouble himself very much about his future duchess. He was impelled, however, by a certain careless kindness, to pay her a few small compliments. The blood rushed to Trimousette's face and she raised her black eyes to his with an expression of love, at once desperate and shy, so that the duke privately resolved not to encourage her to fall in love with him any more than she was already. Nothing is more inconvenient, thought the duke, than a wife who is in love with her husband, except perhaps a husband who is in love with his wife.

The next night the wedding was celebrated. First there was a great supper and ball preceding the ceremony, which took place at midnight, according to the fashion of the age, at Notre Dame. It was a very grand wedding indeed. The king and queen were represented, and half the old nobility of France was present. In fact, there was so much of rank and grandeur that the bride was as nearly insignificant as a bride could well be. Her costume was very gorgeous, she blazed with jewels which came from she knew not where, and she was attended by six young ladies of the highest rank, whom she had never seen before. Trimousette's eyes timidly traveled over the magnificent suites of saloons, some devoted to cards, others to dancing where an orchestra of twenty-four violins played, after the manner of the orchestra of Louis the Fourteenth, at whose court Madame de Flora-mour had been a shining light. In another huge saloon a splendid supper was served by a hundred liveried lackeys, wearing wedding favors.

But the only familiar faces the little bride saw were her brother Victor's, and her grandmother's iron countenance, grimly resplendent under a towering head-dress of red feathers. Yes, there was another face she knew well, though she had seen it but twice, the lovely rosy-lipped Madame de Valençay. Trimousette, for all her outward timidity, had a shy and silent courage, which appeared when least expected. She did not really fear Madame de Valençay, with all her wit and beauty, for love is the universal

conqueror. So thought simple Trimousette. The duke was quite civil to his bride, and she mistook his civility for the beginnings of love and thought him more adorable than ever.

Half an hour before midnight, a great string of coaches, with running footmen carrying torches, started for the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the Archbishop of Paris, with the assistance of a whole batch of cardinals, was to perform the marriage ceremony. The night, radiant and rose-scented, was the loveliest of June nights. The crowds along the streets hustled and pushed one another to get a sight of the young bride. All agreed that she was not half handsome enough for the beautiful, superb Duke of Belgarde, and such, indeed, was the bride's own opinion. The duke was in great spirits. The more he saw of his bride, the better she seemed suited to him. She was certainly the meekest, most inoffensive creature on earth, and if only she would not insist on making love to him, it would be an ideal marriage—for the Duke of Belgarde. He congratulated himself that he had not yielded to the seductions of Madame de Valençay, when that spirited and fascinating lady had offered to put her husband out of the way to please the duke.

The wedding train, as it swept up the great aisle of Notre Dame, blazed with splendor. In it was the Count d'Artois, who not only milked the cow charmingly, but danced adorably on the tight rope. The main altar, with its thousands of candles, sparkled like a single jewel. The huge organ thundered under the echoing arches, and the great bells in the towers clashed out joyfully their wedding music to the quiet stars in the heavens. The melody, the beauty, the glory of it all found an echo in the tender, simple heart of the new Duchess of Belgarde.

Instead of a honeymoon at Boury, the old Breton castle on the cliffs, the Duke and Duchess of Belgarde had a racketing time at the Château de Belgarde, a great palace of a place in the neighborhood of Versailles. There was incessant dancing, dining and merry-making for three whole weeks, and the meek, silent little bride grew so tired she could scarcely stand upon her pretty feet. Madame de Va-

lençay was much in evidence, and was easily the loveliest of all the lovely women at the Château de Belgarde. A vague uneasiness came into the heart of the little duchess whenever she saw this beautiful blue-eyed creature always radiantly dressed. Trimousette, however, still believed that she could soon make her duke fall as deeply in love with herself as she was, irretrievably, in love with him. He was certainly kind to her, so thought Trimousette with deep delight in her innocent heart; she did not observe a certain carelessness in the duke's kindness to her, not unlike his kindness to his faithful hound, Diane, who had broken both her forelegs in his service, and though unable to hunt, limped about after him with the desperate devotion of that most sentimental of all creatures except a woman—a dog. The duke did, indeed, show a sort of protective instinct toward his silent, shy, black-eyed young wife, and she noticed that Madame de Valençay was more civil to her when the duke was by than when he was not, although it must be admitted that the Duchess of Belgarde was shamefully bullied in her own house from the day of her marriage by Madame de Valençay. Trimousette bore it with the quiet, wordless courage which enabled her to bear many things in silence, and she continued to mistake her husband's casual good will for the beginnings of love in its infancy. One day, less than a month after her marriage, came the awakening. The duchess saw a jeweler from Paris at the door of the duke's room. The duke was holding in his hand a blue, heart-shaped locket with diamonds in it.

"I will take this," he said, "for one hundred louis."

He did not see his duchess who was passing a little to the back of him. A palpitating joy shot through Trimousette's heart. What were all the jewels and laces and furs and silks in her marriage presents from the duke compared to that charming little jeweled heart, which he was choosing for her! The duke thrust the trinket in his breast, dismissed the man, and then turning, for the first time saw his duchess walking along the broad, bright corridor, flooded with the glow of the summer morning. He overtook her, and uttered some little phrase of compli-

ment. He thought her a good, harmless little thing, and if she would only give over that habit of blushing furiously every time he spoke to her, and looking at him with sidelong, adoring glances, he would have been perfectly satisfied with her. In all honesty, he preferred her as his wife a million times more than Madame de Valençay, whom he could have married, if only he had agreed to have the present incumbent put out of the way. A submissive person was what the duke particularly desired for a wife, and he had got one.

The little duchess's heart beat so with joy that she was almost suffocated, and could only say "Yes" and "No" when the duke talked to her. He was obliged to admit, however, after a few minutes of this, as they passed through the long, sunlit corridor out upon the gay terrace, that his bride had not much conversational power. And standing on the terrace, surrounded by gentlemen, was Madame de Valençay, entertaining them all with the most amusing badinage in the world. She seemed to embody the very spirit of the rosy morn with her shining eyes, her ringing voice, her gown of a jocund yellow.

Nevertheless, for Trimousette this trifling attention of the duke toward her filled her soul with rapture. There was a great ball that night at the château, and she dressed herself for it with gayety of heart in a very unbecoming gown selected for her by her fierce old grandmother. Her innocent, hidden hope and pleasure lasted until she entered the ballroom to receive her guests. There, amid the jewels sparkling upon Madame de Valençay's breast, lay the little blue enameled heart.

Something as near resentment as Trimousette's gentle heart could feel stirred within her, and her dark eyes grew somber. She had a sudden illumination. Never more would she mistake the duke's careless kindness for the beginnings of love. But with the illumination of her mind rose up that latent, silent, wordless courage which enabled her to bear almost unbearable things without one sign of pain. She was but a girl of seventeen, this injured wife, this insulted duchess; she knew nothing of retaliation, she only knew how to suffer silently and with dignity. No one, not even her brother Victor, should know of the cruel affront put

upon her in the first month of her marriage. She forced herself to talk and even to smile, and Victor, who was afraid that Trimousette would never look or speak or walk or act as a great duchess should, began to have some hopes of her.

The gayety and racketing went on during the whole year at one place or another—the Château de Belgarde, other châteaux, Paris and Versailles. Trimousette saw Madame de Valençay oftener than any other woman of her acquaintance. Madame de Valençay was fairly polite, but in her eyes and smile lurked a kind of insolence which the still, silent young duchess understood quite well, but of which she made not the slightest sign. She had no more liberty and not much more money as Duchess of Belgarde than when she lived in her grandmother's house as a little demoiselle. There was much to buy and to give, and besides, ever since King Louis the Sixteenth had called the States General together, the peasants had refused to pay their rents and even their taxes, and the work people demanded their money with threats and curses. So far from having a thousand louis d'ors with which to pay Victor's debts, the poor little duchess had only managed, by skimping and saving in her own personal expenses, to scrape together three hundred louis—and it was so little she was ashamed to offer it to Victor.

A year after her marriage Trimousette disappointed and offended the duke very much by presenting him with a daughter. A son would have been welcomed; but a girl—well, the poor little thing, as if knowing she was not wanted by anyone except her young mother, soon wailed her life away. Trimousette grieved as one whose heart was broken, and wore nothing but black. This still more annoyed the duke, but on this point alone Trimousette showed a slight obstinacy. The duke wished her to go about, to visit Versailles, to be seen at the theater. The young duchess humbly obeyed these instructions, but not in the spirit the duke desired. Trimousette's heart, poor lonely captive, beat against its prison bars, and made its melancholy cry a little heard; then grew silent.

She led a life singularly lonely for a great lady who received twice in the week,

and who went to a ball nearly every night. Her grandmother thought she had done enough in marrying Trimousette off to one of the greatest dukes in France, and gave herself up to sermons, taking no more thought of her granddaughter. Victor had his own amusements, as became an officer of the Queen's Musketeers and a gay dog. Only the poor, broken-legged hound Diane seemed to seek Trimousette's company, and together the two creatures who loved the duke listened for his footsteps, and hung timidly upon his words.

But there was so great a noise of other things in Paris that private woes were not much heeded. It was impossible for a lady to walk without molestation upon the streets full of turbulent people, and actually dangerous to drive about in ducal coaches. The pavements were thronged with hungry creatures, both men and women, with menacing eyes, and threatening, yelling voices, who had been known to scream and flout ladies in their carriages, and to drag gentlemen from their horses and maltreat them. Once Madame de Valençay, seeing Trimousette preparing to go forth somewhat unwillingly in her coach, hinted that perhaps the duchess was afraid.

"Not in the least, madame," answered Trimousette, quietly. "Perhaps you will join me in my coach, and drive with me to the Palais Royal."

Madame de Valençay was so stunned by this proposal that she accepted it, the duke standing by and wondering if his taciturn young duchess had not lost her wits.

The two ladies were assisted into the coach, which set off toward the Palais Royal. It was about seven in the evening when the work of the day was over and the streets were fullest of those ragged, starving creatures who had found voice at last, and shouted out the story of their rags, their hunger, their misery, and their determination to punish somebody for it. The splendid coach and six of the Duchess of Belgarde was like showing a red rag to a bull. The mob surrounded it, hooting and screaming, and wrenched the whips from the hands of the coachmen and postilions, and the canes from the three footmen hanging on behind. Madame de

Valençay, who had started out laughing and defiant, grew pale and then frightened, and when a wretched woman, with the glare of famine in her eyes, dragged the coach door open and tore the ribbons from Madame de Valençay's hat, that lady fell to whimpering and almost fainting with terror. Not so little Trimousette. It had been complained of her often that she was too silent and impassive, and she remained so now, giving no sign whatever of fear or uneasiness. She even smiled with a faint contempt at Madame de Valençay's terrors, and refused to give orders for the coachman to return to the Hôtel de Belgarde until they had made the circuit of the Palais Royal. When they returned, the duke was awaiting them in the courtyard of the hôtel. He was wondering what would be the next miracle. Madame de Valençay had been so terribly scared that she could not disguise it, and clamored to have not only the duke, but all the men servants in the hôtel to escort her home. She looked a wreck, did this beautiful, gayly gowned lady. Not so Trimousette, in her sedate black gown, better suited to eighty than eighteen.

"I was not at all frightened," she said to the duke, and if she had not been so shy, she would have told him all about it. The coachmen and footmen did this, however, and slyly, after the manner of their kind, brought the duchess's calm courage into contrast with Madame de Valençay's undignified screams and pleadings.

The duke, who was insensible to fear himself, expected courage in women and was secretly disgusted with Madame de Valençay. In fact, like most ladies of her sort, she was beginning to hound the duke with what she called her love. It had grown more insistent since his marriage to the quiet little thing, who appeared not to know there was such a thing as faithlessness in the world. The duke chafed a little under Madame de Valençay's shameless pursuit of him. Not being a courageous woman she did not venture into the streets when the people became turbulent, but they were not always turbulent, the poor starving people. Although herself often afraid to go out, Madame de Valençay did not mind sending out her running footmen, and the Duke of Belgarde could scarcely leave his own door without a

lackey in Madame de Valençay's livery poking a scented pink note at him. The duke ground his teeth, and dimly recognized that his friend, as he called her, harassed and worried him, and indeed henpecked him more in two weeks than his pale, quiet little duchess had done in the whole two years of their married life. Nevertheless, Madame de Valençay's glorious and vivid beauty enchanted him, and made him sometimes forget Trimousette's very existence. He even forgot to compliment her little feet, which Trimousette still, with a faint foolish hope in her heart, dressed in charming little shoes, the only patch of coquetry or vanity about her.

The people, meanwhile, were growing more and more unruly, and at last one day a mob of dressmakers, washerwomen, cooks, and the like, headed by a tall, red-faced laundress, almost as fierce as the old Countess of Floramour, began a round of domiciliary visits to persons who owed them money. They went to many hôtels, including that of Madame de Valençay, who ordered all the doors to be double-locked, and ran up to her bedroom where she remained cowering and terrified, but unable to escape the menaces and shouts of the crowd of haggard, savage women in the courtyard, demanding their money to keep their children from starving. They got nothing, however.

Next, they visited the old Countess of Floramour, who came down boldly enough to them, but gave them a sermon instead of money. She exhorted them to live by Bible texts, and was indignant when the big red-faced laundress replied that they could neither eat nor wear the Bible. Thence the riotous women invaded the courtyard of the splendid Hôtel de Belgarde. They had grown more noisy and the *dames de compagnie* of the duchess begged her not to go down to them. But Trimousette was of all things least a coward, and taking from her *escritoire* the little bag of gold she had saved up to pay Victor's debts, she descended the grand staircase into the sunny courtyard, where the mob clamored and abused the powdered footmen in their silk stockings. Something in the aspect of this pale, soft-eyed little duchess in her black gown, her hair tied with a black ribbon, moved the wild hearts of these savage women, and her

voice, trembling and embarrassed, made them keep quiet in order to hear her.

"It is all I have," she said, blushing and stammering as she handed the bag to the big red laundress; "it is only a little more than three hundred louis, and is not enough to pay you. If I had any more, I would be glad to give it to you."

The laundress looked at her in surprise; she was the first great lady they had visited so far who had given them a franc. The fierce laundress became almost civil when she took the bag from Trimousette's hands.

"We ask for our money, for we are starving. My little child died last week because I have not for a year past had money enough to give her good food. What do you think of that, madame?" she cried, her red face suddenly growing pale and fiercer.

"My little child died last year," answered Trimousette, looking at the women before her with the kinship of motherhood; and then covering her face with her hands, she burst into weeping.

The crowd of women were hungry and savage and ragged and hated duchesses in general, but at the sight of the tears of this black-robed, pale young girl they remained silent. The washerwoman wiped her eyes with her apron, laid her hand on the arm of the weeping duchess, and said roughly:

"It is like this with all of us, we women, duchesses and washerwomen alike. Everyone of us has a little pair of wooden shoes, or a cap, or something that belonged to a dead child. But ours died because we could not buy them enough to eat."

The little duchess wept again at this, but presently drying her eyes, she said:

"I will do all I can to pay you."

Trimousette did not think it necessary to mention this adventure to the duke. She did not see him every day even when he was in Paris, and besides, when she tried to tell him things, she always grew frightened and the words died upon her lips. The servants, however, told the duke of it when he came home in the evening. He had spent most of the intervening time trying to quiet Madame de Valençay who was in paroxysms of terror. The duke grew every day more bored by his friend, and concluded to spend the evening at

home, in order to escape Madame de Valençay and her scoundrelly running footmen, who watched his comings and goings as if he were a criminal.

For the third or fourth time since his marriage, he sought, of his own free will, his wife's society. She spent her evenings in a little room on the ground floor of the Hôtel de Belgarde which opened upon the garden. When Trimousette heard the duke's knock, she thought it was Victor's and ran to open the door. The sight of her husband disconcerted her so that she stopped and hesitated awkwardly, quite unlike Madame de Valençay, who could not be awkward if she tried.

Diane, the broken-legged hound, who was Trimousette's constant companion, licked the duke's hand, and gave a soft whine of delight. Trimousette, whose heart fluttered whenever she saw her husband, was undemonstrative and inarticulate. The duke, after politely greeting his duchess, and patting Diane's head, walked to the fireplace where a little blaze crackled. The time was September, and there was an autumn sharpness in the air.

"I am afraid you were alarmed to-day by that mob of wretched women," said the duke, presently, as he warmed his hands at the fire, the mantel mirror reflecting his handsome face and figure.

"No," replied Trimousette, timidly, "I was not frightened."

The duke stroked his chin, reflectively. Silent women like his duchess were sometimes preferable to those who shrieked and screamed at the least provocation, like his friend Madame de Valençay.

Having said so much Trimousette picked up her embroidery frame and seating herself, began to embroider. The duke, looking at her, congratulated himself that she had lost the habit of blushing and starting every time he spoke to her, which, for a while after his marriage, made him apprehend that she might fall in love with him and that would have been excessively annoying. Meanwhile, Trimousette's poor little heart was palpitating faintly, and her black eyes were cast down because she was too embarrassed to look up.

"I think," said the duke, "it would be as well to go to the Château de Belgarde a little earlier this year."

He was thinking that he must get away for a time from Madame de Valençay's cursed running footmen with their pink notes. Trimousette felt a sudden access of courage, which nerved her to say, timidly:

"Would it not be pleasanter to go to Boury?"

"That little dungeon in Brittany!" cried the duke, laughing.

"But it is so quiet and peaceful there," continued Trimousette, blushing at her own boldness. "I think I—I—should like to go to Boury."

It was the first time since their marriage that she had ever proffered a request; and the duke, like most imperious masters, was sometimes capable of a generous action. Besides, it occurred to him that Madame de Valençay would scarcely follow him to Boury.

All at once, while the duke stood hesitating, the duchess's shyness vanished for one brief moment, and she became positively eloquent.

"I know all about it," she said, clasping her hands, eagerly; "it is by the sea,

and there is a garden running to the cliffs, with plants so hardy that even the fierce sea winds cannot kill them. And there are beautiful woods and fields, and you—I—we could read in the mornings, and in the afternoons you could go out with your fowling piece, and in the evenings—" She stopped, trembling and quite unable to put into words the dream that rose before her. The quiet evenings *tête-à-tête* with the duke, he reading perhaps—he sometimes read the works of Monsieur Voltaire and Monsieur Rousseau. And she would sit by working at her tambour frame, with Diane, her faithful friend and sympathizer, at her feet. The vision that hovered in Trimousette's mind was not reflected in the duke's. He only saw that his quiet little duchess wished very much to go to Boury, and had made the longest and boldest speech he had ever heard from her lips.

"Then, madame," he cried, "I will consider what you say. At all events, we will leave Paris, and possibly we may dwell like a pair of turtle doves in a cage for the space of a week at Boury."

(To be continued.)

THE WIND AND THE RAIN AND I

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

THE wind and the rain have come for me,
They have found me here in the city room.
They have come from the open plains for me,
To take me back where the wild things bloom.

The hard, steel ways are strange to us,
Are noisy and bare to savage feet:
Here rain must run in just one way,
And wind must follow the long, straight street.

The wind from off the barren grounds,
Is pausing under my alien eaves.
The naked rain from the northern marsh
Stops here with me and with me grieves.

I have lived my years with both of them,
They taught me the freedom that they know,
So now I love the pathless wilds
Where I can go the way they go.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF DOCTORS' FEES

BY GEORGE C. LAWRENCE



If one were talking in fables this might be called the fable of the Physician, the Lawyer, and the Business Man. But as fables are more or less out of date and generally interpreted according to individual taste, it will serve better to recite the True Story of a Certain Mrs. Suburbs.

This particular Mrs. Suburbs wasn't of the class to be commiserated, who want to live in the city but can't afford it. She lived in the country from choice, in a big red brick house, surrounded by a wide green lawn, and her share of the world's goods was very much more than most of us ever get. Among her other possessions were a husband and several children.

Now it so happened, which is not surprising, that one of the daughters fell ill and that it became necessary in order to save her life, to perform a very delicate and dangerous operation—the kind which a physician masters only after many years. So, because Mr. and Mrs. Suburbs didn't want to take any unnecessary risks, a big man was brought from the city, a man, by the way, more than fifty years old. He came. He operated and was successful. He returned many times to see his patient. The girl was made whole and Mrs. Suburbs was filled with undying gratitude—up to a certain point.

The certain point had come that morning in the shape of a bill for \$800. Mrs. Suburbs opened it with trepidation, viewed it with alarm which turned to resentment, and with the piece of news waited to hand it on to Mr. Suburbs.

Presently, subsequent to his naturally

expected delays as a commuter, entered Mr. Suburbs. "JOHN," exclaimed his wife, before he had even removed his coat, "what *do* you think!"

Experience had taught Mr. Suburbs that he was not at such a juncture expected to utilize his mental faculties. He merely waited.

"JOHN, Dr. Cutler's bill came to-day and *how* much *do* you think it is?" Then rushing to a breathless climax: "E-I-G-H-T *hundred* dollars, what *do* you think of that?"

"Um," was the noncommittal reply of John as he removed his coat. Being a professional man himself, though in a far less exacting calling, he perhaps remembered the early and empty years through which Dr. Cutler had struggled while acquiring the skill by which the daughter's life had been saved. He even sighed a little as he thought of the difficulty of professional fees.

"I got a check from Rankin to-day," John remarked.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Suburbs, immediately interested. "The man you wouldn't let the horrid judge send to jail for a year?" (Jail to her was a generic term including all places of involuntary incarceration.) "He's very well off, isn't he? How much was it?"

"About as well as we are. Fifteen hundred dollars," replied John, answering the questions in order. "He was very glad to pay it. Thought it ought to have been more. Said he would have paid ten times as much rather than go to jail. Said it would be worth that to him . . . I wonder what a child's life is worth?"

Here the subject dropped, for Mrs. Sub-

urbs had a premonition that John was preaching at her. Dinner was hardly over before neighbor Business Man dropped in.

"Did a bully stroke of work to-day, Johnny, my boy," he exclaimed, slapping him on the back. "Sold that property to the traction company for \$96,000. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Pretty good," echoed John, and then: "Let's see, what did it cost you? Sixteen thousand three years ago, wasn't it?"

"Correct," replied neighbor Business Man.

And then John, without any intention of being rude, fell into a brown study. He knew what the education of his brother, a struggling physician in a western town, had cost. He knew what his own had cost, too. It was more than \$16,000 in each case. But even on that basis, what legitimate expectation had either of them of retiring at an age worth considering, with a net profit at the end, of \$80,000? He put the thought from him with a sigh. And the years—here was Business Man at thirty-one cleaning up enough to last him the rest of his life if wisely invested. And here was he—Suburbs—at, well at quite a few years more than thirty-one—at which age he had been barely self-supporting on the meagerest basis, and not yet able to charge off on his mental books the cost of his education. He had much, to be sure, but he lived up to his income. To stop his work meant to stop that income. He had no investment in land or bonds. His investment was in his education. And then again he thought of Cutler's bill and grinned. "Well," he remarked to himself, "we're a whole lot better off than the medicos."

Now, this in all its essential points is a true story, and, as they say in story books, it teaches us—well, among other things, it teaches that the value of professional service can't be measured by the same standard as the value of a house, or a pair of shoes, or a loaf of bread. And most of all this applies to the medical profession—the question of physicians' fees—the returns of that service of which 2,500 years ago Hippocrates said, "Medicine of all arts is the most noble."

To get as nearly as possible at the heart of this question of the righteousness of doctors' fees, more than six thousand printed

forms, containing questions pertinent or impertinent, as one may view them, have been sent to doctors of all classes in all parts of the country. They were questions frankly asked, questions as to figures and time and income and ethics of the profession. And they were as frankly answered. Much in the answers can be tabulated in an effort to analyze the doctor's fee on a commercial basis. But much also, for the most part the human, cannot be tabulated. One must read between the lines.

It is a curious fact, almost startling in its significance, that while the value of all those physical things which enter into our lives may be and is determined on a purely commercial basis of cost of production, the value of that life itself cannot, except in comparative terms, ever be expressed. How much, for instance, is the value to you of the life of, say, a son? More than all you possess. Judged on this basis, then, is the physician's fee exorbitant, or is it, as a commercial service, immeasurably small?

Eternally, by the very nature of his calling, the physician is working for his own elimination. The accomplishment of the prediction of Pasteur, that it is within the power of man to cause to disappear from the face of the earth every infectious disease, is not an idle dream. Already under the advance of medical, surgical, and sanitary science, the physician sees, rejoicing as he sees it, a diminution of that demand upon which he and his wife and children are dependent for their daily bread like any other mortals. On the authority of a physician in that city, the improvements in scientific sanitation in Chicago in the last twelve years coupled with the advances in medical science, have decreased the field of medical practice twenty per cent. Even as he works, whether in the laboratory, the field of experiment, the slums, the city, or the village, the physician is of necessity undermining his own livelihood, measuring his success by the increasing lack of need for his services.

"Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the benefit of the sick. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my art." So ran the oath administered by Hippocrates to his students almost five centuries before Christ, and so still stands to-day the physician's ideal. Medicine then partook of a character of

holiness, for the student, too, swore "to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to look upon his offspring on the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art if they shall wish it without fee or stipulation."

Can anyone to-day with an inkling of the life of the disciple of medicine doubt that the spirit of this ancient oath is rigidly observed in its practice? Or that as Hippocrates dictated twenty-five hundred years ago, "Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge as reckoning all that should be kept secret."

Investigation and knowledge, experience and association, can only make more apparent that commercialism and medical practice are as far apart as the poles. For the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, whom else you will, success may be measured—though happily it need not be—in dollars and cents. For the physician it is measured in the alleviation of pain and suffering, in appreciation and gratitude and friendships, but last of all in the number or size of his fees on which he depends for his ability to carry on his work.

Says a physician writing from a small city in the West, into which he, after his years of study and training, has disappeared to carry on his work, "not all of medicine is bad. There are many pleasant things, gratitude, friendships, and the opportunity to be a force for good, for right living and right thinking."

"My boys," said an old doctor to his graduating class in a famous medical school (and his students were always in a sense to him boys, as were his patients children), "I want you always to believe in the human race and have hope. You will see the darkest side of life; you will learn what I have learned, and you will have pain and suffering for your bedside companions, and you will be poorly paid for what you are giving. But always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope."

While there are those who know the work of the physician in whatever field, there are those innumerable greater who do not, and who wonder with a commercial cynicism at the charge of the family

physician, or specialist, or surgeon. To such, the experience, commercial if you will, collected from hundreds of doctors in all parts of the country may furnish a basis for belief in the primary importance of the Hippocratic oath, "Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the benefit of the sick."

What seems to me the most significant statement echoed by many others was given me in the course of a casual conversation with one of New York's greatest specialists.

"I doubt if there are to-day in this whole city 100 doctors who could retire and not starve to death within a year. Our expenses increase with our own income, and while the average business man can hope to retire some day, the average medical man retires when he dies."

Now as to the matter in more detail. The average physician graduates from his medical school four years after the college man who elects a commercial career has begun to earn a living wage or even to lay by money, and from ten to twelve years after the class from which our wealthiest and most prominent men come, begins to be productive, and in the sense of not being a financial burden on some one else, independent. His preliminary college education up to that time, including the acquirement of a degree of A.B. now demanded by the best medical school, has cost the physician on an average \$4,429.63. (These and subsequent figures are averaged from all replies received.) This figure is not the cost of the best medical education calculated to best fit the physician at some remote day to be self-supporting or even—vague hope—to marry. Nor does it take into account the loss through unproductive years when the man who elects to "go into business" is earning.

A conservative estimate, taking these factors into consideration, places the amount which the graduating physician, the proud possessor of an M.D. has been called upon to spend, at \$11,000. And then he has only begun. He cannot immediately begin to practice, for the moral obligation, so binding yet so little understood by the laity, demands that he shall spend from one to two years in a hospital. Indeed, figures from the largest and most prominent medical school in the country show that more than four-fifths of the graduating class enter hospi-

tals, where more often than not in deep debt, they receive board and lodging, but, of course, no fees. It is a conservative estimate which places the age of the young physician, ready and equipped to take the plunge for himself (and incidentally encumbered with an appalling debt, as more than forty per cent are) at twenty-nine or thirty—an age in the present commercial race already comparatively old.

Standing on the threshold of financial and far greater moral responsibility, what does the young doctor see before him? He is the belated producer, looking to benefit society and yet with no means of livelihood. Shall he go to the country town with its lessened chances for progress and achievement? Even there the time before he begins to pay current expenses is, if he is fairly fortunate, something like two years, and the expense during that lean period something like \$1,000 annually. Shall he stay in the large city where his chances of service and prominence—in bald terms his prospects for a last quiet few years, if he ever attain to them—are bigger, and so a more hazardous problem? For in the big city his expenses are proportionately greater, and his term of unremunerative service proportionately longer, so that from five to eight years and from \$7,500 to \$15,000 more may be required before he sees where his bread and butter are coming from.

And here I should like to quote, though in abbreviated form, the figures compiled by an able and rising young physician (not yet thirty-six) in New York, partly because of long acquaintance, but chiefly because of a personal knowledge of the conscientiousness with which they were prepared and the struggle which, to those who know him, their size only emphasizes.

The value in time and money spent in acquiring a medical education during ten years he places at \$29,400, the time value being figured on a statistical earning table of men in commercial pursuits. "The average doctor may expect to be *self-supporting*," says he, "after the end of the third year." (That is, self-supporting at thirty-two or thirty-three, but with his investment still unpaid.) The figure at which he places the cost of the first year of independent practice is \$3,500; for the succeeding two years a little less, because of the large initial investment necessary.

These figures may seem large, yet when I have referred to other physicians concerning them they do not find them so. Of course had this man gone to a country village his expenses would have been much less, just as would his hopes for ultimate income. But the average young doctor still retaining his ideals wants to locate where opportunities for study, for advancement, and for hospital work are greatest—that is, in a big city.

And here, perhaps, may best be answered a rather vulgar criticism made of doctors, "Oh, yes, he's rich; he comes around in an automobile," for to certain persons an automobile stands as the chief indication of wealth. Well, this particular doctor from whom I obtained the foregoing figures keeps an automobile. He is nearly thirty-six, and can't afford to marry, though he wants to.

"I can't afford an auto either," he said, "but I have to have it. With it I can make twice as many calls, and although it postpones my time of independence I hope it may pay financially in the long run. Medically it is my duty to have it, as it is my duty to get to places where I am needed and get there quickly."

There, briefly, is the dollars and cents side, in itself terrifying. But far above that there is the sense of service, the moral obligation which binds even the novitiate during his period of service. From the beginning of his medical course the student comes in contact with conditions calculated to make men weep. To him is to be opened the problem of life and death, of physical frailty and moral degeneracy. And if he shirks he is lost.

And after this: the debts, the work, the suffering and the struggle to maintain ideals; the youth, no longer a youth, stands on the threshold of financial responsibility at an age at which other men are already successful and fathers.

It is not to be wondered therefore that the writer himself, acquainted with men in whose future he was interested, should query, "How do you expect to make money" from a company of men about to receive their medical degrees. Nor to those who judge by any but a commercial standard is the reply any more wonderful, "We have not studied medicine to make money, it is something more than that." Of the

twenty-four men present at the time, twenty-one were already in debt and would be still more so before they could begin to pay current expenses. And yet money was farthest from their thought.

Specialists, to the lay mind, are notoriously high-priced. Yet here is the record of one of New York's best known men of this class. When he started in to practice after several years of vicissitude which hardly left soul and body together, he was, for his education, still \$5,000 in debt. And he was then thirty years old. The marriage for which he had hoped for years, was still as vaguely distant as ever. He had for less than a living wage been working seventeen hours a day for five years, and then, taking the bull by the horns, he started for himself. During three of those five years he had slept on an operating table with no mattress, and because of his indebtedness had eaten only two meals in his long day.

He started in a poor locality where a large majority of his patients were charity patients. Now it is a peculiarity that while charity patients will go any distance to be treated, by a good man, "pay" patients will go none at all. Year after year he found himself treating more people for nothing, and running farther and farther behind financially.

So at last he decided to take the plunge. He moved to a good locality, still many thousands in debt, though getting on toward thirty-five, and took an office, the cheapest he could find, which cost him \$1,500 a year. Immediately, because of his location, he began to make money, until to-day he has what is for a doctor a large income, though for a man of his ability, extremely small.

He showed me his book running through months, and more than two thirds of his patients were those to whom he charged nothing. To talk with him, a man who had struggled always and married late in life, was a revelation. One day typical of all will do. He showed me his ledger, calling off the names and explaining, almost apologizing, for his charity.

There was a school teacher: "Well, you know how school teachers are paid in New York—she would have died without an operation. So I operated. But" (apologetically), "I couldn't send her a bill."

There was a seamstress—and so on and so on, and out of the nineteen patients he had spent his day on, he had charged but six, and of them to two a reduced bill. And yet he called it a "good day," at nearly fifty years of age.

I cannot resist one more story of this man, both because of his prominence as a so-called "high-charging physician," and the inner side I have come to see.

"A few years ago," said he, "when I was still in debt for my education" (he was then almost forty and charged what he does to-day) "a man came to me to arrange for an operation to be performed on his wife. It was a long and difficult operation, necessitating many weeks of frequent calls and when she was well I sent a bill for \$500. Shortly after I received a note from her husband asking if he could see me, and when I talked to him I discovered that he was a poor man. He would not accept charity, so I sent him a bill for \$100 which he is paying off at the rate of \$25 a year. Yet the time and services expended were worth to me more than \$2,000."

And here in itself is a curious and interesting point. Suppose you were going to buy a house, or a ring, or a set of books. Would you not naturally inquire the price? Yet the average person calling upon a physician for his services, in the great majority of cases, never makes any inquiry at all. And then when the bill comes in, ignorant of the struggle and the sacrifices which made the service possible, it is regarded, let us say mildly, as exorbitant. Yet no doctor, worthy of the name, ever refused his services because of the inability on the part of the patient to pay the full fee.

"How does the doctor reconcile his fees?" Flatly, he does not. There is no need of reconciliation. The doctor of whatever class first goes "for the benefit of the sick." Subsequently he has a living to make in order that he may still continue to benefit the sick, and so, naturally enough, rises the question of charges. For the same operation which for a poor person costs nothing the wealthy person may be charged \$1,000.

To those who would put the matter of a physician's fee on a commercial basis, it can only be said, "What is health worth?" Were any physician to charge in keeping with your own valuation of this "com-

modity," would your valuation of his services be greater or less?

In the end, having had even a small insight into the physician's life, one naturally returns to this question, "Well, how about big fees charged to wealthy patients?" It is an involved question this, difficult of answer after much investigation. There is no commercial basis for the answer, for the service is something apart. If you are paying for any of the commodities which come within commercial limits there is a practical basis for figuring, whether that commodity be beef, or clothes, or stocks.

But let us suppose that your child lies dying. Let us suppose that all that is dearest in the world is menaced with the final obligation of life—what would you be willing to pay to escape that obligation—to have saved the life of the child, the wife, or the mother? And is it wide of the mark to say that the life in jeopardy is dearer to you than all else that you possess? Yet what physician ever made such a charge—even though it might be worth on a commercial basis of value received, all that be asked? But if one still persist in the idea that the doctor's bill should be measured in dollars and cents of worth received, and forgets, with the price of that same doctor's livelihood staring him in the face, the time and the labor and the sacrifices and the pain (for no man can rub shoulders with Old Mortality as does the physician and not suffer pain) which he gives freely and gladly, why then let us see, so far as the uncommercial standpoint applies, how this all works out.

Some years ago a famous doctor from abroad came to this country, and for a famous fee treated successfully the child of very wealthy parents. That fee in its size became a subject of much discussion—abstractly. But practically no one seemed to remember that the famous surgeon had passed far beyond the age where many men can retire before he became successful, and even fewer remember now that for that one fee he left his practice—that is, his means of living—and while in this country gave without price and freely to the poor and afflicted the same service for which in the case in question he had received a large fee.

A famous operator recently recited to me

the history of a certain case. Said he, "I was called upon by a physician in a certain city to operate on a case where success meant escape from blindness. The patient came to New York and all arrangements were made. On the day appointed she came to the hospital. She came in her own automobile, and the furs which she wore could not have been worth less than \$10,000. She had with her two maids and two private nurses. I operated. It was a delicate and a dangerous operation. It was successful, although for weeks afterwards she demanded and received one quarter of my time. At the end she was cured, her eyesight was saved.

"When I sent in my bill (and it was for \$2,700) I received a curt note saying that she would pay \$700 and no more. During the time in which I attended her I had given, based on a minimum fee, more than \$6,000 of service to persons from whom I shall never ask a cent. You can think what you please. I have to live. I wrote to her that if she considered my services worth only \$700 I should be glad to consider the matter closed. I almost wonder how doctors live and hope and believe. I am almost sixty. My best days are gone. It is my duty to give way to younger men. Yet I charge no more to-day than twenty years ago, and if I should stop I would starve. I must die in harness. We all must. All that I have I give—when giving is called for—and yet at sixty-two I cannot see a few quiet years free from financial worry. I have never known a physician yet worthy of the name who considered money. You laymen don't know."

The big fee charged to the rich person—there is the crux of the question. But the matter appears in a very different light when one stops to consider that it is big not in proportion to the service rendered, but only in comparison to the fee of nothing at all for which the physician renders the same service to those unable to pay, but usually infinitely more thankful.

A certain famous surgeon, whom I know, wore for three winters, to the wonderment of his friends and until they were nothing but tatters, a pair of knitted mittens. They were the Christmas gift of a poor woman whose son's life he had saved through a long siege of gladly rendered attendance free of cost. They came to him

with a note on Christmas Day when I happened to be with him, and I doubt if in his long life of service he was ever more deeply touched.

"Dear Doctor—" ran the penciled note, "I know you have to go out much in winter in the cold. I hope that these mittens may keep your hands warm. It is all I have to give."

Well as I knew him, I think he was never more moved. He tossed me the note while he held the mittens and said, "There are compensations. These mittens mean more to that mother than an automobile to you or me." And almost in the same hour he showed me with an entirely different sort of a smile a letter from a multimillionaire protesting against the charge for saving his son's leg.

"Let him keep the fee," he cried, almost savagely, as he looked at the mittens. "If he thinks I reckon life on the same basis that he reckons beef, let him keep it."

Incidentally it is interesting to note, in this effort to commercialize a noncommercial spirit, that the multimillionaire, graced perhaps by the light of understanding, sent to the physician a check for ten times the amount of the original bill, and that the physician as promptly turned it over to the hospital.

The fee of the rich man is undoubtedly larger than that of the poor man—and why? Barring the ministry, medicine is the only trade which takes into consideration the purchaser's need. Let the poor man—even though he be starving—try to purchase a loaf of bread and he finds that the price to him poor is just what it would be to him wealthy. And the same is true of everything that goes to make up his physical life, with one exception, the service which keeps that life going. If the patient has means to let him pay, or if he has not, the same service is given without price. Were we all wealthy there would be an easily determinable value for the doctor's service, based on his cost of education, the worth of the service which he performs, the lateness at which he begins to earn and the quickness with which he is forced to retire.

The greatest railroad in the country sets seventy years as the age at which a man must quit. Its employees, on that basis, have fifty earning years ahead of them when they start at the average age of twenty.

But the doctor starts at thirty, and if he be fortunate has twenty-five years of productive practice ahead of him. Many with whom I have talked or corresponded place the limit of the physician's, and, particularly, the surgeon's remunerative life, at twenty years.

The average medical practitioner must be entirely absolved of the charge of commercialism. Stop and think when next you receive your doctor's bill, at which you may feel some surprise, that the doctor, when he is ready to practice, has spent some twenty-five thousand dollars at a conservative estimate in time and money in acquiring the education which may mean the saving of your life; that at thirty years of age, when the majority of his friends have married and are laying by a competence, he stands on the threshold of a financial struggle which he knows will probably never be largely remunerative; that when he starts he is more often than not heavily in debt; that during his early years he has had long hours and has been inevitably brought in his daily life into close touch with suffering, and pain, and debt, and want, and vice, and sorrow, and need, to an extent which would lead you or me to doubt the very purpose of life; that for far more than half of his services he can never expect more than thanks, and that at the age when the average business man is at his zenith he loses those delicate senses and powers on which his practice rests, and finally, that his work is first and always a service of humanity and secondarily a service for return.

After all, the physician is not a commercial proposition. He gives what is asked, receives what he may, and in the end, having seen many births, much suffering, and many deaths, he joins the innumerable caravan—leaving what? Under ordinary conditions a dependent family and a few friends who truly understood him; under abnormal conditions a name, a long-delayed appreciation of services rendered, and a dependent family. Come, let us reason together. Can anyone of you point to a physician wealthy, that is, wealthy in proportion to his services, or wealthy in proportion to his ability had it been applied in any other field? Judged on an honest basis—not one in ten thousand.

Says one man (and it should be understood that all these comments were obtained

under the assurance of confidence, since, like all lovers of good, the physician is little inclined to talk of his work), "no physician is ever paid proportionately to the work he is called upon to perform. Practically no physician (except the most fortunate, an extremely small proportion of the whole body) leaves anything but life insurance and uncollectable bills to his family."

And another physician, writing from a western city in answer to the query as to the advisability of post-graduate work, "the work is necessary, but ninety-nine per cent are financially unable to afford it."

Fifty per cent of a doctor's working life, at least, he gives to charity, and here is a note of sadness for those who wonder at their charges. In the words of a western physician who writes in answer as to what he gives in time and money annually, "half of my time," and then as to money, "I have never had any to give." Half his time, the earning time of his life, and this physician, noted for his sincerity, has "never had money to give." Commercialism or noncommercialism?

And the doctor, aside from an earning standpoint, is short-lived. One, indeed, when asked how long they lived, replied with a note of cynicism, remarkable for its uncommonness, "about twice as long as they ought to."

But seriously considered in the light of their irregular hours, their exposure to contagion and the mental strain which the constant grappling and compromise with inevitable if ultimate death produces on the physician, he is as a class short-lived. The men who do the work are, as a rule, not more than middle-aged.

Always the physician feels in his heart the absolute uncommerciality of his profession which can be summed up in no better manner than in the answer of a well-known physician of Boston in answer to the question, "How much does a doctor contribute in charitable works in time?" The answer was: "He never refuses." It is an answer that smacks of nobility even though it be nameless. And when that bill, by which, after all, we are prone to judge the physician, greets you at the breakfast table or the office, it is worth while, as

it is honorable, to consider it, remembering that the service for which he charges you or me "he never refuses" to those who need and lack, even while the bill is not so large as it would be on a commercial basis.

There is, after all, for those who question the righteousness of the physician's fee, a final test. The cost of living of late years has advanced at an almost prohibitive rate. Naturally this might be expected to increase the cost of any commercial service. Yet more than six thousand inquiries sent to physicians throughout the country asking what effect this same increased cost of living had on doctor's fees brought the practically unanimous answer—almost pathetic in its noncommerciality, "none." Just three physicians made any other answer, and their replies were that fees had advanced during their practice only in small proportion to the cost of life's necessities.

Long years of study, short years of usefulness, long hours of association with pain and suffering and death, poor pay, one half his working life given and given gladly to charity, old age or rather comparatively old age without a competence ("we must all die in harness or starve"), facing him, always a depressing knowledge of human frailty, and with death always for an opponent—that is the part of the average physician.

Let us pay the tribute long overdue, not in money, but in appreciation. We who ring the telephone at two o'clock on a snowy morning to summon the doctor, who, for aught we know, has been working since daylight, let us remember the words of that old doctor who gave to his departing disciples the message, "Always remember the frailty of flesh, the holiness of your calling, and always have hope." And if we stop to think, there is a holiness and an absolute freedom from commerciality in the calling of him who has for his opponent not a rival manufacturer, not a rival financier, but the inevitably victorious Death. Consider the sacrifices, the needs, and the gifts of the physician, measure to yourself the value of even a day more of life, and then judge, so far as it is given to us to judge, the righteousness of the physician's fee.

USURPATION OF OFFICE

BY MYRA KELLY



FOR months we had been having all sorts of upheavals in the college. There had been stormy Faculty meetings, icy trustee meetings, vehement committee meetings and resignations by the score. Several of the most cherished of the professors had left, and the conscientious or emotional students had thereupon wept themselves into an appearance which must have "made for resignation," as Professor Guiterman would have said, on the part of the men who were going. We, juniors in the art department, were orphaned early in the epidemic. It was a cruel blow to Elizabeth and to me. To her, because she had rather fancied herself, like a novel heroine person, clad in a blue painting apron and being a sort of confidante and mother confessor to more reckless art students. To me, because Professor Adams's course had been less thickly set about with Psychology, Philosophy of Education and kindred horrors than were any other of the courses leading to degrees and diplomas and intellectual pinnacles. Also, there was a large semidetached building devoted to the use of our department. And that to a person, or even to two, who much preferred cutting lectures to attending them is an immense advantage, and it must be admitted that we regarded our programmes as suggesting things which we might do if nothing more interesting offered rather than as cast-iron rules of life and time. Hidden in some remote drawing or modeling room we often whiled away the hours assigned by our programmes to boredom, and vainly would Professor Adams send or even come in search of us. Two

elevators and two flights of stairs made the chase a complicated uphill and down-dale affair, and it was almost impossible to catch one—or two—who enjoyed the good will of the elevator man and the friendship of the janitor.

When Adams quarreled with the trustees and went the way of all revolutionists we were disconsolate for some space. Then we cheered up sufficiently to see the sweet uses of our adversity and to adopt the deserted office suite as our own. At any other time Prexy would have discovered us, but with his Faculty resigning right and left much faster than he could renew it, you will understand that he, poor dear, had not much time to devote to two unimportant students in their junior year.

There was an outer room filled with books and bookcases where Elizabeth used to draw, and opening off this a dear little place all filled with one big desk where I used to read and store the books most suited to my taste, and where we kept the refreshments with which we were wont to regale my *fiancé* and Elizabeth's many admirers. Now, my *fiancé* was himself a professor with Ph.D.s and A.M.s and all kinds of learned letters attached to his name. How he ever chanced to be fond of me was a thing I never could understand, but nevertheless he *was* fond of me and I—well, when I thought of how clever and plucky and good-looking he was, you can imagine that I was proud and fond of him, and we were to be married as soon as he should be given a full professorship with its increase of salary and security. That didn't matter at all to me, but one can't haste to one's own wedding.

The changes in the *personnel* of the



"I should be sorry to intrude."

Faculty were most disquieting to us, for they upset the regular order of precedence and promotion. Sometimes we hoped in the event of the resignation of Professor Johnson, the head of John's department, that Prexy would give the chair to John, and at others we feared that he might appoint an outsider. There was nothing I could do to influence the course of things, but I could—and did—keep from worrying John about it, and I helped him to bear the suspense as bravely and cheerfully as it might be borne by two people to whom the outcome meant so much.

In my efforts in this regard the quiet office in the almost-deserted building had been a great resource. When the work of the day was over John would cross the courtyard and spend a half hour resting or

talking in the big chair, and then he would let me pet him and fuss over him and make much of him as he never did at any other time. In our studies, too, the room played an important part, though I think we never quite appreciated this until February brought the mid-year examinations upon our devoted and ill-informed heads.

All the halls and libraries were full of students cramming up for the examinations. Even the clever, hardworking people waxed anxious and weary-eyed until only to look at them was to court discouragement. If Elizabeth and I had had to combat that scholastic atmosphere in our search for knowledge I fear that we should have disgraced ourselves and our instructors. But in our private office there was such an air of cheeriness that we managed

to imbibe and retain sufficient store of theory and technicality to substitute surprise for the possible disgrace. We were working hard but we were doing well.

Wednesday afternoon was devoted to "General Method in Education." The questions were bad but not impossible, and when I had written all that I knew in answer to them, I set out to prepare tea and comfort for Elizabeth, for I inferred from the rumpling of her heavy hair and the wrinkle between her really fine eyes that things were going seriously with her. She took examinations seriously, did Elizabeth, and General Method was never a joke.

Passing through the main hall I met John and, as no observing eye was upon us, stopped and spoke with him.

"Will you come to my office this afternoon, Marion?" said he. "I have something to tell you."

"No, no," said I. "You come to ours. It is so much safer. Those women are always following you and wanting to ask you silly questions. You come to ours."

"Very well," he acquiesced. "I suppose I may as well let you enjoy it while you may. Very soon you will have to humble your pride and come to me. For you are to be evicted. They've got a man for Adams's place. A chap I used to know at college. An awfully nice fellow and," he added, with a cheerful laugh, "the very thing for Elizabeth." It was one of John's eccentricities to be continually looking for a sweetheart for Elizabeth.

"When is he coming?" I asked, blankly.

"It isn't yet decided that he is coming at all. The trustees have simply written and asked if he would consider the position. I hope for his own sake that he won't, unless he is feeling peculiarly well and fit. Old Adams had his hands full with you. But what you must be like after two months idleness!"

As a bespectacled student in a dark-green shirt waist bore down upon us, we parted, his last words being: "I shall be with you at five o'clock."

In keeping with Moore's theory of the dear Gazelle which always faded away, the office looked more than ever cozy and cheerful now that there was a chance of its being taken from us. Our books and pictures, our chafing dish, my sewing, and Elizabeth's canary gave it a very homelike

appearance, and I set about lighting the alcohol lamp and boiling the kettle with a hurt and rebellious spirit. For where else in all that heartless institution could I sit and sew while the kettle boiled and I waited for my own true love? And Elizabeth! Poor old Elizabeth! I was reflecting dismally upon these things when the door of the outer office opened. I could not turn to look as the kettle was absorbing all my attention. But I called, genially:

"Enjoy this glory while yet you may, Elizabeth, for we are going to be evicted. They have found a successor for old Adams, and of course—selfish things men are—he will take the office away from us."

"I should be sorry to intrude," said a grave voice, a strange voice; and a man stood in the doorway: a strange man! a grave man!

I rose suddenly from that awkward wobbly chair, while the alcohol lamp flamed madly and the kettle boiled over. He explained that he had come to New York to look at his new quarters, students, and assistant.

"And you are?" he questioned, quite uninterestedly.

"A student," I said, meekly.

"A senior?" hopefully. "You leave this term?"

"Alas, no!" I answered. I always hate to disappoint people. "A junior, and coming back next year."

He bore the situation with dignity. In fact, dignity seemed a sort of fad with him. He belonged to the stocky, stodgy, Germanesque type which prides itself on its freedom from human characteristics. He manifested no interest, no temper, no sense of humor. And he was John's idea of an eligible *parti* for Elizabeth! For Elizabeth, tempestuous, big-hearted, beautiful. She was beautiful; even John admitted it though never without adding: "Though I don't, of course, care for the type."

I might have rivaled the intruder's calm if I had not been unnerved by the near presence of a chocolate cake in the top drawer of the desk and by the expectation of Elizabeth's whirlwind arrival and unmasked dismay.

"I," said he, "am Mr. Blaisdell. You say you were expecting me?"

"I," said I, "am Marion Blake. I never expected anyone less. But," I added,

my manners coming once more to the fore, "I am very glad to see you." Thereupon we shook hands gravely.

"I have come," he repeated, "to look over the ground, to see the students."

"They are, unfortunately, scattered through the different examination rooms 'suffering grinding torments,'" I quoted,

suaed John to think, though it took a long time, that a speech like that justified, nay even invited, the later events of that afternoon. For there was I, not earnest, not clever, and certainly not a young man. And there was he who had been asked to undertake my mental and artistic training, talking like that about young men.



"*'And have you seen him?' she asked us.*"

thinking to lure him into a smile. But his gravity was impregnable, so I added decorously: "The building, however——"

"Is nothing to me," he interrupted, if so leisurely a correction could be called by so energetic a name. "I am interested solely in the student body. With a group of earnest, clever young men to work with, the building and other equipment will matter very little."

Now, I think, and I have since per-

For Prexy when he sent out into the highways in search of a professor of art was thinking quite as much of me and of Elizabeth as of young Schroeder with his father's name to serve as an open sesame everywhere, or of young Grant with his "stuff" already appearing in the magazines. Thinking even more, perhaps, of us; for we were troublesome, and all the others were such model students that they made no ripple on the scholastic sea. Elizabeth

had not yet found even one *confrère* with anything on his mind. As the padre complains in the ballade of Alice Brown:

All the other folk in this insipid neighborhood
Have nothing to confess: they're so ridiculously good.

And there was, of course, no sense in my confessing to her, for we generally planned things together and always executed them in concert.

The introduction of Professor Blaisdell to his students-to-be was, perhaps, our masterpiece in "team work." I had volunteered to act as master of ceremonies and he, seeing no way in which to secure a more responsible aide, accepted my services with a cold grace.

Just outside the door I was caught and comforted and purred over by Elizabeth. "You poor darling!" she crooned. "What did he do to you? The janitor told me, but I was just too late to warn you. Was he very dreadful? Did you save the cake?"

"No," I answered, dully. "It's in the top drawer of the desk with the spoons and the doilies I'm embroidering."

"And where is he?"

"Sitting at the desk: looking through it for lists of equipment and that sort of thing. Come in and be presented."

"And devoured with the cake."

"But he won't devour you. He will dislike you. He has come to inspect his students and he wants to teach only young men."

"In a coeducational institution?" she laughed. "What impertinence!"

And suddenly the same idea occurred to both of us. If we could discourage him about his "student body" he might go away and leave us in possession of the office. The same words hissed in both our whispers: "We'll muster the Old Guard."

The "Old Guard" was our name for the post-graduate body. It was recruited from all sorts of sources, but its majority was of teachers of infinite experience. Our college was peculiarly rich in this regard because its name was great in the land, so that school principals and boards revered its diploma and its degrees and paid larger salaries to such instructors as could be described in catalogues as having been trained

by us. So there came out of the West and South and East men and women ready to sacrifice everything to ambition. Ready to live meagerly and to work unendingly for the right to tack to their names A.M.s, Ph.D.s, or D.S.s. They were utterly regardless of health, pleasure, or leisure, and stripped of the distinction attaching to the position of "Teacher" on their native heaths they were a pathetic and a puzzling problem to our Faculty and a horrible warning to younger students just entering the profession which, of all others, is most ungrateful to its workers. They were hard to find that day owing to the examinations, but finally up in the water-color room we discovered Mrs. Magrotty, an "Old Guard" of a somewhat different type. She was a large, stout, black-serge widow, and she was taking up art because her grandson—aged eight—had shown remarkable aptitude for drawing cats, and she considered him destined to be an artist and wanted to work with him at home.

When she heard our tidings she got into a wonderful flurry. She took off her glasses, patted the prim gray puffs upon her brow and shook the black serge into its proper folds.

"And have you seen him?" she asked us.

"Marion has," answered Elizabeth.

"And doesn't like him. She's the only one who has spoken to him."

"Most unfortunate beginning," Mrs. Magrotty muttered, as we led her to the elevator. "Quite an erroneous impression. Not at all a type of our students. I'm glad you came to me." Doubtless she meant to be nasty, but I could have pressed the black serge to my grateful breast if my arms had been longer or the serge less vast.

"You take her in," Elizabeth whispered. "I'll go and drum up the others"—and I did. She knows now, and bitterly bewails, that she missed the greatest treat of our four-year course when she absented herself from those introductions. Mr. Blaisdell must have been exploring while I was away, for there was a heap of my books on the desk, the third drawer was slightly open, and there was a gloomy stiffness in the air which struck cold to the soles of my feet. He looked up at us as we came in with an aloofness, an impersonal regard, a boredom which staggered me for a moment and then made me hotly angry. Mrs. Ma-



"He made us a little address . . . neat and cold."

grotty was blandly beaming, and I went through the introduction:

"Mr. Blaisdell," I began, "may I present you to Mrs. Magrotty, a student in the sophomore year in this department." He winced as I had hoped he would when he realized what was before him, but his manners were perfect. With absolute impassiveness he bowed before her spreading smile and accepted her grimy hand.

"Professor," she began, in the surprisingly high voice which some very stout people have, "it is a great relief to have you with us. A great relief." Again he bowed. "You were needed," she squeaked on. "Very badly needed, I regret to say by some of us," and she looked chidingly at me.

Again he turned those eyes of his on me, and I, to my everlasting surprise and wrath, blushed scarlet. At which he looked more bored than ever.

"Indeed, yes," I broke in, "Mrs. Magrotty has so much wanted an adviser. She can find no really good authority on the proper age at which she'd better allow her grandson to take up perspective."

"Her grandson!" he repeated. "Her

grandson! I understood that Mrs. Magrotty was herself the student."

"Why, so I am!" she cried. "But, Professor, I have a life work, a sacred trust from the grave."

"A grandson?" he suggested.

"A sweet child," I gurgled, with my eyes on the ceiling. I had hardly hoped to start her so easily, but in a second she was off. She told him the whole story, disease, last words, baby talk, family secrets, habits of father—all. He listened gravely but without any vehement sympathy, and, as she babbled on, he solemnly joined his hands, finger by finger. Simultaneously his eyes and mine fell upon a large brown smudge upon his irreproachable cuff. Chocolate! I faded into the outer office and there I found Elizabeth. She had bagged two more victims. Miss Perkins and Miss Jones. "Take them in!" she cried. "I'll get another," and was gone.

Miss Perkins was the most coy and fluttering person I have ever seen. She brought a large and well-charged palette with her. In her childish excitement at Elizabeth's urgent summons she had forgotten to replace it or to remove the brown denim

apron which shielded her tall slimness. She had taught sewing in all the really important church schools of Loper, Cavalier County, North Dakota, for the last fifteen years, but her ambition soared to higher things, her soul hungered for a broader life, and it became my pleasant duty to introduce her to Professor Blaisdell.

I did it in a speech, a lubricating little speech, but he seemed too completely absorbed in his newest charge to hear me. And really she had the gentlest face—and the stupidest—of which the college boasted. She fluttered and sighed and dropped her eyes, and the large palette—butter side down, of course—bashfully, when he arose to his bulky proportions before her. The palette fell upon his neat shoe and he said a word which made Mrs. Magrotty more than ever sure that the home was the best place for sacred charges.

Miss Jones went off rather better. Miss Oliver stared more than a lady and a teacher should, and said less. Miss Moore balked at first sight and had to be literally run in by the master of ceremonies. By this time the meeting had reached such proportions that it was adjourned to the outer office, much to my relief and to Elizabeth's uneasiness when she heard that he was now sitting at her table.

Finally, she reported that there was not another unrepresentable art student on the grounds. She had collected a dozen and could find no more. So I dragged her in, and watched him closely as his tired eyes rested on her. He had looked coldly, it is true, upon me—a thing quite new to my experience—but I certainly expected some lightening of his gloom when he should look upon Elizabeth. But there was no glint of interest in his clever face.

So we all sat stiffly along the wall and he made us a little address. It was neat and cold, like a *biscuit tortoni*, and it told us about self-activity and the work of the teacher in society, his weight as an official and as a man. At that word Elizabeth exclaimed:

"There! I knew I'd forget somebody and I did!"

Even an interruption could not disturb our professor. He was still miles away as he asked:

"You have forgotten?"

"Our Fellow," cried Elizabeth. Per-

haps his bushy eyebrows did contract slightly at this frank avowal of mormonism. Perhaps the one emotion of which he was capable, as he glanced from one to another of his future charges, was pity for the man they claimed in common.

"May I ask you to explain?" said he. "Your—fellow—did you say?" And Mrs. Magrotty sprang to his instruction.

"Why, yes!" she cried, "we've got a Fellow."

"Only one?" he asked, politely, though it was plain to see that he quite believed it. "One among so many?"

"The trustees don't seem to care to give more. You'll see about him in the catalogue," said Mrs. Magrotty, while I found a catalogue and the place and pointed to the legend:

"The McClaren Fellowship in Applied Art awarded to Herbert Maimer."

"Oh!" said he in a tone which explained everything, and Elizabeth rocked with unregenerate glee. "Oh!" said he again, and looked up at me so quickly that he caught a beatified grin in transit and was hardly impressed by the deferential gloom with which I replaced it.

"And where," he asked, courteously, "where, Miss Blake, is your Fellow?"

Of course I didn't know. I never did fancy him. Neither did Elizabeth. But he seemed to fit into Miss Perkins's idea of "the broader life," and Mrs. Magrotty had quite adopted him. It was grandmother who now interposed with:

"He is making casts in the modeling room. I can't think the work is good for him. There is so much danger of inhaling the plaster of Paris."

"I'll fetch him!" cried Elizabeth in a little spurt. The upper half of the door was muffled glass, and it was certainly thoughtless of Elizabeth to go into kinks of laughter just outside it. Then she collected her energies and vanished, and a heavy pause followed. Mr. Blaisdell read the catalogue's version of our Fellow's biography and seemed to be less impressed than ever. He stared moodily and absently at Miss Perkins until she felt called upon to speak. She always spoke most when she was most embarrassed.

"Mr. Maimer," she began, and blushed scarlet. "Mr. Maimer has a very fine mind."

"Truly?" said Mr. Blaisdell, while Miss Oliver stared at him.

"Yes," Mrs. Magrotty broke in. "He has a fine personality. So inspiring!"

"And he is working out his thesis now," Mrs. Magrotty went on. "He discusses it with me. I am a grandmother, and of

dark of a February afternoon feeling ill at ease and somewhat rebellious in the antagonistic presence of the new man. Suddenly the lights sprang out, and we were looking blinkingly at the new man and he was looking unblinkingly at us. And surely Elizabeth had done her work well.



"The most utterly objectionable young persons I had ever met."

course I can help him in some ways. His topic is: 'The Hand and its Relation to Beauty in the House.' It's a privilege to work with such a thought."

"And with such a man," purred Miss Perkins.

"Truly?" said Mr. Blaisdell, while Miss Oliver stared at him. Nothing else of moment occurred except the sudden and unexplained up-flaring of the electric lights before Elizabeth returned with our Fellow. There were we all sitting stiffly in the early

To a man who wanted a class of clever, earnest young men the collection of dowagers before him must have been upsetting. His feelings were too deep for silence and they forced him to speak to me.

"And are these, Miss Blake, all the students?"

"Not all," I admitted, "but representative. Mrs. Judkins is absent because her daughter has chicken pox and Miss Ackerson's rheumatism——"

"Are there any male students?"

"Of course. Miss Alword has gone for him." And then the door opened and Elizabeth came in with Mr. Maimer.

"Look at him!" she besought me, superfluously, for no one could have avoided doing it. "His apron string is tied in a black, black knot, and will you look at his face?"

Mrs. Magrotty's fears had been well founded. The modeling room had not agreed with Mr. Maimer. His golden hair stood wildly erect upon his head, his collar hung dejectedly about his neck, his butcher's apron emphasized his diminutive proportions, and his face was whitened like a clown's.

Professor Blaisdell glanced from the harem to Mr. Maimer and from Mr. Maimer back to the harem. I was overcome by emotion, and it was Elizabeth, radiantly smiling, who did the presentation. Some one found a knife and disembarassed the Fellow of his apron, and the opening remarks were resumed as soon as the "inspiring personality" was disposed between Mrs. Morgan and Miss Perkins.

Professor Blaisdell resumed. It was a beautiful talk and it made me wonder what I should ever do with the "responsibility of the teacher" if it—and a degree—should become mine. Also I was wondering how we should get Blaisdell safely off the premises without encountering any more promising students when again the door opened, and John came in. If anything could have reconciled me to Blaisdell it would have been his evident pleasure at sight of John and John's evident pleasure at sight of him.

During the greetings the student body trailed itself away. Elizabeth and I re-

treated into the inner office and the two friends were left alone.

"I wish," said John, "that I had known you were here this afternoon. I should have arranged a meeting between you and your future students."

"I've met enough of them, thank you," the other replied grimly.

"You're not to be discouraged by the old ladies who were here when I came," John urged. "They are perfectly harmless and well-meaning and they give very little trouble. I have several in my department. But I'm talking about your young fellows—and even a few of the girls. You'll have some of the best raw material in the college to work with. Splendid, earnest youngsters. Wait till you see them."

"I have met two of the young women," Blaisdell remarked. "Miss Blake and Miss Alword were so kind as to constitute themselves sponsors for this afternoon's introductions."

I clutched Elizabeth and waited for John's next words:

"Ah, yes!" said my own true love in a carefully casual voice. "What did you think of them?"

"I thought them," said John's latest claimant for Elizabeth's hand, "I thought them perhaps the most utterly objectionable young persons I had ever met. If I should decide to accept this position I foresee great difficulty with them and for them. That Miss Blake seems especially undisciplined and spoiled. I've never in all my experience met a student quite like her."

"No," John acquiesced, blandly, while Elizabeth chuckled, "neither, do you know, have I."



HOW TO KEEP YOUR CHILD FROM FEAR

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM



RECENTLY watched a baby in his bath. As I looked at the flat back, rounded chest, well-set head and healthy skin off whose satin surface the water dripped, I considered what a past master in physical culture is Nature.

Long and laborious are the exercises given in youth and maturity, to bring back the poise, balance, and perfect carriage with which every normal baby starts out. The rounded back, the protruding chin and prominent abdomen, in all their variations from bad to worse, are the result of faulty habits growing upon one with the years and overcome only by strenuous training.

A parallel occurred to me as I watched that well-set-up infant and listened to the gurgles with which he intimated his content with life as found in his rubber hammock. Nature hands the child to the parents physically perfect in the majority of cases. Still more often she hands him to them mentally optimistic. Nothing is too good to be true from the child's point of view, from the time he first notices and grasps at a sunbeam to the days when his imagination peoples his plays with beauty and strength in countless forms.

Vanity as well as affection prompts the parents to guard against the loss of a becoming and healthful physical carriage, but, alas for the children! Mistaken conscientiousness allies itself with thoughtlessness to rob them of their birthright of faith that "All's right with the world!"

People of various sects and beliefs are beginning of late to say that fear is the

devil. No matter how trite the saying may become as mortals wake up to it, it will never cease to be true; and how that devil robs the children! From the moment of the average child's first fall, when the mother cries out and picks him up with such manner and words that he screams with terror, the instilling of fear goes on. The average child begins by being care-free; but the average loving mother undermines that confidence with the most earnest industry. The forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge is forced upon the child until his naturally erect, fearless mental carriage gradually becomes distorted, and he stoops and bows to the inevitable.

Most parents will find upon examination that a remarkable proportion of the remarks they make to their children are preluded by the words, "I'm afraid." "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined"; and parents take a great responsibility when they incline the infant mind away from its normal attitude of confidence. "Fear not." "Rejoice always." "Be not afraid." These exhortations are repeated countless times under different forms in the Bible, yet Christian parents often disobey them religiously. The child hears countless mandates all founded, he is told, on a fear which he must share in order to pilgrimage safely through a world beset with snares and pitfalls to health and happiness. Slowly the wondering and often rebellious little one accepts the fact that life, instead of being a thing of joy, must consist in constant watchfulness to escape disaster. His normal outlook becomes deformed, and should a day come when he sees hope and reason for reforming his thought, he will be obliged to use system and effort

analogous to that of the physical culturist in order to win back his birthright of trust.

A pitiful fate is that of the child left by his busy mother to the care of an unwise nurse. The nurse may be kind and loving, conscientious concerning the little one's physical welfare, and yet consider that robber of the children's rights her legitimate assistant in saving her time and trouble. The mysterious and unseen bogie man, and the obvious and substantial policeman are alike her allies in enforcing a paralyzed obedience; and all her discipline revolves around some form of dread: some fear held before the charge whom she often loves devotedly.

There should be a new Children's Crusade. The line "Baby's skies are Mama's eyes," is more suggestive and far-reaching than is yet realized. Who that has come near to children has not had experience of the sensitive manner in which they reflect the mood of their caretakers? A mother with the headache, or fatigue that has set her nerves on edge, but who must nevertheless bathe, dress, and feed her child finds a cross baby to care for. The impatient nurse has a scowling stamping child to amuse. When mother or nurse wishes the baby to be particularly good and go to sleep quickly because she has an engagement to keep, is not that the very time that he starts and continually wakes? He feels her unrepentant attitude so disturbingly that he cannot be serene. She often calls his condition "contrariness," but it is exactly the reverse. It is a reflection on the sensitive plate of the baby mentality. This reflection goes on, consciously and unconsciously, as the little life expands.

When a mother kneels before her child and asks anxiously: "Are you *sure* you feel all right, dear? Haven't you a pain anywhere? Swallow and see if it hurts you. Your cheeks look so red!" The little one, although at first considerably bored at being disturbed so irrelevantly at his play, usually becomes forced to introspection and often ends by fretful repose in the arms of the poor mother, while her fear quickly grows from a rill to a torrent whose turbulence can only be stilled by the kindly pooh-poohing of the family physician. No one knows so well as he the grain of truth in the comic paper story that shows the young mother in the middle of

the night begging her husband to hurry and get the doctor, for baby is "breathing so evenly!"

To allow fear-ridden conversation to take place in the presence of children, talk concerning sickness or disaster, is another molding influence, robbing them of their gladness, teaching them fearful resignation to inimical, irresistible powers. Even though they show no evidence of it at the time, it is sinking into the curious, eager thought, and must bear fruit. It is strange how little comprehension is exhibited even among the highly intelligent of what robs the children. How many little ones, today, if they could express themselves, would tell of their suffering in becoming acquainted with the villainous-looking, hoarsely yelling pirate band in the otherwise charming play of "Peter Pan!" No child under twelve should have had his nervous system shocked by these gentlemen and their awful captain. I repeatedly saw a poor baby with her head buried in a friendly lap, begging piteously to know if the pirates had gone. Supposing the child did see the performance sufficiently often to regard the evil-looking crew at last with only an enjoyable thrill; to what good is the little one's sense brutalized? It is a strange tradition that in all shows for children—pantomimes, spectacles, or whatever, there should always be introduced monstrosities: cardboard giants with appalling grins and goggle eyes, or some other form of myth which requires constant reassurance on the part of the guardian of the small beneficiaries, who clutch their friends fearsomely and are likely to be visited in their slumbers by memories of their entertainment.

Dr. Lowell Mason, the father of church music in America, used to say that it was like giving a baby brandy to let him hear loud and exciting music. Only gentle and melodious harmonies should be played to children, he averred. I wonder what that great and good man would have thought had he witnessed hundreds of babies' eyes dilated by the sight of Captain Hook of the pirate band, with the green light turned on his dreadful face. One glimpse usually was enough; and then a plunge of the little head into the nearest lap, while mother or nurse laughed leniently and patted the victim. It is safe to wager that the captain

with his deformed nose, and the savage hook in place of a hand that was always gesturing and threatening the children's dear *Peter Pan* received a curtain call to many a crib in the watches of the night. Verily the infant of to-day gets his pint of brandy and red pepper with far more certainty than he does the traditional "pint of dirt"; for the same mother who sends a little child to see "*Peter Pan*" would be "afraid" the little one might get her dress soiled in healthful play.

The same difficulty is encountered in books written for the younger children; and one who objects to the picturing of events which impress with fear or sadness or disgust, may spend weary hours in the search for a prize.

The abuse of the word *afraid* makes one wish that parents would strike it from their vocabulary. If they would cease, in the daily routine of life, from putting pictures of fear into young minds, there would not so often be seen that pathetic sudden vanishing of gladness from a child's eyes, while the pained effort to understand what there is to be afraid of takes its place.

Fortunately for the human race the doing of a service for another makes for love of that other. A nurse is expected, without mother-love for the child, to perform for him those watchful offices which most mothers would be glad to do themselves if they had the time. It is the beautiful working of the law of love that this service of the little one leads to love of him. When the mother sees for herself the destructive tendency of fear, and determines that the treatment of her child shall be along constructive lines, the nurse can be brought into agreement with her thought. A mother should surely cultivate and mani-

fest kindness and friendliness toward that other woman to whom she trusts her child, and with an understanding established they will work together.

Following up the idea that it is better to tell a child what he may rather than what he may not do, one will abstain from the querulous "Be careful, do be careful," which is too often an irritating, thorny hedge hampering a child's natural movements, and will let him have his freedom as far as possible. Neither to think nor to voice fear transforms life. We know what it is that the Bible says casts it out: "Perfect love." As one's love grows toward perfection, one's fears dwindle in proportion; and if we manifest real love we shall just so far cease to rob the children; and as they are trained to know the power of "the greatest thing in the world," a salutary effect will be seen in their own treatment of animals. They will learn in their turn that to create fear is to turn away from heaven and happiness. When Jesus said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," He did not refer to the sadly educated little one, but to the simple, undoubting trust of the unspoiled child thought. "Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not." Forbid them not to believe that an Infinite Father is behind all their natural optimism and confidence; and that He, being Omnipotent, is able to care for them to the exclusion of every giant fear set up by mortal thought. The child's instinctive attitude being, "All's right with the world," parents, nurses, teachers, all who watch over the opening flower of the child-mind, need only, in order to nurture its confidence, instill the reason:

"God's in His Heaven."



THE OLD WOMAN

By GERTRUDE E. KING

MY neighbor's girl is a snow-white bride,
Her frock's as white as my hair,
And her little head bends 'neath her bridal wreath
As low as mine's bowed with care;
Her eyes are dimmed by her misty veil,
And dim are mine, too, with tears,
Her lover stands by and he whispers low—
Oh, long are the weary years!
O God, be good to the little white wife,
Late come her woman's dole—
My man he sleeps in the clear green sea,
O God, be good to his soul!

My neighbor's wife lies still and pale,
But her smiling eyes are wide,
For a little head nests at her curving breast
Her tender heart beside;
And little she recks of her woman's pain,
Awaited with woman's fears,
As her man-child stirs in his rosy sleep—
Oh, long are the weary years!
O God, be kind to the rosy child,
Late come his mother's dole—
The clover grows over my baby's head—
O God, keep safe his soul!

My neighbor's hands fold close the cross
That lies on his quiet breast,
The candles gleam at his head and his feet,
And the priest prays long for his rest.
The din of the noisy world without
Rolls over his patient ears
To break on my waiting aching heart—
Oh, long are the weary years!
O God, be good to the toiling man,
Short be his cleansing dole—
My heart's apart from this weary earth,
O God, call home my soul!

AFTER DINNER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS



IN the quarters of the bachelor operators of the South American Cable Company, in Pernamba, three guests were being entertained at dinner. One was a Scotchman, though without the popular accent, first officer of a cable steamer lying in port and a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve. The second was a Devon man named Tukes, master and part owner of a Newfoundland barkentine. The third guest was Mr. Reginald Hawk—and he requires some explanation.

The word Hawk suggests something swift and unscrupulous; and this young man considered himself to be deliberate in action, and was certainly possessed of a healthy sense of honor. Also, under normal conditions, he was shy, and prone to blush like a girl, with either pleasure or vexation. His father had been a New Yorker and his mother was an Englishwoman; and he had been born in New York and educated, for family reasons, in an English school. But he was a loyal American, and, better still, one of those happy citizens of the Great Republic who believe that their country is still all that the Declaration of Independence implies. At his father's death he and his mother were left with moderate means, and a pleasant villa on the Thames; and he, in addition, with the restless spirit that cannot find the life of a private gentleman of limited means at all desirable. So he had learned to draw and paint very neatly in water colors, and now he devoted himself to traveling in picturesque lands with the hazy intention of some day writing a book

and winning fame. He had landed in Pernamba from a passenger boat but two days before the night of the dinner in the Cable Company operators' quarters.

The long, high dining room, with its walls of white and blue tiles and its bare floor, was fairly cool. On both sides the windows stood open to the gardens of rose and hibiscus and towering palm. The hanging lamps above the table left the edges of the room in shadow. Two brown waiters, garbed in white and slippered in straw, moved about noiselessly, now slipping into the charmed circle of light and now retiring from it. At the head of the table sat Parker, president of the mess for the month, and at the foot young Talbot, who had been born in Bombay and bred in a quiet Kentish village. Including the guests, and Byre, the superintendent, there were five men at each side of the table.

The soup passed, and roast fowls were brought in. Both Parker and Talbot carved until they became red in the face, and the waiters moved back and forth on their noiseless feet, and flipped, now and then, with their napkins, at some hurtling moth or beetle. The claret was not quite dry enough for Hawk's taste; but he did pretty well with it. Fereena, and other native dishes, pleased him immensely. The conversation was spasmodic and trivial, and mostly concerned a saddle horse which Talbot had bought that morning, with the proceeds of a lucky lottery ticket.

After the fowls a roasted sucking pig was placed before Parker; and the poor fellow mopped his face with his handkerchief before he tackled it. More strange vegetables came on, and Hawk felt that he was indeed adventuring into foreign parts

and customs. Tukes and Byre entered upon a severe criticism of all things Brazilian save the tobacco and a few articles of food. The banks and the government suffered at their hands. At last, after sweet, pie-like cakes and native jellies, coffee and liqueurs appeared and cigars and cigarettes were lighted. Then the tongues began to wag in earnest.

"This country is going to the devil at a hand gallop," said Byre. "Sugar is 'way down out of sight and the banks are smashing, right and left. Sugar planter is another name for pauper, and plantation hands are glad to get one milreis note a day. What this country needs is a decent form of government; an emperor like the last they had would be about the thing. The sooner the place breaks out in a revolution, the better."

"That is what I should like to see—a jolly good revolution," said Hawk. "I'd not be above taking a hand in it myself, just for sport."

"Same here with a few thousands of British troops to see me through with it," said Talbot.

"A few hundreds would do me," said another.

"I'd like to see real soldiers pitching into these little chaps in red trousers. I'll bet they'd drop their everlasting cigarettes for once in their lives," laughed Hawk.

Tukes told a story of how a friend of his had once been attacked by two of the military police of Pernambuco, while he was crossing one of the bridges in the small hours, on his way to his ship.

"They drew their swords on him," he said; "but, by George, he knocked both of 'em over the railing, flop into the river."

The story was applauded, and everyone told everyone else how he would have acted under the same circumstances. Some would have depended upon fists, and some on walking sticks, some on wrestling tactics, but the policemen went into the river, from every point of view. There are so many artistic ways in which one man may pitch two men, armed with swords, over a three-foot railing and into a convenient river!

The coffee cups and liqueur glasses had now been empty for some time; but there were other things to drink. The bitter smoke of the cigarettes of native tobacco

hung like a blanket of fog between the lamps and the table. A big, gray beetle hurtled out of the darkness and took a header into Hawk's glass. Very tenderly, and by means of a sugar spoon, Hawk saved its life. Then he emptied the contents of the glass into a fruit dish, and called for more. Time sped. The figures about the long table took on various attitudes of comfort.

Hawk sat with his shoulders squared against the back of his chair and his long legs extended beneath the mahogany, and talked to the world at large. His maiden face was wreathed in smiles and his shyness was gone. And yet, in this expansive mood, he looked more harmless and gentle than ever, though his talk was all of knocking people about, little soldiers in baggy red trousers, with cigarettes in their mouths, for choice. He felt very happy, very courageous, and rather warm. He had been riding before lunch, in the heat; also, in the afternoon, he had tried to sketch the brick wall on the reef, with its old tower and plumes of bursting spray. All these things play the deuce with a stranger in Pernambuco.

It was past midnight when the master of the barkentine, the first officer of the cable boat, and Hawk set out for home. Their ways lay together, for the sailors were bound for their ships and Hawk for his hotel on the square near the water front. As no mule car was in sight they strode away manfully, arm in arm.

They walked for what seemed to them a very long time. At last they reached the first of the wide, lamplit bridges, a good bridge, built in the days of the last emperor. When about a quarter of the way across, a mule car overtook them, and they scrambled into a front seat. There were very few people in the car. The mules clattered recklessly over the worn cobbles and the wheels squealed on the rails. The driver leaned far out and flogged the willing beasts with the heavy, knotted thong of his whip. Hawk winced at that, tossed his cigarette away, and swore softly. The conductor came forward and collected a fistful of coins, of a total value of six cents, from the master of the barkentine. The mules continued to clatter along at a hand gallop. The driver cut them again, again, and yet again, with vicious unreason. Pres-

ently he stopped, for the lash had tangled somewhere behind him. He turned, cursing savagely, and met the cool and impersonal glances of the three foreigners; but he saw the end of the lash tight in one of Hawk's fists.

The sounds of argument rose high, the conductor offered advice, and the mules slowed down as if to listen. Now Hawk had possession of the whole whip, and seemed in no mind to relinquish it in spite of the driver's threats.

At last they engaged in a scuffle, and the driver fell from the car. The conductor promptly followed him, having laid an incautious hand on the Royal Naval Reserve.

"We're on the second bridge and, by George, here come the chaps in the red trousers," said Tukes.

"Three of 'em," exclaimed the Scotchman.

"One apiece," said Hawk, with joyful anticipation in his voice.

At the moment of the arrival of the police, the conductor and driver, shouting for help, again attacked Hawk. The gentlemen in red trousers immediately tried to make an arrest, and the two mariners joined the tussle with the utmost good nature and a regard for their white linen suits. Hawk flung aside his first opponent, evaded the second, and grabbed one of the policemen. "Over you go. A bath won't hurt you," he muttered, and tried to lift and push the little man over the railing. The little man resisted violently. Then came a heave and a fling from the rear, and Hawk felt himself in wild flight, outward and downward. He clutched madly at the whistling air, and then—*Smack!*

Hawk was a good swimmer. He came quickly to the surface, blew forth a mouthful of brackish water, cleared his eyes, and struck out for shore. The lights on the bridge cast their glinting beams along the black surface of the river. An uncomfortable thought of big fish, even of crocodiles, shot into Hawk's mind, and he doubled his efforts. Within a minute of the time of hitting the water he was safe ashore, somewhat winded, dripping and dirty, but uninjured. The shore on which he had landed was slimy mud; but he turned, though ankle deep in the ooze, and gave ear. He heard some one swimming out in the twinkling lights and black depths.

"Is that one of you chaps?" he called, guardedly. The reply was brief, explosive, and Portuguese. So Hawk dragged his feet from the mud and jogged up the bank. He heard the unseen swimmer scramble ashore and squash after him.

"Persistent little devil! I must take to cover," he muttered, sufficiently cooled by now to wish to avoid another encounter with the guardian of law and order. He felt a brick wall in front of him, scrambled over it, and dropped on an open lawn.

About fifty yards away stood a house, with a soft glow of lamplight flooding the shrubberies from two of the French windows on the ground floor. He ran forward and noiselessly concealed himself among the shrubs, knowing that his white garments, however mud stained and soaked, required cover even in the dark.

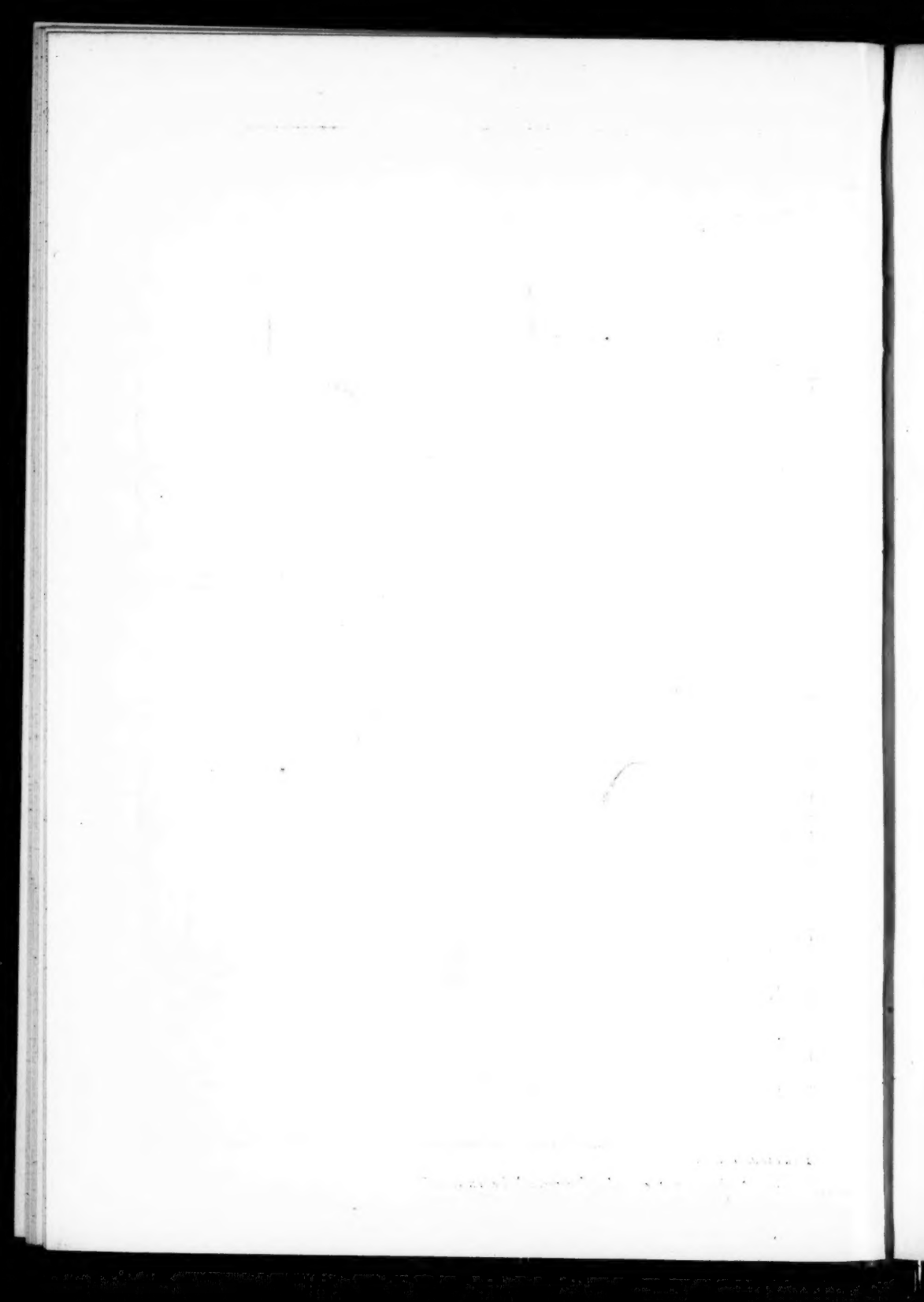
The long windows were not more than six feet away from his hiding place, and they stood wide open. Peering from the tangle of bushes the fugitive saw two people sitting within the house, close to the open windows. One was a thin, dark man, slightly past middle age, of sweeping mustaches, a pleasant cast of countenance. He was in evening clothes, and his collar was wilted. Hawk, who possessed an observant eye, catalogued him in his mind as a gentleman of Spanish extraction. The other was a young lady, and one didn't have to be so remarkably observant to see that. She bore a certain resemblance to the gentleman of the mustaches, and yet suggested, in the grace of her slight body, the poise of her head, and the alertness of her face, a type of American girl that is famous around the world. By the shimmering gown, gleaming arms and shoulders, and elaborate coiffure, the man in the bushes surmised that she had been at a ceremonial function of some kind. The drooping sprays of bloom in the front of her corsage and the light in her dark eyes suggested a dance. They were talking together in English very pleasantly, the girl speaking fluently and with the best pronunciation, and the man presenting his sentences in a slightly foreign manner. Their words came plainly to Hawk's ears. They had been laughing at something, and now the girl said:

"How absurd to have a fortune teller at a big government ball!"



Drawn by John Cassel.

"I am not entirely American," he exclaimed. "My mother is English."



"We are children, my dear; children in pleasure as in business," said the man.

"Oh, you need not tell me that, father. I enjoyed it immensely."

"And your fortune, Caroline? How did you enjoy your fortune?" the man asked, smiling at her with his fine eyes alight with pride and tenderness.

"Oh, that was really too absurd!" she cried.

"And yet I have met some very admirable English gentlemen, sturdy, upright, and of excellent manners," replied her father, gravely.

The girl laughed gayly.

"Then must I sail to-morrow, to find one of them?" she asked. "The fortune teller gave me only a month's grace, you know."

"He must come and find you. I cannot spare you, though all the plans of all the fortune tellers in the world are set upside down," replied the gentleman.

Hawk listened with a keenness of interest that would have surprised him had he noticed it, while branches and twigs stuck, unheeded, into a dozen parts of his body. For the moment his questionable position and the policeman who had followed him from the river were forgotten.

There came a tapping at a door, and a sleepy servant thrust his head into the room and spoke a few quick words. The gentleman got impatiently to his feet, excused himself to his daughter, and left the room.

"More of this tiresome police business, I suppose. I think I shall go to bed," remarked the girl. But she continued to sit where she was, greatly to the satisfaction of the young man in the bushes. He wondered, however, somewhat uneasily, what her reference to the police could mean.

The girl within the room, leaning back in the low chair of wicker work, clasped her hands behind her head and gazed out at the darkness of the garden. So she sat, smiling wistfully at her thoughts, and the fugitive gazed bashfully from his covert, and felt thoroughly ashamed of himself at sight of her loveliness.

"What fools men are," he reflected. "I might have fished up an invitation to that dance, whatever it was, instead of dining until past midnight, and talking through my hat, and getting pitched into the river."

His reflections were disturbed by the gentleman's reappearing in the room before him like an actor entering on the stage. The gentleman seemed to be highly amused at something.

"It was Sonta, one of my men," he said. "He tried to arrest an Englishman—one of a party of three—on the bridge. The Englishman had taken a whip from the driver of a team, and behaved very roughly when asked to return it. A scuffle followed, and the Englishman and Sonta fell over the railing, splash into the river. But the stranger was the more rapid swimmer of the two, landed at the foot of the garden, and is nowhere to be found." He smiled. "It may be that this is your Englishman," he added.

"I hope nothing has happened to him, whoever he is," said the girl; "for if he took the whip from one of those brutal drivers, he did just what I have often wanted to do."

At that moment a telephone rang somewhere in the room.

"More trouble. Run away to bed, my dear girl," said the gentleman of the mustaches. In stepping to the telephone, which was evidently at the other end of the room, he left Hawk's range of vision. The girl arose from her chair and gathered up her gloves and fan from the table. She took a step toward the closed door at the far side of the room, then stopped.

"It may be something more about the poor Englishman," she said.

By this time her father was engaged in an animated conversation on the instrument; but as he spoke Portuguese, Hawk could make nothing of it. The girl was in better case, however. By her attitude the fugitive could see that she was listening intently to at least one end of the business at hand. Presently her father left the instrument and came to her side.

"I must go out," he said. "The Englishman's friends fear that he is drowned or lost, and are, what they call, raising Old Ned. They tell the sergeant that he is a very respectable young gentleman, a traveler and litterateur, who arrived on the *Bolivar* only two days ago. He is an American—so, my dear, it is not your Englishman after all."

At that, impelled by an unreasoning emotion, Mr. Reginald Hawk clawed his

way out of the shrubbery, stepped into the room, and bowed low.

"I am not entirely American," he exclaimed. "My mother is English." And then, abashed by his audacity, he added, "You need not go out and look for me, sir. Here I am."

"Indeed, you seem to be, sir," remarked the man with the mustaches.

The girl stared at the soiled intruder and broke into musical laughter.

"You are Mr. Hawk?" asked the gentleman, his voice and demeanor severe but his eye atwinkle.

"Reginald Hawk," replied the young man, with his gaze on the floor at his feet.

"And half American, and not at all proud of it," said the girl, quizzically.

Hawk shot a glance at her, and blushed. "I am certainly not ashamed of it," he replied; "but, you see—well, I've been lying in those bushes for quite a while."

He paused; and now the girl lowered her eyes.

"In a most unpardonable fit of audacity, I felt that it was the time to advance the English half of me for all it was worth," Hawk added, unsteadily.

The girl looked at her father, who was gazing keenly at the stranger.

"It was unfortunate that you should fall into the river," he said. "I will now telephone to your friends that you are in good repair—uninjured. I am the inspector general of police, Luis Antonio de Toros Alcazard, and entirely at your service, sir."

He bowed again, and Hawk followed suit.

The inspector general spoke briefly into the telephone.

"And now, Mr. Hawk, he said, turning

to the intruder, "you must allow me to give you some quinine, that excellent drug, and show you to your bed."

"But am I not to go to jail, or pay a fine?" asked Hawk.

Alcazard waved his hands in the air.

"What a mad, American idea!" he cried.

"English-American," corrected the girl.

"You are entirely too good to me, sir!" exclaimed Hawk, looking earnestly at his host and turning a glowing cheek toward the girl.

Alcazard denied it warmly, and led the way to the dining room. While he was measuring quinine into a glass of wine, Miss Alcazard said to Hawk:

"I think it was fine of you to take the whip from that beast of a driver."

Alcazard nodded.

"My wife—my daughter's mother—was an American. You are of the humane hearts, you American and English," he said.

"I had seen them flogging the mules before without interfering. I was in a reckless mood," confessed Hawk.

After swallowing the quinine like a hero, he urged the necessity of his immediate return to his hotel. The inspector general of police seemed loath to let him go, and gave him minute directions as to the safest streets to traverse on his way. At the door Hawk turned to the girl.

"May I call to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, regarding him steadily with her dark eyes.

He held her hand for a second after that.

"I hereby proclaim myself an Englishman. I bow to the fortune teller," he said, courageously.



THE HELL OF WAR

BY LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN



IN every great campaign an army faces two enemies: first, the armed force of the opposing foe with his various machines for human destruction, met at intervals in open battles; and second, the hidden foe, always lurking in every camp, the specter that gathers its victims while the soldier slumbers in barrack or bivouac, the far greater silent foe—disease. Of these enemies, the history of warfare for centuries shows that in extended campaigns, the first or open enemy kills twenty per cent of the total mortality, while the second or silent enemy kills eighty per cent. In other words, out of every one hundred men who fall in war, twenty die from the casualties of battle, while eighty perish from disease, most of which is preventable. It is in these conditions that we find the true hell of war.

No more profound truth was ever uttered than was contained in the historic remark of General Sherman "War is Hell," and yet the fundamental law of nature is based on the broad principle of the Survival of the Fittest, which of necessity involves eternal struggle, from the microbe to the man. Nor does it cease there, but is constant though at times latent, from the savage to the man of the highest intellectual development.

The very elements are in eternal warfare, from the babbling brook that frets to granular atoms the dense rock, and grinds it in the soil, to the biting rust that eats the tempered steel—all is war. In the vegetable kingdom the same rule prevails. The stately monarch of the forest that has stood for centuries becomes at last the victim in a duel to the death, to the strangling vine that slowly clasps its trunk and branches in

deadly embrace; to the parasite that feeds upon its sap, or to the worm that gnaws into its vitals, its conquerors in turn becoming the prey of other enemies.

In animal life it is the same. Species owe their existence and dominance to qualities of courage and cunning, acquired in their development, which enable them to overcome an inferior or escape a superior foe, thus illustrating that the natural termination of life is tragedy.

Nor does the law of the survival of the fittest cease here. Between the various races of the human family wars are sometimes inevitable. The discovery of vast new territories and the influences of civilization have temporarily checked or turned the tide of struggle into new fields, only to be renewed when the unoccupied wastes have become overpopulated and the struggle for existence again becomes desperate. So the natural conclusion is that while life and ambition remain, wars will be inevitable.

But the hell of war as it exists in conflict between man has changed with advancing civilization. In ancient times when armies neither asked nor gave quarter, when the victorious forces annihilated, enslaved, or tortured their prisoners, and rapine and loot followed as a natural sequence, hell indeed awaited the vanquished. These times have passed, although the wholesale slaughter of the captured natives by Kitchener at Kartum, and the monstrous brutalities perpetrated on the Chinese by some of the Allied Armies in the recent Boxer War, are not convincing evidence to prove it.

In modern times certain usages or laws of war have come to be recognized that have mitigated these horrors. They forbid massacre, killing or torturing prisoners, wanton destruction of property, poisoning of

water supplies, and the bombarding of unprotected towns. In 1886 the Geneva Convention established an international code, to which most of the civilized nations became signatories, which greatly increased these humanities. They extended protection to the officers of the Red Cross Societies, by constituting them non-combatants, requiring them to assist the wounded of both belligerents—friend and enemy alike. This institution marks a tremendous advance in alleviating the hell of war, as it existed in former years.

It is claimed that war is a relic of barbarism, an exhibition of brute force that should not be tolerated in a civilized age. Without denying this contention in the abstract, it is well to remember that the great advances in civilization, the wrenching of human liberty from oppression, the emancipation of human rights, Magna Charta, and American freedom, have been obtained only through appeal to the sword, and so long as human nature survives and the fundamental law of the survival of the fittest, upon which all progress and development depend, so long will wars continue.

Equally unjust is it also to claim that war is only an exhibition of brute force. On the contrary, victory often depends on the quality of the intellectuality displayed; and this is not confined alone to strategy, but also to the genius of preparation which has kept the units, who do the fighting, in the best possible condition to respond to the supreme test of battle. Thus it is seen that preparation, *preparation*, in every form and detail, is the chief factor in winning the final issue. Just in proportion as its importance is recognized, so also it acts as a deterrent to war. No better policy of insurance could be issued to a nation for the maintenance of peace than thorough preparation for war.

The carnival of territorial lust that for centuries has caused untold bloodshed seems to have about culminated in the partition of Africa, the last of the continents to be parceled out to the world looters. But unsettled boundary disputes and the commercial competition for the markets of the world are bound to follow, which in time will create friction, and again bring about war.

In former days, pestilence and famine followed in the track of war and added to

its hell, but in modern times these evils have been largely mitigated through the influence of the science of medicine, which since the time of Hippocrates has been steadily fighting and conquering disease, the most terrible and relentless enemy of humanity. It has done far more to humanize the world than militarism. It has conquered plagues and pestilence which in single epidemics have destroyed more lives than the total of the combined armies of the world as they exist to-day. In one outbreak of cholera in recent years in China, thirteen million victims succumbed to this disease. History commits no greater injustice than the mention of one thousand generals to one physician.

But what good purposes have the conquests of scientific medicine obtained in the mitigation of the hell of war?

Within the past twenty-five years its triumphs have surpassed the records made by that great profession in all preceding centuries. Pasteur and Koch and Lister have won victories over the most formidable enemies of the human species, the death-dealing microbes of nearly all diseases that affect mankind. Through their instrumentality transmissible disease has become our slave instead of our master. No longer does smallpox, diphtheria, yellow fever, tetanus, bubonic plague, septicæmia, typhoid, dysentery, cholera or wound infection hold the world in perpetual dread. Through the discovery of the microbic origin of these diseases, their devastating ravages can be promptly brought to a standstill.

The splendid achievements of scientific medicine in civil life in the prevention of disease should be even more effectually obtained in an army, where only healthy men are accepted, and vigorous outdoor camp life should keep its units, who are subject to strict military discipline, in perfect physical condition. Health alone, however, is no guaranty against the insidious attack of the silent foe that lingers in every camp and bivouac. It is this foe, as the records of war for the past two hundred years have proved, that is responsible for four times as many deaths as the guns of the enemy, to say nothing of the vast number temporarily invalidated or discharged as unfit for duty. It is this dreadful, unnecessary sacrifice of life from preventable disease that constitutes the hell of war to-day.

In the Russo-Turkish war, the deaths from battle casualties were 20,000, while those from disease were 80,000; in our great Civil conflict, of the nearly 500,000 men who perished on both sides, about 400,000 were sacrificed to disease to 100,000 from battle casualties.

In a recent campaign of the French in Madagascar 14,000 men were sent to the front, of whom twenty-nine were killed in action and over 7,000 perished from preventable diseases. In the Boer War in South Africa the English losses were ten times greater from disease than from the bullets of the enemy. In our recent war with Spain fourteen lives were needlessly sacrificed to ignorance and incompetency, for every man who died on the firing line or from the result of wounds.

The difference between the martyr and the victim, between the soldier who falls on the field of honor and the man who meets a miserable death from preventable disease, for which his government is criminally responsible, is as wide as the celestial diameters. The one meets death compensated in the thought that his life is given in the protection of his country's flag and honor, the other is ignominiously forced to his grave through the neglect of the government that shamefully failed to protect the life he offered in its defense. This man represents the victim of the hell of war.

That the monstrous sacrifice of eighty per cent is almost totally unnecessary was abundantly proved in the records of the Japanese war, where 1,200,000 men were sent to the front, in a country notoriously insanitary, and only 27,000 men died from disease to 59,000 who fell in the legitimate line of duty on the field of honor. This because the Japanese had a properly equipped medical and sanitary department, whose officers were empowered to enforce proper sanitation and hygiene. In the army of the United States in 1898, 2,649 picked soldiers died in three months in the pest camps of their native land, without leaving the country, or ever having heard the hum of a hostile bullet. These men represent the hell of war as it would exist again in our army if we were suddenly called upon to face an enemy who is prepared to meet us.

The relations of governments to the governed have undergone tremendous revolu-

tions in the last fifty years, but few improvements have inured to the army. Our soldiers must be accorded better pay and better care, unless our ranks are to be filled by conscripts. Thinking men hesitate before enlisting when they consider the hazard they are challenging, not from the open foe—for the attitude of the soldier was never better expressed than by Sheridan when he said: "I never went into a battle in which I would not rather have been killed than defeated"—but from the silent foe which kills the eighty per cent, nearly all of which loss could be prevented by proper care and for which the government is responsible.

When the Secretary of War, and others, are searching for the causes of discontent in the army, the reasons for desertion, and the failure of men to reenlist, as well as why new recruits are obtained with so much difficulty, they will find these facts worthy of consideration.

The wretched system of the Medical Department of our army and the lack of authority accorded to its officers to enforce practical sanitation and hygiene, were among the principal causes that brought our army of 170,000 men in the Spanish War almost to its knees in three months, with 156,000 hospital admissions and 3,974 men dead when the remainder was mustered out, most of them in the shrunken and shriveled condition which the reader probably remembers. Although in that war the Cuban army of invasion numbered only 20,000 men, there are to-day on the rolls of the Pension Office as a result of that opera-bouffe conflict, the names of 24,000 pensioners, over 19,000 of whom are invalids and survivors of the war, and with over 18,000 additional claims still pending.

It is a sad reflection on our civilization that, while we regard as essential certain departments of State, Agriculture, and War, in the Executive Cabinet at Washington, and issue bulletins for public distribution on swine cholera, cabbage culture, and crop reports, we deliberately ignore the safeguarding of our army from the horrors of infection and contagion. While the rest of the world has been making splendid advances in the humanities, America, except in institutions fostered by private philanthropy, has stood in stolid indifference, doing little to stem the tide of

destruction. We allow the wreckage and waste to go on, to cripple the energy with which we must challenge the future. If the millions we have spent for the extermination of hog cholera during the last decade had been spent in the equipment of a properly organized sanitary corps for our army, we should not to-day face the disgraceful record which vividly illustrated the hell of war in the Spanish campaign.

The Medical Department of our army, whose archaic system almost parallels that of Peking, while falling far below that of Patagonia (and I am familiar with both and speak advisedly), although unequal to cope with the exigencies of the Spanish campaign, is to-day, as the surgeon-general states, relatively sixty per cent worse off in numbers than at the close of the Civil War in 1864, or at the termination of the Spanish-American War.

The theory upon which it is founded, that the cure of disease rather than its prevention is its objective, still remains in vogue. Although men of brilliant attainments and individual merit are found on its staff, the deplorable system under which they are compelled to serve, and their lack of authority to enforce sanitation and hygiene, render the advisability of the continuance of the department under present conditions problematical. If it had been totally abolished during the Spanish-American War, and the army been placed under the control of the Health Department of New York City, with such an officer as Colonel Waring, or its present incumbent, in charge, there would not have been such a disgraceful and infamous record. And why? Simply because that department would have had authority to enforce the orders respecting sanitation, diet, and hygiene, that would have assured the safety of the troops.

The crying want of our country to-day is for a National Board of Health with a Secretary in the Cabinet of the President. In the light of modern sanitary science there is little excuse for the enormous losses by illness and death throughout our land from typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, cholera infantum, and dysentery, all of which are preventable. The names of these diseases do not inspire the same terror as bubonic plague, yellow fever, cholera, and smallpox, but their victims are just as dead

and their bereaved are just as desolate. And under a properly organized National Board of Health these diseases might be stamped out quite as effectually with proper enforcement of sanitary regulations.

The deplorable collapse of the Medical Department of the army in the Spanish war resulted in the introduction in Congress of a measure to increase its efficiency, but as a measure of reform the bill is hopelessly deficient in most essential features. It makes no provision for that most important of all adjuncts, an adequate sanitary department. One keen up-to-date sanitarian, thoroughly skilled in hygienic, dietetic, and bacteriological knowledge, and armed with the necessary authority to enforce sanitary measures, is worth many times the services of a doctor in the army, restricted as he now is by red tape and lack of authority in matters relating to his own special department. The medical officer is given no advisory authority over the soldier's ration. A regiment may be suffering from intestinal catarrh (and I have seen ninety per cent of such a command in this condition at one time), and compelled to live on a diet of pork and canned beans and fermenting tomatoes, until they became hospital cases. Up to this time the medical officer had no authority even to order a rice diet, which would have prevented the men from becoming invalided. Even in time of peace the medical officer has no authority to enforce sanitation, although he may be convinced that the health of every man is being jeopardized.

Following is a quotation from a letter just received from a prominent surgeon of the army in the Philippines:

Recently, a post commander, without the knowledge of his medical officers, gave permission to a native to dam up a stream on the reservation. The post had been kept free from mosquitoes and malaria only by the utmost vigilance. The medical officers protested personally, officially, and by special sanitary report, but to no purpose. Almost every house soon became infected, one of the surgeons lost his wife, and there were over forty cases. The name of the post was Camp Daraga.

One would suppose that every effort of the medical officers to maintain the health and vigor of the fighting units would be

welcomed, and all the authority necessary to keep them so would be gladly accorded by officers of the line, so in the reality of battle the men would be in the best physical condition. But this is not the case.

The officers of artillery, of cavalry, of infantry, of engineers, and of the signal service, can enforce obedience to their orders, although they fight the foe that kills only twenty per cent, but the medical men, whose department fights the foe that has killed eighty per cent in the majority of the great wars of history, cannot enforce a single order, but can only make a recommendation which the line officer can accept or reject at his discretion, and there is nothing in the bill now before Congress to change this disorder of things.

An old and distinguished officer, who is a member of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, recently sent me the following account of his Spanish-American War experiences, which occurred within sight of the Capitol's dome at Washington. He writes:

MY DEAR SEAMAN: On May 1, 1898, my regiment was sent from our home station to Homestead, L. I., for reorganization from a National Guard Regiment to a regiment of Volunteers for service in the war with Spain. Our hospital corps of trained men was taken from us, as well as our medical supplies and instruments, and the regimental staff of three surgeons was reduced to one, with the rank and pay of a first lieutenant—rather short-handed for a full regiment of 1,333 men. Early in July I was detailed as Sanitary Inspector of the Army Corps to which we were attached, as typhoid fever was breaking out rapidly in every organization attached to the corps.

My instructions were to inspect all camp sites, sinks, water supply, drainage, food, method of cooking, etc., and report in writing to the chief medical officer of the corps daily. I assumed the duties with great zeal, for sanitary problems had long been a favorite study, as I had been chief medical officer of my home city with its population of nearly 400,000 for six years.

There was at that time a young man in my regiment who formerly belonged to my hospital corps, a graduate of Cornell University, who had taken a post-graduate course in analytical chemistry and was well qualified for chemical and bacteriological work; also a private in a hospital corps detachment, encamped near us, who a

few days before his enlistment had returned from Germany, where he had been a student and assistant in Koch's laboratory for four years. A valuable microscope was found in the first division hospital which, as it was not used there, we were assured we could have.

A list of the required material was prepared, with a probable cost of less than \$50, and everything looked favorable for a successful inauguration of my plan.

I accordingly drew up a communication to the chief medical officer of the corps, outlining the proposed work, showing how we could analyze suspected foods, and water, make the Widal test, blood count, etc., and do such other work as would naturally present itself. I also informed him that all details had been arranged, and the only thing required to inaugurate the work at once was the proper orders from corps headquarters. It is impossible to express my surprise and disappointment when my plan was returned "*disapproved*," giving as the reason that the men whom I had selected to do the scientific work were *not* commissioned officers, but only enlisted men and that "it would violate all the traditions of the army to do this work in this manner," and that "it was useless to establish a bacteriological laboratory in the field, as it could be of no practical benefit." In vain I pleaded the urgent need of the hour, that the work could be done in my name, or even in the name of our chief medical officer, but all to no purpose. The plan for the scientific work was thoroughly "sat down on."

I then respectfully asked what plan could be substituted, and was informed that application would be made for a detail of contract surgeons, specially qualified, who would aid in the work as outlined. My zeal, acquired as an old National Guard officer, subsided, and I plodded on in my work, looking on and seeing preventable disease sweeping away our soldier boys, and nothing, *absolutely nothing being done* to find the source of the infection or prevent its spread.

The summer passed, the war was over, taps had been sounded over the graves of hundreds of brave boys who had never heard the hum of a hostile bullet, and early in September we were ordered to our home station to be mustered out.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and the site where more than 20,000 men had been encamped was practically deserted. I could hear the sound of the drums and bugles coming faintly through the woods, as the regiment marched to the railroad. I lingered at the site of the first division hospital with an ambulance,

to bring the last of our sick away, when my orderly informed me that an officer wished to see me, and pointed to a man seated on a stump near by. I approached him, and was informed that he was a contract surgeon, sent by the department to report for bacteriological work. I told him that I was glad to see him, but that the war was over, that such of the soldiers who had not died of disease were on their way home to be mustered out, and that I hoped he would stick to his post, so he would be ready for service when the next war broke out.

And there is nothing in the Medical Bill now before Congress to keep that man on the stump, so he may be ready when the next war does come, or for his substitute, in case he, too, may have joined the great majority before that time.

Is the great medical profession—a profession that in one of the bloodiest wars of history has contributed so largely in reducing the mortality of deaths from disease—to remain subservient to the dictates of the variety of judgment just cited, or is its department in our army to be reorganized upon rational lines, and its personnel empowered to enforce its mandates, so that the medical and moral rights of the soldier may be safeguarded and the country receive the benefit of his protection? And if so, how is the hell of modern war to be prevented? First and foremost, by a thorough reorganization of its Medical Department from top to bottom. The rank of the surgeon-general should be commensurate to the importance of the department of which he is the head. Under a proper system this officer should be responsible only to a national Secretary of Health, who should be a cabinet officer, to the Secretary of War, or to the President, and there should be conferred upon him and his subordinates authority in all matters of sanitation and hygiene, except in the emergency of battle, when, of course, all authority should devolve on the officers of the line.

The importance of the medical, as compared with other staff departments, has never been recognized or appreciated. Until it is realized that the most important function of the medical officer is the prevention of disease rather than its cure, the old custom will prevail. To be efficient the medical officer must not only be a good physician, but a sanitarian, a bacteriologist,

often a chemist as well as an administrator. Upon him devolves the duty of preventing disease, and his part in maintaining the effectiveness of the units makes him an important factor in the military establishment. His status is essentially military, not in the sense of holding command, but as an integral part of an organization, complex in its composition, and whose different members should be so organized as to produce a harmonious and effective whole. Under the existing system, he is looked upon simply as a doctor, whose sole function is treating the sick and wounded—whose duties should be confined to the hospital, and whose recommendations should be submitted only when asked for.

In all the wars in which the United States have engaged, disease has been responsible for more than seventy per cent of the mortality, half of which could easily have been prevented, had the Medical Department been properly organized and equipped. Preventable disease more than wounds swells the pension lists. Statistics of the Pension Office prove that, if this unnecessary loss had been avoided, the saving in pensions alone would have paid the cost of the resulting war every twenty-five years. Aside from the sorrow of the homes made desolate, consider the economic value of the seventy per cent of lives now uselessly sacrificed, that might be saved as breadwinners in industrial pursuits.

It is far from certain, however, that the Executive or Congress is alone responsible for the deplorable state of our Medical Department. Possibly the recent action of the former in placing a medical officer in command of a hospital, although that hospital chanced to be afloat, may indicate a ray of hope.

If the humanities have no place in the proceedings of Congress, and argument must be crystallized into a financial proposition, then why does not the surgeon-general demonstrate the value of the medical man as a cash asset in war? Why does he not demand from Congress all that is required to make his department really effective, even though the needed appropriation may be increased tenfold? Why does he not marshal his facts and figures and present them in illustration of the suicidal policy of allowing this great waste from preventable disease? Why does he not show

that his department can pay for itself many times over in the saving of pensions now resulting from its neglect—that statistics prove this loss amounts every twenty-five years to more than the cost of the war that caused it? Why does he not show the enormous increase in the efficiency of the army that would result from having fighting men instead of invalids in its ranks and the economic value of the seventy per cent of lives now wasted that might be saved to their families as breadwinners instead of invalids and pensioners? Then let Congress refuse his demand, if it dare.

The liberality and generosity of our nation to its pensioners proves we are not always actuated by base or sordid motives; and if Congress or the American people could be convinced of the necessity for these reforms, there would be little difficulty in obtaining their enactment, and the abolition of these phases of the hell of war.

With almost every country in the civilized world now taxing its resources to the utmost limit for the creation and maintenance of their great plants for human destruction, with the tendencies of the times arraying the temperate zone against the tropic, the Caucasian against the yellow races, the Occident against the Orient, and the prestige or preservation of modern civilization the tremendous issue, the study of the problems of prevention of disease and the preservation of our army's health—on the successful solution of which victory or defeat may depend, become of paramount national importance.

Boast as we may of our national patriotism and philanthropy, our altruism in freeing Cuba from the tyranny of Spain, and in elevating the status of that bunch of trouble, the Philippines; our foreign missions, and our great systems of charity at home; the cold, clammy fact remains that the sons of Nippon in their war with Russia treated their prisoners with far more humanity than our nation does its own soldiers.

In the great Oriental conflict, not once did the Muscovite win a victory, but from

the Yalu to Mukden was driven from the field, and often left to his victors the care of his sick, his wounded, and his dead. Sixty-seven thousand sick Russian prisoners were brought to Japan from Manchuria and nursed back to health. And to the eternal credit and glory of Japan let it be remembered that from the first-aid dressing on the firing line to the transport, the subsistence, the medical care, and the gentle nursing in her home hospitals, no difference was made between the treatment of her own soldiers and those of the enemy.

Therefore, without minimizing the splendor of her victories on land or sea, at the Yalu, Port Arthur, Mukden, Shaho, Laioyang, or with Togo at Tsushima, the fact remains that Japan's most splendid evolution, and her greatest triumphs have been in the humanities of war. By careful preparation and organization, the use of simple, easily digested rations for her troops, and the application of practical sanitation by a fully equipped and empowered medical department, she almost obliterated infectious and preventable diseases from her army, and saved its units for the legitimate purposes of war, to wit, the smashing of the enemy in the field. She reduced the mortality in her own army by over eighty per cent, and treated her prisoners with a charity and consideration heretofore unheard of in the history of war, establishing a standard in the humanities which the rest of the civilized world will do well to attain.

Let us hope the day is not distant when the true value of the medical man in war will be appreciated in our own land, and will be given the authority in his own sphere that will make it possible for our army in the day of emergency to equal, if not surpass, this splendid record. Braver men never served with the colors than the American soldiers, as we proved on both sides of the Civil War, where many battles (in one of which, at Cold Harbor ten thousand men fell in ten minutes) exceeding anything known in the Orient, and where it was conclusively proved that our soldier deserves every care and protection a generous government can bestow.

THE INTENTIONS OF RAOUL

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE

BY H. C. BAILEY



IN a muniment room in the West Country there is one bulky manuscript three hundred years old. It is written in a jargon of some four languages and there are weird words in it which seem to be Flemish slang of the sixteenth century. It tells of a certain Raoul, and the author has called it in an effort at Latin *Historia de Me Ipso*. This is the Raoul who appears in the Devonshire county records as Raoul Bonfortune. He was not a grammarian, but he was, if you believe him, something of a man.

The first thing in his life that Raoul remembered was sitting in the gutter. While he sat he felt that it was unprecedented and illegal. But his father did not care. His father was lying in the gutter beside him, still and quiet. When Raoul pulled at his father's hand, the arm moved away from the shoulder and a red hole came, very curious to see. Raoul had never known that his father was made like that. He cuddled that still body, talking to it, wondering; and then he was rolled over by a dog. It was white with black spots, a long, lean beast, but Raoul when he had turned face upward again was pleased with it and held out his small hand. There was a click of teeth as the brute snapped and missed.

A man, who looked as wide as he was long, came swaggering down the alley. Fur cloaks were flung over his left shoulder and beneath them his corselet glittered dull. Chains of gold and jewels were twisted about his left arm carelessly. This man saw the dog and the dead and the little child. He said something and he kicked. The dog fled yelping and Raoul flung him-

self on the man's leg and beat it and bit it—because he had liked the dog. The man gave a laugh and tossed Raoul up to his shoulder among the furs and swaggered on.

That must have been at the sack of St. Quentin, after Coligny had fought at hand-grips with a score, and Philip the Spaniard had had all the men of the township slain. Raoul's wide man was Taddeo of Brescia, condottiere and complete scoundrel. Taddeo's deeds make a grewsome chapter in the grewsome history of the days when Alva was trying to drown the Dutchmen in their own blood. And Raoul was his page for sixteen years.

That is the way Raoul was made.

In the autumn of 1573, in the days when the Dutchmen first made head against Alva's fury, Raoul considered himself a man. Taddeo did not agree, and Raoul wore an unhealed wound on his temple as he rode a horse's length behind Taddeo under the bare poplars. The Spaniards were drawing back into winter quarters and Taddeo led the vanguard. A brace of laden wagons labored ostentatiously across the line of march, and Taddeo who despised no booty, howled to them to halt. But the peasant wagoners urged their teams on. So Taddeo cursed and charged down upon them. Only Raoul with the slash raw red in his temple saw no need to follow. Taddeo's men and the fleeing wagoners came in a heap between two dikes, two dikes that suddenly blazed yellow and roared with musketry. In a few minutes all was done. Taddeo's company was a tumbled mass on the wet, brown earth.

"So Messer Taddeo has gone to the devil," said Raoul. "I do not envy the devil." Raoul shaded his eyes and surveyed



"Taddeo's men came in a heap between two dikes."

the situation. Those efficient musketeers who had settled Messer Taddeo's account with this world were now giving all their energy to retreat; the main body of the Spaniards was hurrying up; but Raoul had the time he needed. He rode on to plunder the dead.

They were unsatisfactory. "As mean dead as alive," grunted Raoul, rising with aching back. You may see him, a small man of long arm and leg, black-haired and swarthy. His buff coat and his boots were dirty and ragged. He stood over his dead

master and counted a poor handful of ducats, weighed two golden chains and a crucifix, and pouched them with a sneer. Then, for the Spaniards were now coming close, he removed himself.

Beyond a clump of willows he found fortune. It was a little party of wayfarers, two women and a man, muddy and limping. Raoul struck in front of them, reined up and laughed. "Halt!" says he. "I only want all you have."

The man, with a muttered something in Dutch, heaved up a bill hook. Raoul still

laughing (that was a trick of Taddeo's) leaned forward with his pistol clear of his horse's ears. "Are you ready for hell, my friend?" he asked.

One of the women embraced Raoul's right leg.

"Save us!" she cried, "save us! we have money."

"There is the less reason to save you, my fair," said Raoul.

"Oh, save us and we will pay!"

"That is certain in any case, my fair," said Raoul, and looked down at her laughing. She was dressed in a peasant girl's frieze, but she was small of body as a peasant should not be and her little hands and her brow were milk white. The coil of maidenhood lay on her brown hair.

"But let us be amiable," Raoul concluded. "From whom do you wish to be saved?"

"From the Spaniards."

"Oho!" says Raoul, "that will cost you dear, my dear."

"I will give you all I have," the girl cried.

"You spare me the pains of taking it," said Raoul and held out his hand.

The man and the other woman started forward crying "Mistress! Mistress!" but she thrust a silken purse into Raoul's hand. Raoul dangled it and was shrugging his shoulders at the weight of it when:

"I trust you, sir," she said.

"'Tis foolish in you, my fair," Raoul laughed.

"I trust you," she said again.

Raoul stood up in his stirrups and surveyed circumstances. The Spaniards were close now and the little willow clump could not avail to hide them. The only hope was the falling twilight and the mist. "Come!" said Raoul and led on toward the shadow of the long dike.

One wonders what he meant to do and suspects that he did not himself know. His very curious *History of Myself* protests that what he did was "inevitable, even to him." That is the charitable view. At least it was not wholly his fault.

They had scarce begun to move when the older woman protested that she could move no more and to show her good faith sat down in the mud. The girl hung over her, begging her take heart and toil on till dark at least. But she would not.

"Eh, leave her," cried Raoul.

"To them, sir?" the girl turned on him fiercely. "To Spaniards?"

"She is not beautiful. They will only kill her," said Raoul.

"Never!"

"On the contrary soon," laughed Raoul. For now they had been seen, now a quartet of horsemen was galloping down upon them. "So. This game is played," said Raoul, and made up his mind. He shouted a Spanish welcome to the Spaniards.

"Ah! They—they are Spaniards?" the girl gasped, starting up.

Raoul nodded.

"And they will take us?"

Raoul laughed.

"Yes, they will take us and then——"

"Ah, then——" said Raoul, calmly, and shrugged.

She ran to him and tried to snatch his hand. "Oh, save us, save us!"

Raoul shrugged his shoulders.

Then in a very pitiful voice: "But you promised," she cried, "you promised!"

"No, *corbleu!*"

She staggered back, caught at the man with the bill hook, a square, solid Hollander. "Jan," she sobbed, "Jan, save me, kill me!"

The fellow groaned out something and plucked at his knife. It was raised, it was at her white throat and she plucked her dress away to welcome it when Raoul smote with his pistol butt on the man's head and the man reeled sideways a pace and fell. "A meddling person," said Raoul, and caught the girl as she staggered and would have fled. And he held her, sobbing wildly, struggling; he held her till the Spaniards were upon them and snatched her away.

"A good day, gentlemen," said Raoul.

"In the name of the devil who are you?"

"I am Messer Taddeo's company."

"Then where are the rest of you?"

"They grill with the devil."

The Spaniards looked at each other. "The devil has them all?"

"Yes, poor fellow," said Raoul, sadly.

There was a grim laugh and: "What is this white piece of goods then?" as one of them shook the girl.

Before Raoul could answer, "She is for your master," said a new voice. The Spaniards turned in their saddles. It was the older woman, risen now from the mud,

in aspect well content. And while they stared:

"But certainly," Raoul chimed in: "I convey her to Don Julian. He has a taste."

"You!" the girl shrieked (Raoul here records that her eyes were gray-blue, like steel.) "Ah, you knave, you knave!"

Raoul bowed to her.

The Spaniards laughed loud, while she

tween two of them. Her woman, quite composed, followed behind. And Raoul led the way with the air (he says it himself) of a conqueror.

The Spanish tents were rising in the gloom, foul, tattered brown canvas, ill pitched. Fires crackled and sputtered and smoked. A swearing throng beset the food wagons, and men fought each other for



"He thundered on till he was lost in the mist and the blackness."

struggled, crimson and panting in their grip.

She cried madly for help, she cried to the woman and then to God, and the woman answered smoothly:

"It were best to be quiet, mistress. They say Don Julian is gentle."

That stirred the Spaniards to mirth again. They wheeled round and the girl, sobbing out her shame, was dragged on be-

their rations. All was ill-found, ill-ordered, and the curse of Babel was on the army. Spanish, German, Flemish, French, Italian—each company had a different tongue and scarce knew three words of its neighbor's.

A halberdier lounged on his weapon before the general's tent. The little troop dismounted and men in their shirts, bare-necked, bare-armed, came scrambling up to jeer at the women. Dead weight on two

men's arms, the girl was dragged in to Don Julian d'Oquendo, and from without came the soldiers' guffaw. Don Julian, fair-haired, lean of face, sat in gorgeous attire by a pasty and a flask of wine.

Raoul strode in front: "I have the honor to offer to your Excellency—" and he waved his hand to the girl. But he did not look at her.

Don Julian stared at him with an instant's contempt. Then, "Who are you, knave?" he said, carelessly, as he rose and walked to the girl.

"I aspire to be the servant of your Excellency."

Don Julian took the girl's chin in his hand and tilted her thin face to the light. She tried to shrink away, but the two Spaniards thrust her forward. She quivered like a branch in the wind. And he laughed.

"I hope that I please your Excellency's taste," said Raoul.

Don Julian stepped back and looked at the girl through half-closed eyes as if she were a picture.

Then he laughed again. "What is her price?" he asked.

"Less than fifty ducats would insult your Excellency's love of beauty."

Raoul says that the girl turned and looked at him. He saw her eyes and moved back. He was very glad of that afterwards.

"Señor Don Julian—" it was a Flemish voice. The older woman hurried forward. "He is a rogue, I—"

"Ah, Mother Martha!" cried Don Julian. "What? Is it your lass?" His eyes brightened and he tapped the girl's white cheek. "And so you are Elsa Sonoy, my dear."

"If it please you, señor," cried Mother Martha. "And I brought her, not this rogue, and—"

"Martha! You!" the girl's voice rang wild in the last anguish of broken trust.

Don Julian's thin lips drew back from his teeth.

"Your faithful foster mother, maiden Elsa, who values you at five hundred ducats. *Madre Dios*, but it is a little dear."

Mother Martha began to protest. The girl was worn out with a long journey. She needed rest and food. In the morning—in the morning—and Elsa at last hung limp on the Spaniard's arms, fainting.

Don Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"There is too little blood in her," said he, then turned to the soldiers. "Clear the next tent, you, and bear her in. Comfort her, Mother Martha. By the Virgin, you should do it well."

Two of them lifted the girl, and as they turned Don Julian thought again of Raoul. "Now, rascal, what are you?"

"A poor gentleman, Excellency, who needs fifty ducats."

"Ugh, the knave!" Mother Martha turned her honest head. "Why, señor, he would have helped her to the Dutch."

"So," said Don Julian. "Lash me the—"

But Raoul had drawn back before. Raoul was nearest of them all to the outer air, and he sprang away and flung himself on a horse and flogged it through the camp. Scattering camp fires, riding down men, he thundered on till he was lost in the mist and the blackness.

Then he checked and listened, hand to his ear. There was no following sound, none hunted him. He was not worth hunting. Raoul sat still in the mist and thought.

You are not to suppose him fired by the maiden's plight, consumed with chivalric wrath. "I was never," says he, and you fancy him proud of it, "I was never a man of indignations." The girl's aspen bosom, the gray face and the eyes that stabbed—perhaps they were with him there in the mist, but Raoul was not the man to go to death for a stray girl's shame. One fancies that if Don Julian had but given him those fifty ducats Raoul would have ridden happily off, a paid scoundrel. At least Raoul himself thanks God after his own fashion that Don Julian denied him. "Had he paid me, my life had never begun. And so my salutes to Don Julian—who is where he is—" says Raoul. Don Julian would give nothing; a man owed it to himself to take. Raoul sat thinking.

"Always," says he in that *History of Myself*, "always I had an eye and a mind for ground. Once seen I knew it forever, or by day or by night." He had, in fact, a dog's sense of place and direction. Wrapped in the wet darkness, he saw clear all around him, the line of poplars close by, the willow clump a gunshot off, the dikes and the sluggish river. He knew the oblong camp, the post of the cavalry on either horn,

the park of the guns and powder in the midst of the rearward line.

At last Raoul gathered up his reins and rode down to Taddeo's dead company. There he dismounted and stooping low, reins over his arm, wandered about till he found two good muskets. With these flung about him he rode off, the scattered, riderless horses of Taddeo's men neighing at him out of the mist. And then something bulky leaped at him, big hands gripped his bridle arm, a great weight dragged him down. "Butcher, I have you now," growled a hoarse Dutch voice.

"I was looking for you," said Raoul, placidly, as he put his dagger to the man's throat and let him feel the point of it. "Do not make me kill you."

The man dropped off him and Raoul reined swiftly away. He remembered the bill hook. "If you will not be so stupid you shall save her."

"You are a liar and a rogue. And the Spaniards have taken her."

"I am what I am. And you shall take her again."

"It is now no use," the Dutchman groaned; "they have had her in their camp. *Ach, Gott!* Why did you not let me kill her?"

"It is always worth while to live, *corbleu*. Also you can kill her yet. That is her affair. I suppose you have not had the sense to catch a horse."

"I do not want a horse," said the Dutchman, dully.

"An ass would be more akin," muttered Raoul, and then whistled low.

The horses knew him, there was a scurry of hoofs and soon he had a pair of bridles in his hands. "Suit yourself, my friend—and follow."

"I do not trust you," growled the Dutchman.

"At last you show sense," said Raoul, and went off into the dark. The Dutchman lumbered after him.

Raoul fetched a wide compass round the camp and, come to rearward, halted and gazed. The damp wood fires were dying. Silence was falling upon the tents. The men had gorged like beasts and like beasts were drowsy. Raoul stooped and behind the Dutchman's width struck a spark and caught it on a slow match and blew till the red glow came. Then he hid it and,

stealthily moving behind the poplars, they two drew nearer. A gunshot off the rearward tents Raoul halted and dismounted and put his bridle in the Dutchman's hand and crept on with his muskets. It was a true mercenaries' camp. Scarce one sentry stood at his post, and nearer and nearer came Raoul, silent, unseen. The powder wagons loomed large before him. Beneath the canvas he could make out the curve of the barrels. He flung himself down and cuddled a musket stock into his shoulder. One bulging barrel came clear in line, he touched the slow match and the musket flashed and spoke. And then as he caught the other and fired at a venture, a great flame belched from the powder wagon, a dull roar came, and Raoul cast muskets away and ran like a hare to his horse and sprang to the saddle, and muttering "Follow!" went off at speed.

Roaring, flaming tumult he left behind. Yellow fire shot up through the mist, and the tents leaped sudden into view. Over them, about them, blazing splinters hurled and hissed, maddened horses broke from their pickets and charged over tents and men, and still the powder shot forth fresh flame and roar and the soldiers fled hither and hither, cursing in many tongues.

But Raoul had galloped round the camp and he sprang down and tethered his horse to a poplar and ran in on foot. And the Dutchman went with him still. No one heeded them. All men were running wildly in that hour. Only Raoul was quite sure of his purpose. He held the Dutchman's arm as he ran and: "Kill her or save her, there she is," he muttered and jerked him round at the tent where Elsa lay. Then Raoul himself ran. He sought things more profitable.

Raoul peeped into Don Julian's tent. It was empty of men, and he sprang in—then through a bustling minute feared it was empty of money, too. At last he found saddle bags. They were weighty. They jingled. Raoul chuckled and ran with his pay.

And then he came upon fate. The Dutchman had found Elsa, had borne her out, but Mother Martha clung to him and screamed; and as she screamed a pair of Walloon troopers came running and caught at Elsa. Raoul had to make the choice of his life and no time to make it. He saw



"You, lady, are Mistress Elsa Sonoy?"

that white face tortured again. He flung his money away, his rapier flamed.

One man went down with a hiss and a cough, the other sprang back yelling for help. Raoul tore Elsa from the Dutchman's arms, cast her over his shoulder and ran. And the Dutchman flung Martha at the Walloon and lumbered after him.

Tents and men stood out black against the yellow glare and the light spread over the plain, but beneath the long dikes the mist loomed in darker shadow. Raoul mounted and made for the blackness of it, spurring, *ventre à terre*. There were frenzied horses galloping every way, there was

no man in time to see which way he had gone and soon he had left a mile behind.

Then he drew rein and, as the speed checked, the Dutchman came up alongside.

"Mistress," he gasped, "is it well?"

"Oh, now he will want to kill her, I suppose," thought Raoul, and moved the little body till he could come at his dagger.

The girl leaned over, her face white in the gloom: "Oh, Jan, thank God, thank God! I——"

"In fact," says Raoul, pushing his dagger home, "in fact God has been something to-night."

"And you, sir—" her arm clasped him closer, "you——"

"I also," said Raoul, modestly.

Her brown hair, all disordered, fell rippling fragrant over his arm, but still she was crowned with the coif of her maidenhood. Her arm was about him, he clasped her close. So they rode on through the night.

The Dutchman rolled in his saddle, dozing, wearied out, but still Raoul led on erect and lithe. The easy motion lulled the girl to rest in his arms. Her head drooped back and showed him the gentle curve of her throat; he felt the slow, deep surge of her bosom. And again and again Raoul looked down at her, his pulses tingling. She was fair and fit for a man's desire and he held her at his will. The darkness wrapped him round.

"Halt and speak!" a Dutch challenge rang sharp.

The girl started in his arms as Raoul reined up. "*Vive le gens!*" Raoul shouted, the Dutchman's own war cry.

And the wide Dutchman beside him awoke and roared, "*Vive le gens!*"

There was a sound of hurrying feet and a quick, low parley. Then: "Forward, one!"

"Go you," said Raoul, and the Dutchman went.

"Is all well, sir?" the girl whispered.

Raoul looked down into her eyes. "Yes. By chance."

"Ah, sir, not by chance, indeed."

"Well—I am certainly very remarkable," said Raoul.

In front in the darkness there was much talk, and a lantern came and was held aloft. At last they cried to Raoul and Raoul rode on sedate, stately. The man with the lantern took his bridle and led to a room in a house that stood apart.

The bright reflection from the light of the camp fires without displayed to Raoul and the maid and the Dutchman a little, wiry man in buff coat and breeches. His hair was cropped closer than most and his beard, his keen face was tanned to the tint of his hair, and out of it looked two green-gray eyes very bright.

"Whom," inquired Raoul, "have I the honor to behold?"

"Colonel Newstead," said the little man: and at once Raoul understood the fate of

Taddeo. The English free lance had dealt with greater soldiers than Messer Taddeo. Raoul bowed to him as to a master of craft. The Englishman did not appear grateful.

His curious eyes were set upon Elsa. "You, lady, are Mistress Elsa Sonoy?" he asked, and the girl courtesied to him. "Diedrich Sonoy's daughter is honored in my camp and honored," he bowed, "for her own sake." A blush stole up under her curls. "But you should have been safe in Leyden, Mistress Elsa."

"I was. I was. But they told me—Martha—Martha said that Eric was sick—and—and—" she blushed darker.

"I do hope that she is now joyous with Don Julian," Raoul remarked.

"And—and I was going——"

Buff coat flying loose, hair all awry, a sturdy young fellow broke into the room crying "Elsa!" and she turned and swayed and fell into his arms sobbing and laughing. Raoul watched. Raoul saw the girl he had held to his breast kissed on her mouth and eyes and answering her love's kisses.

"I always meant it," said Raoul, slowly. "I always meant it, *mordieu*," and moving saw that Newstead's curious eyes examined him.

"I continue the history—" said Raoul in a hurry: and did so with an artistic scarcity of detail.

"So," he concluded, "I attended till dark. I devised a little *camisade*. Colonel, here are we. But we should like some supper. At least," he looked sideways at the lovers. "I——"

The Dutchman fell asleep over the meat and Raoul slept till the sun was high.

It was the next day that Newstead asked him his name. "I call myself Raoul. My father was in such haste to die that he told me no other."

"There is something," said Newstead, looking Raoul in the eye, "something I do not offer to every man." He tapped the faded rosette of orange and white and blue that he wore on his left breast. "Will you take service with me?"

Raoul waited a while. "With you, sir, before any man. But with no man at all. I have taken service with the wide world."

And Newstead looked at him a long time (says Raoul) and nodded at last. Then: "You are what will some day be a man."

Which somewhat annoyed Raoul.

THE PASSING OF THE CONFEDERACY

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE WARTIME JOURNAL OF A
GEORGIA GIRL

BY ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

THE following article is a second extract from the remarkable manuscript diary which has recently come into the possession of Appleton's Magazine, and will shortly be issued in book form. Miss Andrews has been persuaded to allow it to be published after she has extracted a certain amount of purely personal matter. In her charming manner she writes in her introduction that it is startling for the gray-haired woman of to-day to read the writing of the hot-headed young woman who was once herself. She apologizes as "Philip sober" for the frankness of the purely personal diary which, as "Philip drunk," she wrote from day to day in Georgia during 1864 and 1865. She is the daughter of a Southerner who was a strong Union man. Her own sympathies, however, were, and are, entirely with the South, and she has recorded in her diary the events, large and small, with which the troublous times were colored, doing this with a sprightliness of narrative and a quality of literary grace as sincere as it is remarkable. Nowhere have these richly varied human emotions found a more sensitive narrator than in the Georgia girl of this diary.

The extracts here given will be followed by others, telling of the arrival of the victors after the passing of the Confederacy.—EDITOR.



[WASHINGTON, GEORGIA.]

PRIL 22, Saturday. I went to bed as soon as I had eaten supper last night and never did I enjoy a sweeter rest; home beds are cleaner and softer than any others. I spent the better part of the day unpacking and arranging my things. The house is so crowded with company that I have had to give up my room and double in with Mett. I keep my clothes wherever I can find a place for them. We went to walk after dinner and found the streets swarming with people. Paroled men from Lee's army are expected every day now, and the town is already as full as it can hold. The only hotel has been closed and private hospitality is taxed to the utmost. While we were out, the Toombs girls called with John Ficklen and that nice Captain Thomas we met in Milledgeville.

April 23, Sunday. General Elzey and staff arrived early in the afternoon and called here at once. The General has a fine, soldierly appearance, and charming manners, like all West Pointers—except, of course, barbarians like Butler and Sherman. Captain Erwin, Mrs. Elzey's brother, is going to stay at our house, and the whole family has fallen in love with him at first sight. He is the dearest, jolliest fellow that ever lived, and keeps up his spirits under circumstances that would have put down even Mark Tapley. His wife and six daughters are in the enemy's lines, at Norfolk; six daughters, in these awful times! and the father of them can still laugh!

April 24, Monday. The shattered remains of Lee's army are beginning to arrive. There is an endless stream passing between the transportation office and the depot, and trains are going and coming at all hours. The soldiers bring all sorts of

rumors, and keep us stirred up in a state of never-ending excitement. Our avenue leads from the principal street on which they pass, and great numbers stop to rest in the grove. Emily is kept busy cooking rations for them, and, pinched as we are ourselves for supplies, it is impossible to refuse anything to the men that have been fighting for us. Even when they don't ask for anything, the poor fellows look so tired and hungry that we feel tempted to give them everything we have. Two nice-looking officers came to the kitchen door this afternoon, while I was in there making some sorghum cakes to send to General Elzey's camp. They then walked slowly through the back yard, and seemed reluctant to tear themselves away from such a sweet, beautiful place. Nearly everybody that passes the street gate stops and looks up the avenue, and I know they can't help thinking what a beautiful place it is. The Cherokee rose hedge is white with blooms. It is glorious. A great many of the soldiers camp in the grove, though Colonel Weems has located a public camping ground for them farther out of town. The officers often ask for a night's lodging, but our house is always so full of friends who have a nearer claim, that a great many have to be refused. It hurts my conscience ever to turn off a Confederate soldier on any account, but we are so overwhelmed with company, friends and people bringing letters of introduction, that the house, big as it is, will hardly hold us all, and members of the family have to pack together like sardines.

April 25, Tuesday. The square is so crowded with soldiers and government wagons that it is not easy to make way through it. It is especially difficult around the government offices, where the poor, ragged, starved, and dirty remnants of Lee's heroic army are gathered day and night. Little Washington is now, perhaps, the most important military post in our doomed Confederacy. The naval and medical departments have been moved here—what there is left of them. Soon all this will give place to Yankee barracks, and our dear old Confederate gray will be seen no more. The men are all talking about going to Mexico and Brazil; if all emigrate who say they are going to, we shall have a

nation made up of women, negroes, and Yankees.

I joined a party after dinner in a walk out to the general camping ground in cousin Will Pope's woods. The Irvin Artillery are coming in rapidly; I suppose they will all be here by the end of the week or what is left of them, but their return is even sadder and amidst bitterer tears than their departure, for now "we weep as they that have no hope." Everybody is cast down and humiliated, and we are all waiting in suspense to know what our cruel masters will do with us. Think of a vulgar plebeian like Andy Johnson, and that odious crew at Washington, lording it over Southern gentlemen! I suppose we shall be subjected to every indignity that hatred and malice can heap upon us. Till it comes, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Only we have almost nothing to eat, and less to drink.

April 26, Wednesday. General Elzey lent his ambulances, and we had a charming little picnic under the management of Captain Hardy. We left town at seven o'clock, before the sun was too hot, and drove to a creek ten miles out, where we spent the day in a beautiful grove, so shady that the sun could not penetrate at noonday. General Elzey and all the staff were there. Our amusements were cards, fishing in the creek, rambling about through the woods, and sitting in little circles on the grass, talking about what we are going to do under the new order of things. Some comical pictures were drawn of our future occupations, and we guyed each other a good deal about our prospects. I am to take in washing; Mett to raise chickens and peddle them in a cart drawn by Dixie; Captain Erwin is to join the minstrels, and Captain Palfrey to be a dancing master—but down in the bottom of our hearts we felt that there is likely to be little occasion for laughter in the end.

The drive home was rather hot and dusty, and our enjoyment was damped by the sight of the poor soldiers that we met, trudging along the road; they looked so weary and ragged and travel-stained. Many of them, overcome with fatigue, were lying down to rest on the bare ground by the roadside. I felt ashamed of myself for riding when they had to

walk. These are the straggling remnants of those splendid armies that have been for four years a terror to the North, the glory of the South, and the wonder of the world. Alas, alas!

April 27, Thursday. The Elzeys and many other visitors called during the evening. We had a delightful serenade in the night, but Toby kept up such a barking that we couldn't half get the good of it. Their songs were all about the sea, so I suppose the serenaders were naval officers. The navy department has been ordered away from here—and Washington would seem a very queer location for a navy that had any real existence. Captain Parker sent Lieutenant Peck this morning with a letter to father and seven great boxes full of papers and instruments belonging to the department, which he requested father to take care of. Father had them stored in the cellar, the only place where he could find a vacant spot, and so now, about all that is left of the Confederate navy is here in the house, and we laugh and tell father that he, the staunchest Union man in Georgia, is head of the Confederate navy.

April 28, Friday. I was busy all the morning helping to get ready for a supper that father gave in honor of General Elzey and staff. The table was beautiful; it shone like a mirror. There were seats for twenty-two, and everything on it solid silver, except the cups and saucers and plates, which were of beautiful old china that had belonged to Cora's grandmother. But it was all in absurd contrast to what we had to eat. The cake was all made of sorghum molasses, and the strawberries were sweetened with the coarsest kind of brown sugar, but we were glad to have even that, and it tasted good to us hungry Rebs. Emily was kept so busy all day cooking rations for soldiers that she hardly had time for anything else, and I was so sorry for the poor fellows that no matter what I happened to have in my hand, if a soldier came up and looked wistfully at it I couldn't help giving it to him. Some of them, as they talked to me about the surrender, would break down and cry like children. I took all the lard and eggs mother had left out for Emily to cook with and gave to them because I could not bear to see them eating heavy old bis-

cuit made of nothing but flour and water. In this way a good part of our supper was disposed of before we sat down to it, but nobody begrudged the loss. In spite of his being such a strong Union man, and his bitter opposition to secession, father never refuses anything to the soldiers. I blame the secession politicians myself, but the cause for which my brothers risked their lives, the cause for which so many noble Southerners have bled and died, and for which such terrible sacrifices have been made, is dear to my heart, right or wrong. The more misfortunes overwhelm my poor country, the more I love it; the more the Yankees triumph, the worse I hate them. I would rather be wrong with men like Lee and Davis, than right with a lot of miserable oppressors like Stanton and Thad Stevens. The wrong of disrupting the old Union was nothing to the wrongs that are being done for its restoration.

We had a delightful evening, in spite of the clouds gathering about us.

April 29, Saturday. Visitors all day, in shoals and swarms. Captain Erwin brought Judge Crump, of Richmond, to stay at our house. He is an ugly old fellow, with a big nose, but perfectly delightful in conversation, and father says he wishes he would stay a month. Captain Erwin seems very fond of him, and says there is no man in Virginia more beloved and respected. He is an Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, or something of the sort, and is wandering about the country with his poor, barren exchequer, trying to protect what is left of it, for the payment of Confederate soldiers. He has in charge, also, the assets of some Richmond banks, of which he is, or was, president, *dum Troja fuit*. He says that in Augusta he met twenty-five of his clerks with ninety-five barrels of papers not worth a pin, all put together, which they had brought out of Richmond, while things of real value were left a prey to the enemy.

April 30, Sunday. When I came in from church in the afternoon, I found Burton Harrison, Mr. Davis's private secretary, among our guests. He is said to be engaged to Miss Constance Carey, of whom my old Montgomery acquaintance, that handsome Ed Carey, used to talk so much. He came in with Mrs. Davis, who is being entertained at Dr. Ficklen's. No-

body knows where the President is, but I hope he is far west of this by now. All sorts of ridiculous rumors are afloat concerning him: one, that he passed through town, yesterday, hid in a box marked "specie." Others equally reliable, appoint every day in the week for his arrival in Washington with a bodyguard of a thousand men, but I am sure he has better sense than to travel in such a conspicuous way. Mr. Harrison probably knows more about his whereabouts than anybody else, but, of course, we ask no questions. Mrs. Davis herself says that she has no idea where he is, which is the only wise thing for her to say. The poor woman is in a deplorable condition—no home, no money, and her husband a fugitive. She sold her plate in Richmond, and in the stampede there, the money, all but fifty dollars, was left behind. I am very sorry for her, and wish I could do something to help her, but we are all reduced to poverty, and the most we can do is for those of us who have homes to open our doors to the rest. If secession were to do over, I expect father's warning voice would no longer be silenced by jeers, and I would no more be hooted at as the daughter of a "submissionist." But I have not much respect for the Union men that are beginning to talk big now, and hope my father will never turn against his own people like that infamous "Committee of Seventeen" in Savannah.

May 1, Monday. Men were coming in all day, with busy faces, to see Mr. Harrison, and one of them brought news of Johnston's surrender, but Mr. Harrison didn't tell anybody about it but father, and the rest of us were left in ignorance till afternoon, when Fred came back with the news from Augusta. While we were at dinner, a brother of Mrs. Davis came in and called for Mr. Harrison, and after a hurried interview with him Mr. Harrison came back into the dining-room, and said it had been decided that Mrs. Davis would leave town to-morrow. Delicacy forbade our asking any questions, but I suppose they were alarmed by some of the numerous reports that are always flying about the approach of the Yankees. Mother called on Mrs. Davis this afternoon, and she really believes they are on their way here and may arrive at any mo-

ment. She seemed delighted with her reception here, and to the honor of our town, it can be truly said that she has received more attention than would have been shown her even in the palmiest days of her prosperity.

The conduct of a Texas regiment in the streets this afternoon gave us a sample of the chaos and general demoralization that may be expected to follow the breaking up of our government. They raised a riot about their rations, in which they were joined by all the disorderly elements among both soldiers and citizens. First, they plundered the commissary department, and then turned loose upon the quartermaster's stores. Paper, pens, buttons, tape, cloth—everything in the building, was seized and strewn about on the ground. Negroes and children joined the mob and grabbed what they could of the plunder. Colonel Weems's provost guard refused to interfere, saying they were too good soldiers to fire on their comrades, and so the plundering went on unopposed. Nobody seemed to care much, as we all know the Yankees will get it in the end, anyway, if our men don't. I was at Miss Maria Randolph's when the disturbance began, but by keeping to the back streets, I avoided the worst of the row, though I encountered a number of stragglers running away with their booty. The soldiers were very generous with their "confiscated" goods, giving away paper, pens, tape, etc., to anybody they happened to meet. One of them poked a handful of pen staves at me; another, staggering under an armful of stationery, threw me a ream of paper, saying: "There, take that and write to your sweetheart on it." I took no notice of any of them, but hurried on home as fast as I could, all the way meeting negroes, children, and men loaded with plunder.

When I reached home, I found some of our own servants with their arms full of thread, paper, and pens, which they offered to sell me, and one of them gave me several reams of paper. I carried them to father, and he collected all the other booty he could find, intending to return it to headquarters, but he was told that there was no one to receive it, no place to send it to—in fact, there seemed to be no longer any headquarters nor any other semblance of

authority. Father saved one box of bacon for Colonel Weems by hauling it away in his wagon and concealing it in his smoke house. All of Johnston's army and the greater portion of Lee's are still to pass through, and since the rioters have destroyed so much of the forage and provisions intended for their use, there will be great difficulty in feeding them. They did not stop at food, but helped themselves to all the horses and mules they needed. A band of them made a raid on General Elzey's camp and took nine of his mules. They excused themselves by saying that the government stores will be seized by the Yankees in a few days, anyway, if left alone, and our own soldiers might as well get the good of them while they can. This would be true if there were not so many others yet to come who ought to have their share.

Our backyard and kitchen have been filled all day, as usual, with soldiers waiting to have their rations cooked. One of them, who had a wounded arm, came into the house to have it dressed, and said that he was at Salisbury when Garnett was shot, and saw him fall. He told some miraculous stories about the valorous deeds of "the colonel," and although they were so exaggerated that I set them down as imaginary, I gave him a piece of cake, notwithstanding, to pay him for telling them.

May 2, Tuesday. Mr. Harrison left this morning, with a Godspeed from all the family and prayers for the safety of the honored fugitives committed to his charge.

The disorders begun by the Texans yesterday were continued to-day, every fresh band that arrived from the front falling into the way of their predecessors. They have been pillaging the ordnance stores at the depot, in which they were followed by negroes, boys, and mean white men. I don't see what people are thinking about to let ammunition fall into the hands of the negroes, but everybody is demoralized and reckless, and nobody seems to care about anything any more. I never lived in such a state of excitement and confusion in my life. Thousands of people pass through Washington every day, and our house is like a free hotel; father welcomes everybody as long as there is a square foot of vacant space under his roof. Meeting

all these pleasant people is the one compensation of this dismal time, and I don't know how I shall exist when they have all gone their ways, and we settle down in the mournful quiet of subjugation. Besides the old friends that are turning up every day, there is a continual stream of new faces crossing my path, and I make some pleasant acquaintances, or form some new friendship every day. The sad part of it is that the most of them I shall probably never meet again, and if I should, where, and how? What will they be? What shall I be? These are portentous questions in such a time as this.

We had a larger company to dinner to-day than usual, but no one that especially interested me. In the afternoon came a poor soldier from Abbeville. He sat on the soft grass before the door, and we fed him on sorghum cake and milk, the only things we had to offer. I am glad the cows have not been emancipated, for the soldiers always beg for milk; I never saw one that was not eager for it at any time.

It seems as if all the people I ever heard of, or never heard of, either, for that matter, are passing through Washington. Some of our friends pass on without stopping to see us because they say they are too ragged and dirty to show themselves. Poor fellows! if they only knew how honorable rags and dirt are now, in our eyes, when endured in the service of their country, they would not be ashamed of them. The son of the richest man in New Orleans trudged through the other day, with no coat to his back, no shoes on his feet. The town is full of celebrities, and many poor fugitives, whose necks are in danger, meet here to concert plans for escape, and I put it in my prayers every night that they may be successful. General Wigfall started for the West some days ago, but his mules were stolen, and he had to return. He is frantic, they say, with rage and disappointment. General Toombs left to-night, but old Governor Brown, it is said, has determined not to desert his post. I am glad he has done something to deserve respect, and hope he may get off yet, as soon as the Yankees appoint a military governor. Clement Clay is believed to be well on his way to the Trans-Mississippi, the Land of Promise now, or rather, the City of Refuge, from which it is hoped a

door of escape may be found to Mexico or Cuba. The most terrible part of the war is now to come, the "Bloody Assizes." "Kirk's Lambs," in the shape of Yankee troopers, are closing in upon us; our own disbanded armies, ragged, starving, hopeless, reckless, are roaming about without order or leaders, making their way to their far-off homes as best they can. The props that held society up are broken. Everything is in a state of disorganization and tumult. We have no currency, no laws save the primitive code that might makes right. We are in a transition state from war to subjugation, and it is far worse than was the transition from peace to war. The suspense and anxiety in which we live are terrible.

May 3, Wednesday. About noon the town was thrown into the wildest excitement by the arrival of President Davis. He is traveling with a large escort of cavalry, which seems to me a very imprudent thing for a man in his position to do. He rode into town ahead of his escort, and as he was passing by the bank where the Elzeys board, the general and several other gentlemen were sitting on the front porch, and the instant they recognized him, they took off their hats and received him with every mark of respect due the President of a brave people. When he reined in his horse all the staff who were present advanced to hold the reins and assist him to dismount, while Dr. and Mrs. Robertson hastened to offer the hospitality of their home. About forty of his immediate personal friends and attendants were with him, and they were all half starved, having tasted nothing for twenty-four hours. Captain Erwin came running home in great haste to ask mother to send them something to eat, as it was reported the Yankees were approaching the town from two opposite directions, closing in upon the President, and it was necessary to hurry him off at once. There was not so much as a crust of bread in our house, everything available having been given to the soldiers. There was some bread in the kitchen that had just been baked for a party of soldiers, but they were willing to wait, and I begged some milk from Aunt Sallie, and by adding to these our own dinner as soon as Emily could finish cooking it, we contrived to get together a very respectable

lunch. We had just sent it off when the President's escort came in, followed by couriers who brought the comforting assurance that it was a false alarm about the enemy being so near. By this time the President's arrival had become generally known, and people began flocking to see him, but he went to bed almost as soon as he got into the house, and Mrs. Elzey would not let him be waked. One of his friends, Colonel Thorburne, came to our house, and went right to bed, and slept fourteen hours on a stretch. The party are all worn out, and half dead for sleep. They travel mostly at night, and have been in the saddle for three nights in succession. Mrs. Elzey says that Mr. Davis does not seem to have been aware of the real danger of his situation until he came to Washington, where some of his friends gave him a serious talk, and advised him to travel with more secrecy and dispatch than he has been using.

Mr. Reagan and Mr. Mallory are also in town, and General Toombs has returned, having encountered danger ahead, I fear. Judge Crump is back, too, with his Confederate treasury, containing, it is said, three hundred thousand dollars in specie. He is staying at our house, but the treasury is thought to be stored in the vault at the bank. It will hardly be necessary for him to leave the country, but his friends advise him to keep in the shade for a time. If the Yankees once get scent of money, they will be sure to ferret it out. They have already begun their reign of terror in Richmond, it is said, by arresting many of the prominent citizens. Judge Crump is in a state of distraction about his poor little wandering exchequer, which seems to stand an even chance between the Scylla of our own hungry cavalry and the Charybdis of Northern cupidity. I wish it could all be divided among the men whose necks are in danger, to assist them in getting out of the country, but I don't suppose one of them would touch it. Anything would be preferable to letting the Yankees get it.

Among the stream of travelers pouring through Washington, my old friend, Dr. Cromwell, has turned up, and is going to spend several days with us. Captain Napier, Colonel Walter Weems, Captain Shaler Smith, and Mr. Hallam ate sup-

per with us, but we had no sleeping room to offer them except the grass under the trees in the grove. Captain Smith and Mr. Hallam are Kentuckians, and bound for that illusive land of hope, the Trans-Mississippi. They still believe the battle of Southern independence will be fought out there and won. If faith as a grain of mustard seed can move mountains, what ought not faith like this to accomplish! Mr. Hallam is a high-spirited young fellow, and reminds me of the way we all used to talk and feel at the beginning of the war. I believe he thinks he could fight the whole Yankee nation now, single-handed, and whip them, too. He is hardly more than a boy, and only a second lieutenant, yet, as he gravely informed me, is now the chief ordnance officer of the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner and made his escape without being paroled, and since the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies, he really is, it seems, the ranking ordnance officer in the poor little remnant that is still fixing its hope on the Trans-Mississippi. They spent the night in the grove, where they could watch their horses and keep them from being stolen. It was dreadful that we had not even stable room to offer them, but every place in this establishment that can accommodate man or beast was already occupied.

May 4, Thursday. I am in such a state of excitement that I can do nothing but spend my time, like the Athenians of old, in either hearing or telling some new thing. I sat under the cedar trees by the street gate nearly all the morning, with Metta and Cousin Liza, watching the stream of human life flow by, and keeping guard over the horses of some soldier friends that had been left grazing on the lawn. Father and Cora went to call on the President, and in spite of his prejudice against everybody and everything connected with secession, father says his manner was so calm and dignified that he could not help admiring the man. Crowds of people flocked to see him, and nearly all were melted to tears. General Elzey pretended to have dust in his eyes and Mrs. Elzey blubbered outright, exclaiming all the while, in her impulsive way: "Oh, I am such a fool to be crying, but I can't help it!" When she was telling me about it afterwards, she said she could not stay

in the room with him yesterday evening, because she couldn't help crying, and she was ashamed for the people who called to see her looking so ugly, with her eyes and nose red. She says that at night, after the crowd left, there was a private meeting in his room, where Reagan and Mallory and other high officials were present, and again early in the morning, there were other confabulations before they all scattered and went their ways—and this, I suppose, is the end of the Confederacy. Then she made me laugh by telling me some ludicrous things that happened while the crowd was calling.

It is strange how closely interwoven tragedy and comedy are in life. The people of the village sent so many good things for the President to eat that an ogre couldn't have devoured them all, and he left many little delicacies, besides giving away a number of his personal effects to people who had been kind to him. He requested that one package be sent to mother, which, if it ever comes, must be kept as an heirloom in the family. I don't suppose he knows what strong Unionists father and mother have always been; but for all that, I am sure they would be as ready to help him now, if they could, as the hottest rebel among us. I was not ashamed of father's being a Union man when his was the downtrodden persecuted party; but now when our country is downtrodden, the Union means something very different from what it did four years ago. At any rate, nobody can accuse him of self-interest, for he has sacrificed as much in the war as any other private citizen I know, except those whose children have been killed. His sons, all but little Marshall, have been in the army since the very first gun—in fact, Garnett was the first man to volunteer from the county, and it is through the mercy of God and not of his beloved Union, that they have come back alive. Then he has lost not only his negroes, like everybody else, but his land, too.

The President left town about ten o'clock, with a single companion, his unruly cavalry escort having gone on before. He travels sometimes with them, sometimes before, sometimes behind, never permitting his precise location to be known. Generals Bragg and Breckinridge are in

the village, with a host of minor celebrities. General Breckinridge is called the handsomest man in the Confederate army, and Bragg might well be called the ugliest. I saw him at Mrs. Vickers's, where he is staying, and he looks like an old porcupine. I never was a special admirer of his, though it would be a good thing if some of his stringent views about discipline could be put into effect just now—if discipline were possible among men without a leader, without a country, without a hope. The army is practically disbanded, and citizens, as well as soldiers, thoroughly demoralized. It has gotten to be pretty much a game of grab with us all; every man for himself and the devil (or the Yankees, which amounts to the same thing) take the hindmost. Nearly all government teams have been seized, and driven out of town by irresponsible parties—indeed, there seems to be nobody responsible for anything any longer.

Large numbers of cavalry passed through town during the day. A solid, unbroken stream of them poured past our street gate for two hours, many of them leading extra horses. They raised such clouds of dust that it looked as if a yellow fog had settled over our grove. Captain Smith and Mr. Hallam called in the afternoon, and the latter showed me ninety dollars in gold, which is all that he has received for four years of service.

Aunt Sallie invited Mr. Habersham Adams, her pastor, and his wife, to dinner, and Cousin Liza, Mary Day, Cora, Metta, and me, to help them eat it. She had such a dinner as good old Methodist ladies know how to get up for their preachers, though where all the good things came from, Heaven only knows. She must have been hoarding them for months. We ate as only hungry Rebs can, that have been half starved for weeks, and expect to starve the rest of their days. We have no kind of meat in our house but ham and bacon, and have to eat hominy instead of rice at dinner. Sometimes we get a few vegetables out of the garden, but everything has been so stripped to feed the soldiers, that we never have enough to spread a respectable meal before the large number of guests, expected and unexpected, who sit down to our table every day. In spite of all we can do, there is a look of

scantiness about the table that makes people afraid to eat as much as they want—and the dreadful things we have to give them, at that! Cornfield peas have been our staple diet for the last ten days. Mother has them cooked in every variety of style she ever heard of, but they are cornfield peas still. All this would have been horribly mortifying a year or two ago, but everybody knows how it is now, and I am glad to have even cornfield peas to share with the soldiers. Three cavalry officers dined at the house while we were at Aunt Sallie's. Mother says they were evidently gentlemen, but they were so ragged and dirty that she thought the poor fellows did not like to give their names. They didn't introduce themselves, and she didn't ask who they were. Poor Henry is in the same plight, somewhere, I reckon.

The cavalry are not popular about here just now; everybody is crying out against them, even their own officers. On their way from Abbeville, Fred and Garnett met a messenger with a flag of truce, which had been sent out by some (pretended) cavalymen who had plundered a government specie wagon at the Savannah River and professed to be hunting for Yankees to whom they might surrender. Garnett says he does not think there are any Yankees within forty miles of Abbeville, though as the "Grapevine" is our only telegraph, we know nothing with certainty. Boys and negroes and sportsmen are taking advantage of the ammunition scattered broadcast in the pillaging of the ordnance stores to indulge in fireworks of every description, and there is so much shooting going on all around town that we wouldn't know it if a battle were being fought. Captain Erwin came near being killed this afternoon by a stray minie ball shot by some careless person. The railroad depot is in danger of being blown up by the quantities of gunpowder scattered about there, mixed up with percussion caps. Fred says that when he came up from Augusta the other day, the railroad between here and Barnett was strewn with loose cartridges and empty canteens that the soldiers had thrown out of the car windows.

I have so little time for writing that I make a dreadful mess of these pages. I can hardly ever write fifteen minutes at

a time without interruption. Sometimes I break off in the middle of a sentence and do not return to it for hours, and so I am apt to get everything into a jumble. And the worst of it is, we are living in such a state of hurry and excitement that half the time I don't know whether I am telling the truth or not. Mother says that she will have to turn the library into a bedroom if we continue to have so much company, and then I shall have no quiet place to go to, and still less time to myself. It seems that the more I have to say, the less time I have to say it in. From breakfast till midnight I am engaged nearly all the time with company, so that the history of each day has to be written mostly in the spare moments I can steal before breakfast on the next, and sometimes I can only scratch down a few lines to be written out at length whenever I can find the time. I have been keeping this diary so long and through so many difficulties and interruptions that it would be like losing an old friend if I were to discontinue it. I can tell it what I can say to no one else, not even to Metta. But after all, I enjoy the rush and excitement famously. Mett says that she doesn't enjoy a man's society, no matter how nice he is, till she knows him well, but I confess that I like change and variety. A man that I know nothing about—provided, of course, he is a gentleman—is a great deal more interesting to me than the people I see every day, just because there is something to find out; people get to be commonplace when you know them too well.

May 5, Friday. It has come at last—what we have been dreading and expecting so long—what has caused so many panics and false alarms—but it is no false alarm this time: the Yankees are actually in Washington. Before we were out of bed a courier came in with news that Kirk—name of ill omen—was only seven miles from town, plundering and devastating the country. Father hid the silver and what little coin he had in the house, but no other precautions were taken. They have cried "Wolf" so often that we didn't pay much attention to it, and besides, what could we do, anyway? After dinner, we all went to our rooms as usual, and I sat down to write. Presently some one

knocked at my door and said: "The Yankees have come, and are camped in Will Pope's grove." I paid no attention and went on with my writing. Later, I dressed and went down to the library where Dr. Cromwell was waiting for me, and asked me to go with him to call on Annie Pope. We found the streets deserted, not a soldier, not a straggler did we see. The silence of death reigned where a few hours ago all was stir and bustle—and it is the death of our liberty. After the excitement of the last two days, the stillness was painful, oppressive.

News of the odious arrival seems to have spread like a secret pestilence through the country, and travelers avoid the tainted spot. I suppose the returning soldiers flank us, for I have seen none on the streets today, and none has called at our house. The troops that are here came from Athens. There are about sixty-five white men, and fifteen negroes, under the command of a Major Wilcox. They say that they come for peace, to protect us from our own lawless cavalry—to *protect* us, indeed! with their negro troops, runaways from our own plantations! I would rather be skinned and eaten by wild beasts than beholden to *them* for such protection. As they were marching through town, a big buck negro leading a raw-boned jade is said to have made a conspicuous figure in the procession. Respectable people were shut up in their houses, but the little street urchins immediately began to sing, when they saw the big black Sancho and his Rosinante:

Yankee Doodle went to town and stole a little pony;

He stuck a feather in his crown and called him Macaroni.

They followed the Yanks nearly to their camping ground at the Mineral Spring, singing and jeering at the negroes, and, strange to say, the Yankees did not offer to molest them. I have not laid eyes on one of the creatures myself, and they say they do not intend to come into the town unless to put down disturbances—the sweet, peaceful lambs! *They* never sacked Columbia; *they* never burned Atlanta; *they* never left a black trail of ruin and desolation through the whole length of our dear old Georgia! No, not they!

I wonder how long this sugar and honey policy is to continue! They deceive no one with their Puritanical hypocrisy, bringing our own runaway negroes here to protect us! Next thing they will have a negro garrison in the town for our benefit. Their odious old flag has not yet been raised in the village, and I pray God they will have the grace to spare us that sight, at least until Johnston's army has all passed through.* The soldiers will soon return to their old route of travel, and there is no telling what our boys might be tempted to do at the sight of that emblem of tyranny on the old court-house steeple, where once floated the "lone star banner" that Cora and I made with our own hands—the first rebel flag that was ever raised in Washington. Henry brought us the cloth, and we made it on the sly in Cora's room at night, hustling it under the bed if a footstep came near, for fear father or mother might catch us, and put a stop to our work. It would break my heart to see the emblem of our slavery floating in its place. Our old liberty pole is gone. Some of the Irvin Artillery went one night before the Yankees came, and cut it down and carried it off. It was a sad night's work, but there was no other way to save it from desecration.

When Captain Erwin came home to supper, he told me that he had been trying to draw forage from the Confederate stores for his horse, but could not get any

* If the reader will "uncentury" himself for a moment, and try to realize the position of the old slaveholders, a proud and masterful race, on first beholding a band of their former slaves marching in triumph with their conquerors, he may perhaps understand, although he cannot appreciate, the storm of indignation it awakened in our breasts.—E. F. A.

because it was all to be turned over to the new masters. He was so angry that he forgot himself and let out a "cuss word" before he thought, right in my presence. And I wouldn't let him apologize. I told him I was glad he did it, because I couldn't swear myself, and it was a relief to my feelings to hear anybody else do it. While we were talking, old Toby's bark announced a visitor, who turned out to be Captain Hudson. Metta brought her guitar, and she and Garnett tried to sing a little, but most of the evening was spent in quiet conversation. It seemed hard to realize, as we sat there peacefully in the soft moonlight, surrounded by the dear old Confederate uniforms, that the enemy is actually here. But I realized it only too fully when I heard the wearers of the uniforms talk. They do not whine over their altered fortunes and ruined prospects, but our poor ruined country, the slavery and degradation to which it is reduced—they grow pathetic over that. We have a charming circle of friends around us now. Judge Crump, especially, is one of the most entertaining men I ever knew. He has traveled a great deal and I was very much interested in his account of Dickens's wife, whom he knows well. He says that she is altogether the most unattractive woman he ever met. She has a yellowish, catlike eye, a muddy complexion, dull, coarse hair of an undecided color, and a very awkward person. On top of it all she is, he says, one of the most intolerably stupid women he ever met. He has had to entertain her for hours at a time, and could never get an idea out of her nor one into her. Think of such a wife for Dickens!



THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

BY HUGH PENDEXTER



HE Sheriff of Mudge Creek threw back his head and raised his corded arms in the luxury of relaxation. It had been a trying day and his small office with its sparkling fire seemed good. His eyes were drowsy with content as he slowly brought his fists to his shoulders, but even while he was twisting his bearded face into a mighty yawn his gaze flamed fire at hearing a staccato voice advise:

"I kind o' like ye that way. Keep 'em up."

The Sheriff was standing, back to the speaker, and at the first word he stiffened. Beyond this sudden rigidity his square form evidenced nothing to show he was aware of any intrusion; nor did he turn for several seconds, and then very deliberately. His steady eyes beheld an old man, white bearded and with shoulders that stooped. What focused the Sheriff's attention, however, was a limp, scrawny hand, holding a blue-steel Colt's, whose menacing muzzle never wavered a hair's breadth.

"Jem Peace, eh?" murmured the Sheriff, the veins on his tanned forehead standing out like whipcords as he endeavored to eradicate any semblance of interest from his voice; but he could not quench his eyes, which blazed in the thin, weak light of the one kerosene lamp.

"Ya-as," admitted Mr. Peace, slowly advancing. Then sharply, "Turn 'round. Easy! Stand still!" And his left hand deftly encircled the other's waist and removed the belt and its sagging holster. "Now, if ye'll condescend t' take a chair at this leetle table ye kin lower yer hands, while we gossip a bit, jest like ol' neigh-

bors. Tut! tut! keep 'em on th' table. An', mebbe, ye'd better kind o' clasp 'em. That's better."

"Wa-al, Jem; what's th' game?" inquired the Sheriff gently, his eyes never leaving the dark barrel of the thirty-eight now resting at a slight slant on the table.

"I got th' idee from promiscus circus posters 'round th' settlement that I'm wanted," began Mr. Peace.

"Five hundred, dead or alive, no particular difference which; an' we a-hankerin' fer ye," confirmed the Sheriff. "But what's th' game? Me?"

"I hope not," sighed Mr. Peace. "I hope I ain't got t' make it a thousan' fer my ol' hide. But it all depends on how ye take a leetle proposition I've come t' make. Ye jest brought in a prisoner, unbeknownst ter anybody—Fred Turner. Ye fetched him in slylike, so's there 'u'd be no premachoor hangin'."

"Ye're gittin' t' be a truthful man in yer ol' age," admired the Sheriff. "Yep; he's th' man that shot my deputy through th' arm. So, ye've come fer him, eh?"

"In a way I have," mildly confessed Mr. Peace; "but not in a rough, onlawful way. Fer I opine ye're goin' t' help me."

"Ye might as well crook yer finger an' be done with it," growled the Sheriff, his beard bristling. "That's th' only way ye kin git th' key."

"Softly, softly," soothed Mr. Peace, stiffening his arm a trifle. "Hear me out afore ye think o' tryin' t' tip th' table. Now, what man of all others had ye ruther jam inter that jail in his place?"

"Jem Peace, th' worst ol' sinner that ever fretted Wyomin'," declared the Sheriff, without a second's hesitation.

"It does me good t' hear ye say it," purred Mr. Peace, his eyes beaming with

pride. "An' ye'd be keen t' swap a dozen calves like yer prisoner fer jest one ol' steer like me, eh?"

"I'd swap a hundred," readily assured the Sheriff.

"Now that's kind o' ye, an' it makes tippin' tables unnecessary," cried Mr. Peace, heartily. "I've come t' take his place; him t' go free."

"What!" gasped the Sheriff, jolted out of his composure; and his hands unclasped and rested on the table as he made to rise.

"Slump back in yer chair," commanded Mr. Peace, in a low, even tone, while his words were accentuated by the elevated muzzle of his gun. "Please don't fergit ag'in an' make me nervous. * * * Ya-as, I've come t' take his place; th' place of a fool young man, who never did nuthin' worse'n lick up cheap whisky, in which ye could count th' finecut terbacker. Arter roundin' up a heap o' that stuff, it seems, he went on a rampage an' spiled yer deputy's gun arm fer a while. But he ain't bad. He jest strayed onter th' wrong range. I'll swap myself fer him. No one knows he shot yer man; no one, but ye an' yer deputy, knows he's corralled. What d'ye say?"

The Sheriff's eyes were now glistening with a half hope his whimsical visitor meant what he said. To bring old Jem Peace to justice would fill his official career with glory, and would insure him another term. For Mr. Peace was the most wanted man in all North Wyoming.

"Jest explain a bit more," begged the Sheriff, earnestly. "Lead yer ace. Why d'ye do it?"

The old man bowed his head a notch and scrutinized his gun thoughtfully. He seemed hesitant, but at last laughed awkwardly, and asked: "Did ye know Turner's mother once lived out here, 'way back in '67? She was one o' th' first women in th' first settlement, I reckon. Wyomin' was a maverick then; hadn't even been branded as a territory. I knew her in them days."

"I don't know her, or of her," said the Sheriff.

"Ye missed a heap," sighed the old man, reminiscently. "She was Kate Connolly then; th' fetchin'est bit o' woman gear in th' whole West. She sent 'er boy out here t' round up health an' muscle, an' she don't know he's been runnin' wild."

"Go on," encouraged the Sheriff, now studying his visitor with new interest. "Yer reason fer chippin' in?"

"Wa-al," confessed Mr. Peace, sheepishly, "I reckon I thought a heap o' Kate Connolly." And he lowered his eyes so completely as to render his position hazardous had the man across the table been less curious. "She seemed t' take t' me, too," he continued, proudly.

"An' then?" prompted the Sheriff.

"An' then her pa took her ter Lowy, an' she grew t' fergit me an' married a dude what probly wore galluses. An' I turned maverick an' ain't been nobody's darlin' since. But I'm here t' give her son suthin' more of a square deal than she ever give me. He looks like his ma, ye know."

"I'll be dam'd!" ejaculated the Sheriff.

"Ye will be if ye don't keep them fins clustered in front o' ye," growled Mr. Peace, resenting the other's surprise.

"But such a kantankerous ol' whelp as Jem Peace ever bein' in love," remonstrated the Sheriff, hardly heeding the warning. "That gits me."

"Be ye game, or not?" barked Mr. Peace, angrily, and tapping the table with his gun.

"I be," cried the Sheriff, warmly. "An' it speaks well fer ye, Jem, t' have these soft feelin's. I'll be hanged if ye ain't almost human. Come right back t' th' younker's room, an' in ye go, an' out he comes. Ye kin trust me t' keep my word, I reckon."

"I never asked or give much credit," demurred Mr. Peace. "Besides, there's a leetle more t' th' game. Th' next p'int is this: on th' nine o'clock stage ter-morrer, Kate Connolly arrives t' visit her son an' t' take him back home with her. Her dude husband is dead an' she's lonely. She's writ him several letters which he didn't git, as he was hidin' up, until twenty-four hours ago, when he rode inter Searsville. Ye nabbed him there a hour arter he showed me th' last letter, what said she'll be here ter-morrer. He'd 'a' jumped a train an' cut her out from th' Crick, only it was too late."

"An' ye're wantin', Mister Peace?"

"I want him free from sunup ter-morrer, t' meet his ma an' spend th' day with her. I want her t' find him a highly respected citizen. What more, she must find me a highly respected citizen. He'll take

her away on th' arfternoon stage; then ye kin have my gun."

The Sheriff gazed long and earnestly at the blue circle across the table and then stared intently into the old man's narrowed eyes. At last he suddenly decided: "I'm game. I'll do it."

Mr. Peace slipped his weapon into the holster under his left arm and rose and said: "Lemme see th' younker alone fer a minute, t' explain things t' him. Then if ye'll kindly have yer deputy take down all decorations from th' street, where I'm branded as wurth five hundred, I'll drop inter Big Mike's place early in th' mornin' an' mention I'd like t' have th' posters removed from th' barroom. Not that she's likely t' go in there, but I'm keen t' have th' whole town play my game fer a few hours. Ye see," and he smiled, whimsically, "I'm jumpin' back forty years t' pick up th' good name I had when a kid an' when she was Kate Connolly."

Then as they walked to the door, still eying each other warily, Mr. Peace suddenly reminded: "An' ter-morrer's Thanksgiving' Day. Wa-al, I don't know whether I oughter be thankful fer seein' her once more, or not."

The adult male population of the settlement, almost to a man, was gathered in Big Mike's place, busy in pledging many healths. The spirit of the day had been invoked right early as an excuse for a liberal indulgence, and the proprietor, now approaching the sentimental stage, had called for volunteers to emulate him in toasting the entire State in one all-encompassing potation.

As the pleasing invitation was about to be accepted the door swung smartly open and a genial voice saluted: "Howdy, folkses."

"Ol' Jem Peace!" stuttered Big Mike, staggering in front of the cash drawer, while in mechanical unison a forest of up-raised hands left the array of glasses untouched.

Mr. Peace took a lazy attitude at the end of the bar and seemed lost in meditation, quite unmindful of the row of startled eyes focused on him. But his right hand thrust carelessly inside his rough coat was suggestive enough to continue the tenseness of the situation. Suddenly he straightened and sharply explained: "I'm

spendin' Thanksgivin' with th' Sheriff, an' he's backin' me in what I have t' say. I would like fer them signs up there t' be took down fer th' day," and his Colt's swung in a circle at the numerous placards bearing his name. "Kin ye find time t' see it's done afore th' stage comes in, Michael?"

"I'll do it myself an' right away, Mister Peace," cried the proprietor, eagerly. "Won't ye have a mild snort while I'm doin' it?" and his hand reached behind him.

"Quit," snarled Mr. Peace, throwing his gun forward. "Afore ye try hos'tality jest prance 'round th' room with hands up an' when ye come ter a poster, brush it down. There! that's much nicer, an' ye do it real graceful an' pretty like." This as the proprietor entered upon his task in a stiff, awkward manner. "Kindly be keerful an' don't tear any on 'em, as they cost th' county good money," continued the old man. "Now we'll all have a leetle sociable drink," and a handful of coins were rolled across the bar. "An' I'm takin' my tea out o' that bottle what seems t' be yer own favorite fount'in, Michael."

"Do we drink now, Mister Peace?" humbly asked the man beside him. "I don't want to do nothing hurried like."

"Sure ye kin; only, I allers admire t' see two flippers on th' bar rail fer every man present. Hi! Number Four, where's yer left duke?" and the Colt's was instantly trained along the line.

"If ye please, Mister Peace, I ain't got only one," babbled the offender.

"I'll 'scuse ye, then," said the old man, kindly, after craning his neck to discover the empty sleeve.

After the glasses were gently replaced on the bar in the midst of a prolonged smack Mr. Peace cleared his throat and explained:

"Fer one day I'm a highly respected citizen o' this settlement. Remember, ye all admire me as a soft-hearted, gentled-mannered ol' cuss, halter broke an' kind t' children. When th' stage comes in a ol' lady will git out. She will be here a few hours an' I should be desperate sorry t' hear any careless word dropped that might lead her t' believe I ain't peaceful by natur' as well as by name. I hope I won't have t' correct anybody, as she ain't use t' gun play. Th' Sheriff is backin' my game till arter th' last stage goes."

"We think a heap of Mister Peace, boys," shivered Big Mike.

"That's good; that rings true," grinned the old man. "It would be kind o' nice if ye all remembered ter use th' 'Mister.' Lemme hear ye say, all tergether, 'Howdy, Mister Peace.' All ready? Bark."

"Howdy, Mister Peace," growled the line.

"Don't sing it," remonstrated the old man. "Put more feelin', more heart inter it. Try it ag'in, an' sort o' smile as if ye was that tickled t' see me that ye'd swim seven miles under water, jest t' grip hands."

The next essay was more satisfactory, and the new citizen then turned to drilling Big Mike in crying, "Dear ol' Jem."

"Only, Michael," warned Mr. Peace, icily, "keep yer hands well up an' out, as if ye was swimmin', when ye say it. An' don't try t' fall on my neck, either."

As this bit of advice was being imparted the door opened again, and the men ducked for cover as the Sheriff stood on the threshold. "It's all right, boys," he shouted. "Mister Peace is my guest—till th' stage leaves this afternoon. Hope we'll all have a happy day."

"Here's th' stage!" cried Big Mike.

It was an affecting spectacle, that of the little, bright-eyed, old woman rejoicing over her son. It appealed to the loungers in front of Big Mike's place as having been especially ordered for the day and Mudge Creek. And as the two lavished terms of endearment the onlookers assumed a playful proprietorial air, and benignly pronounced it all as very desirable. Imbued with this feeling of responsibility the settlement for a space forgot to wonder at the genial presence of Mr. Peace.

After mother and son had met, the Sheriff and Mr. Peace were duly presented, and those nearest heard her say, in a pretty, puzzled way: "Mr. Peace?" Then she clasped his withered hand and peered intently into his bearded face, while he stood stiffly, with his eyes staring over her shoulder. "Why, it can't be—why, it's Jemmy Peace!" she cried, softly. "It's the Jem I used to know." And she placed her other hand on his rough coat sleeve and beamed in delight at detecting him beneath his whiskers.

"Ya-as, it's me, ma'am," he awkwardly

confessed. "Lawd! We two ain't met fer a dog's age. How d'ye know me? I s'posed th' brand had worn off."

"Know you!" she cried in a little bird-like voice; "as if I could ever forget you. You were—yes, Jem, you were—you were a handsome boy."

"A-kerchew!" loudly sneezed Big Mike.

Then the bystanders were precluded from hearing much more as the interruption caused Mr. Peace to suggest gently:

"Michael, ye're ketchin' cold out here. Please, please go inside an' take th' boys with ye."

"Dear ol' Jem," choked the proprietor, turning humbly away; and the crowd, remembering the morning's instructions, hoarsely chanted: "Howdy, Mister Peace."

Despite the irrelevancy of the salutation the widow's eyes sparkled with new pleasure as she cried:

"And to think, Jem, it's forty* years since we've seen each other; and I find you, as I left you, exerting a kindly influence over these rough men."

The stage driver, catching the last, gave an excellent pantomime of a man strangling, and after kicking the off horse rushed blindly into the bar, whence issued a series of miniature explosions.

The Sheriff, quickly observing the warning glint in Mr. Peace's eyes, hurriedly suggested an inspection of the settlement, to be followed by a little dinner at his official residence. The gray-haired little mother had moved him to a softer mood, and as the four walked along he found himself lavishing praise on his recent prisoner.

"An' it's proud I be t' have ye an' yer son at my table ter-day," he concluded, warmly.

"Everyone is so kind," she protested, tearfully. "And you all seem to think so much of Fred. You'll be sorry to have him go?"

"I'd figgered on his stoppin' longer," said the Sheriff, gravely.

"Too bad ye have t' start back ter-night," observed Mr. Peace, sorrowfully.

"Why," she returned in surprise, "I had expected to spend a few days here; so Fred could bid all good-by. I could easily——"

"I've said my farewells, mother," broke in the son, anxiously.

"He's dyin' t' stay an' mix in a leetle gun play with th' rustlers," explained Mr. Peace, kicking the Sheriff. "But I've told him, ma'am, he must think of his mother first, an' quit here this artemoon. Else th' Sheriff will have t' swear him in as a deputy. Sheriff's deputy got plugged through th' arm las' week, ye know."

"Ya-as; I shall have t' swear in every able-bodied man," affirmed the Sheriff.

"O Fred, let us go by all means, then," she cried, shivering with fear for her son. "But our dinner, Sheriff; isn't my old friend, Jem, to be one of us?"

"I couldn't think o' gittin' along without him," declared the Sheriff, warmly. "Bless him! he can stay with me so long as I'm here, an' never wear out his welcome."

"Thank ye, Sheriff," gulped Mr. Peace. "How sweet it must be to be thought of like that," she murmured.

"He's worked for it," eulogized the Sheriff, passing his left arm affectionately about the old man's bowed shoulders and allowing his hand to rest on the bulging holster.

She halted and turned and surveyed them with happy eyes. "Do you know," she cried, "you are for all the world like two dear old cronies."

"Brothers is a better word," choked Mr. Peace, warily clasping the Sheriff's inquisitive left.

As they turned a corner their conversation was broken into by the appearance of five men, sent out by Big Mike to spy on the situation. Mr. Peace immediately fell behind the widow and her son and enconced his right hand in the bosom of his coat, whereat the broad grin of amusement instantly evolved into a wild-eyed, fervent gaze of admiration. And the quintet, lining the rough path, salaamed deeply and awkwardly and cried as one: "Howdy, Mister Peace."

"Dear me! I feel almost unworthy to be in such fine company," said the widow, playfully.

"I'd bet—that is, if I was a gamblin' man"—said the Sheriff, earnestly, "that every man or group we meet will salute him in that same respectful way."

"They do it t' please me," deprecated Mr. Peace. "It was th' first thing I heard at th' hotel this mornin'."

The Sheriff's prophecy was fulfilled several times as they wandered about the settlement, while waiting for the dinner hour. The air was crisp and tingling, and the exercise put a bright light in the widow's eyes and brought a tinge of pink to her pale cheeks. The Sheriff could easily believe that as Kate Connolly she must have been very prepossessing.

Where the way was broad all four walked abreast; when it became narrow the Sheriff and Mr. Peace walked arm in arm. It pleased the widow not a little to observe their simple gallantry. For as the hours passed the Sheriff's solicitude for his old friend's ease increased. He could not bear, it seemed, to be away from his side. When they reached the Sheriff's house he courteously stood aside for Mr. Peace to precede him; and the latter, now given continually to a clerical pose, insisted the Sheriff should enter first. They compromised by locking arms and affectionately squeezing through together.

During the dinner the widow's quick glance decided her host must be uncomfortable from his heavy belt, and begged him to remove it. He turned his troubled gaze on Mr. Peace without complying. The old man smiled slightly and hastened to explain how even he had got into the habit of carrying firearms. In a final burst of confidence he added:

"Why, I've got one on now. Reckon we'd better discard, Sheriff."

And the two, narrowly meeting eyes, released buckle for buckle, as if playing a game, and slowly deposited their weapons behind them.

"Now for a toast!" cried the young man, in search of an expedient to divert his mother's attention.

"Let Mis' Turner give one," urged the Sheriff, carelessly swinging about sideways to the table.

"Very well," she fluttered. "To all that we should be thankful for on this day, and to all those whose sacrifices have made the day possible."

"We shall not meet again, Jem," she said, as they stood waiting for the stage, a little later. "We are near the grave."

"Huh! Give me a good hoss—Wa-al, there's a heap of truth in what ye say, ma'am," he stumbled.

"Call me Kate," she whispered. "You

haven't to-day. We were good friends in the old times. And you've been a good friend to the last. The Sheriff says you've done more for my boy than I can ever appreciate."

"I may 'a' been accommodatin'; that's all," he belittled, averting his gaze.

"But, Jem," she continued, not heeding him, "it pleases me to think you did it all for my sake. We're both along in years and I can say it. I like to think you've wisely counseled my son for the sake of Kate Connolly."

"I'd 'a' done much fer her," he muttered. "There! there! Here comes th' stage. Good-by. S'long, my boy. Keep straight."

"If he'd only follow your example," she sobbed, turning to mount the step.

"He'll go high if he does," declared the Sheriff, gently.

"Jem, come here," she said, leaning from the window. Then seizing his limp hand she whispered: "And you never wrote me in answer to my last letter. I never forgot you. I felt bad to believe you'd forgotten."

"Gee lang!" called out the driver in response to a nod from the Sheriff.

And as the stage swung down the rough road, Mr. Peace removed his old hat and stood staring after it, while a drop of moisture on his hand burned like a bit of fire. As the vehicle swayed around a curve he sighed, heavily.

"Up with yer hands," broke in the Sheriff's metallic voice. "Th' game's over, an' we're takin' no chances. Take his gun, Mike."

But that night, just as the snow-laden wind succeeded in jamming the moon behind a rack of clouds, the settlement was aroused by a volley of pistol shots. An investigation revealed the coatless Sheriff dancing madly in front of the jail and emptying his second gun at the sound of clattering hoofs somewhere ahead. Occasionally a spurt of flame answered back from the darkness.

"Th' ol' pirut," raged the infuriated officer. "He's off on my best hoss." Then to himself: "An' I let him enter that cell an' hide a gun an' tools when he said he wanted t' chin th' younker!"

OH! JUST TO BE YOUNG

By HELEN A. SAXON

Oh! just to be young in the springtime—
What wealth can surpass it?
One's joy in wild blossoming things—
The flight of soft fluttering wings—
Each little new blade as it springs,
Unspoken but tacit!

Oh, just to be happy and vagrant
When maple buds thicken!
To share in the fullness—be part
Of beauty and life as they start—
And feel the old leap of the heart
When violets quicken!

Oh, just for youth's heart in the springtime
When life overflows it
With rapture that cannot be told—
With rapture no other years hold—
Alas that one has to grow old
Or ever he knows it!

KEEP THE CORPORATION OR KILL IT

BY GEORGE W. PERKINS

CORPORATIONS are vital to business and to the country's development. Because some of them have been wrong, bad, all have been blamed and many hampered. The corporation men are responsible because they have either failed to recognize when they have been wrong, or else they have not stated their side to the public. Mr. George W. Perkins is an organizer and manager of great corporations, and he so courageously told the truth and so bravely stated his case before Columbia University students that APPLETON'S publishes his address in the form of an article, with his authorization, for the benefit of its readers and as in line with its own editorial policy.—THE EDITOR.



IN the modern corporation we are confronted with a fact and not a theory. Whatever may be the individual attitude toward it, the corporation is here. What caused it, what it is doing, and what is to become of it are live questions, vital to all the people.

A corporation, in a way, is but another name for organization. Broadly speaking, the first form of organization between human beings, of which we know, was the clan or tribe, in which the everyday conduct of the individuals was determined by the necessities of the group. This passed on into national organization, and then came the Church as a growing and vast organization. Latest of all has come the organizing of business.

But before all this, in the very beginning of things, the universe was organized—and all that man has done in society, in the Church, in business, and all that he ever can do in the centuries to come, can never bring to pass so complete a form of organization, so vast a trust, so centralized a form of control, as passes before our eyes in each twenty-four hours of our lives as we contemplate that all-including system of perfect organization called the Universe. It does not require a very vivid imagination to picture the waste, the destruction, the chaos that would follow if there were not perfect organization, perfect coöperation,

perfect regulation, perfect control in the affairs of the universe. How could we live, for example, if there were constant competition between day and night, or a constant struggle for supremacy between the seasons? Does anyone, for a moment, think that he would prefer such a condition to the coöperation that now exists through all the affairs of the universe?

Organization being the all-permeating principle of the universe, the presumption is, therefore, in favor of organization wherever we find it or wherever it can be used. The corporation of to-day is entitled to that presumption; its underlying cause is not the greed of man for wealth and power, but the working of natural causes—of evolution.

Business was originally done by individuals trading with one another; then by a firm of two or more individuals; then by a company; then by a corporation, and latterly by a giant corporation or what is commonly (though perhaps inaccurately) called a "trust." Each step was brought about by some great change that took place in the conditions under which the people of the world lived and worked; each step was, in fact, mainly determined by discoveries and inventions of the human mind.

With the ox team and the hoe we had men trading as individuals with individuals; with the sailing vessel and the stage-coach we had trade carried on by firms; with the advent of the company we had the locomotive, the steamboat, the reaping ma-

chine and the telegraph; with the birth of the larger corporation we had the express train, the Atlantic cable, the ocean liner, the local telephone, the seeder, the reaper and the binder; with the giant corporation came the Twentieth Century Limited, the crossing of the ocean in five days, the long-distance telephone, wireless telegraphy, and a great extension of machinery into agricultural work.

In our forefathers' time it took about half as long to sail down the Hudson River from Albany to New York as it now takes to cross the Atlantic. The actual distance from Albany to New York is no less, nor is the distance from New York to London any less, now than then, but the inventions of man have so compressed both space and time that the financial and commercial markets of America and Europe are in constant exchange with one another every moment of the day. The business man in New York or Chicago can exchange several cable messages with London or Paris during the business hours of a day, and whenever an hour is clipped off the record of an ocean greyhound the people of the world are drawn so much nearer together. Because of the inventions of man, the great American desert of our boyhood geographies has, within a comparatively few years, largely become a vast fertile field, and again, because of these inventions, coupled with organized business methods, the product of this vast field is being marketed in remote parts of the globe.

The days when business was a local affair of individual with individual were the days when people were scattered, knowing little of each other and having no dealings with each other outside the radius of a few miles. Then steam and, later, electricity came into man's service; and then, by leaps and bounds, the possibilities of trade became extended to a radius of hundreds of miles, even of thousands of miles. Vast possibilities of international trade loomed up. The corporation sprang into active being as an inevitable result of this expansion of trade; for no one man, no firm, no small company, could provide the capital or the organization to cope with such opportunities. The only bridge that can span the ocean is the corporation. The real cause of the corporation was not so much the selfish aims of

a few men as the imperative necessities of all men.

The first stage of corporationism was one of conflict—the old destructive competition carried forward under the new business forms. Trade could be carried farther, much farther than before; and so A invaded B's territory and B retaliated. The fighting became faster and more furious, and the war in commerce became a hand-to-hand conflict. The trenches were being filled with able, splendid men who fell in the colossal struggles. Cut rates and rebates became the order of the day. Many railroads and many houses which had been successful in legitimate lines of business went down in bankruptcy. Labor suffered and the public suffered. The cost of doing business steadily increased; for war costs money. It became imperative that something be done to end the havoc. Prosperity could come only with peace. Instinctively, in a way unconsciously, men began to get together—not so much for profit as for protection; and so, under conditions which, in the mechanical development of the world, came on as naturally as day follows night, the great corporation came into existence and is the live, burning issue of to-day.

Perhaps the most useful achievement of the great corporation has been the saving of waste in its particular line of business. By assembling the best brains, the best genius, the best energy in a given line of trade, and coordinating these in work for a common end, great results have been attained in the prevention of waste, the utilizing of by-products, the economizing in the manufacture of the product, the expense of selling, and through better and more uniform service.

This same grouping of men has raised the standard of their efficiency. Nothing develops man like contact with other men. A dozen men working apart and for separate ends do not develop the facility, the ideas, the general effectiveness that will become the qualities of a dozen men working together in one cause. In such work emulation plays a useful part; it does all the good and none of the harm that the old method of destructive competition did; the old competition was wholly self-seeking and often ruinous, while the new rivalry, within the limits of the same organization,

is constructive and uplifting. Thus the great corporation has developed men of a higher order of business ability than ever appeared under the old conditions; and what a value this has for the coming generation! The opportunity, the inducement it provides to become all-around larger men than those of earlier generations could become!

We have heard many warnings that because of the great corporation we have been robbing the oncoming generation of its opportunities. Nothing is more absurd. The larger the corporation, the more certain is the office boy to reach ultimately a foremost place if he is made of the right stuff, if he keeps everlastingly at it, and if he is determined to become master of each position he occupies.

In the earlier days, the individual in business, as a rule, left his business to his children—the firm to its relations. Whether or not they were competent did not determine the succession. But the giant corporation cannot act in this way. Its management must have efficiency—above and beyond all else it must have the highest order of ability; and nothing has been more noticeable in the management of corporations in the last few years than that “influence,” so called, as an element in selecting men for responsible posts, has been rapidly on the wane. Everything is giving way and must give way to the one supreme test of fitness.

And is it not possible that the accumulating of large fortunes in the future may be curtailed to a large extent through the very workings of these corporations? Are there not many advantages in having corporations in which there are a large number of positions carrying with them very handsome annual salaries, in place of firms with comparatively few partners—the annual profits of each one of whom were often so large that they amassed fortunes in a few years? A position carrying a salary so large as to represent the interest on a handsome fortune can be permanently filled only by a man of real ability, so that in case a man who is occupying such a position dies, it must, in turn, be filled with another man of the same order, while the fortune might be and most likely would be passed on regardless of the heir's ability. Therefore, the more positions of re-

sponsibility, of trust and of honor, that carry large salaries, the more goals we have for young men whose equipment for life consists of integrity, health, ability, and energy.

Furthermore, the great corporation has been of benefit to the public in being able to standardize its wares, so that they have become more uniformly good. Wages are unquestionably higher and labor is more steadily employed; for, in a given line of trade, handled to a considerable extent by a corporation, there are practically no failures; while, under the old methods of bitter, relentless warfare, failures were frequent, and failure meant paralysis for labor as well as for capital.

The great corporation is unquestionably making general business conditions sounder. It is making business steadier; for one reason, because firms inevitably change and dissolve, while a corporation may go on indefinitely. It is making business steadier, for another and more potent reason: because it is able to survey the field much better than could a large number of firms and individuals and, therefore, vastly better able to measure the demand for its output and, if properly managed, to prevent the accumulation of large stocks of goods that are not needed—a condition which often arose under the old methods when many firms were in ruthless competition with one another in the same line of business, oftentimes producing serious financial difficulties for one and all.

Broadly and generally speaking, the corporation as we know it to-day, as we see it working and feel its results, is in a formative state. In many cases actual and desperately serious situations caused it to be put together hurriedly. In many cases serious mistakes have been made in the forms of organization, in the methods of management, and in the ends that have been sought. In some instances the necessity for corporations has grown faster than has the ability of men to manage them. Yes, mistakes have been many and serious. But the corporation is with us; it is a condition, not a theory, and there are but two courses open to us—to kill it or to keep it. If you would kill it you must kill the cause, or the thing will come back to plague you. The principal causes are steam and electricity.

Could anything be more dangerous to the public welfare than steam and electricity themselves? Then why not prohibit their use and, so far as possible, abolish them? Has anyone ever suggested this? No. Why? Because their benefits were too apparent, and so we have bent our energies toward regulating and controlling them—by using all that is good in them and carefully protecting ourselves from all that is injurious. If we are not willing to exterminate the cause of corporations we can never permanently exterminate the corporation itself. There is, then, but one thing left to do, namely, to regulate and control them; to treat them as we have treated steam and electricity; to use the best that is in them and to protect ourselves from the worst that is in them.

A large percentage of the mistakes of corporate management have occurred because managers have failed to realize that they were not in business as individuals, but were working for other people, their stockholders, whom they were in honor bound honestly and faithfully to serve; further, that they owed a duty to the general public and could, in the long run, best serve themselves and their stockholders by recognizing that duty and respecting it.

Then, too, many of our corporations, being of comparatively recent origin, have, at the outset, been managed by men who were previously in business, in some form or another, for themselves; and it has been very difficult for such men to change their point of view—to cease from looking at questions from the sole standpoint of personal gain and personal advantage, and to take the broader view of looking at them from the standpoint of the community-of-interest principle.

It is by no means clear that the danger point in the development of corporations is found in the giant corporation. Indeed, it is more likely to be found in the corporation of lesser size; because the latter does not attract the eye of the public sufficiently to have its managers impressed with the fact that they are semipublic servants, responsible not only to their stockholders but to the public as well. It is easier and more natural for a giant corporation to adopt a policy of publicity with the public and of fair dealing with its associates in the same trade, because such a course, from the

broad, far-reaching view of the great corporation, becomes the wisest, most successful course. Then, again, the relation of the giant corporation to its labor is an entirely different relation from that of the small corporation or the firm to its labor; the officers and trustees of a giant corporation instinctively lose sight of the interest of any one individual, because such interest at best is infinitesimal compared with the whole. This places the officers and trustees of the giant corporation in a position where they can look on all labor questions without bias and without any personal ax to grind—solely from the broadest possible standpoint of what is fair and right between the public's capital, which they represent, and the public's labor, which they employ. In short, they assume on all such matters the attitude of the real trustee, the impartial judge, the intelligent, well-posted and fair arbitrator.

The great semipublic business corporations of the country, whether they be insurance, railroad or industrial, have in our day become not only vast business enterprises but great trusteeships; and there would be far less attacking of corporations if this truth were more fully realized and respected. The larger the corporation becomes, the greater become its responsibilities to the entire community. Moreover, the larger the number of stockholders, the more it assumes the nature of an institution for savings.

It is not sufficient in corporate management to do the best one can from day to day. Corporate responsibility extends beyond to-day. It is the foresight, the planning ahead, the putting the house in order for the storms of the future, that are the true measure of the best and highest stewardship as well as of the highest order of managerial ability.

The corporations of the future must be those that are semipublic servants, serving the public, with ownership widespread among the public, and with labor so fairly and equitably treated that it will look upon its corporation as its friend and protector rather than as an ever-present enemy, above all believing in it so thoroughly that it will invest its savings in the corporation's securities and become working partners in the business. It would have been impossible, in the day of the ox team, for people in every

State of this Union to be partners in any one business; and yet to-day we have at least one giant corporation made up of partners resident not only in every one of our States, but in almost every country in the world, and reinforced by thousands of its own employees having become stockholders themselves.

During the past few months, when the campaign against corporations was most intense, when our country was in a turmoil of business perplexity and doubt, the people who, we are told, have so suffered because of the trusts and are so bitterly opposed to their existence, have been investing in these very securities to an unprecedented extent. To illustrate: During the past year the stockholders of the Great Northern Railway have increased in number from 2,800 to over 11,000. The stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad have increased from 40,000 to 57,000. The stockholders of the New York Central have increased from 10,000 to over 21,000. During the same period the number of the stockholders in the Steel Corporation increased by over 30,000; the total number of individuals holding stock in that corporation now exceeds 100,000, and the average holding of the \$868,000,000 of stock of the Steel Corporation is to-day about ninety-eight shares per person. Can there, then, be any question that these great institutions have become semipublic, and when we contemplate the alternative of exterminating or of regulating them, must we not realize that they are owned not by a few individuals but by a vast number of people representing our thriftiest class? That these corporations have thus become not only vast business enterprises but great and growing institutions for savings surely imposes a new and more sacred responsibility not only upon corporation managers but upon legislators as well.

If the managers of the giant corporations feel themselves to be semipublic servants, and desire to be so considered, they must, of course, welcome supervision by the public, exercised through its chosen representatives who compose the Government. Those who ask the public to invest money in an enterprise are in honor bound to give the public, at stated intervals, evidence that the business in question is ably and honestly conducted; and they should be not only

willing but glad that some authority, properly constituted by our Government, should say to stockholders and the public from time to time that the management's reports and methods of business are correct. They should be willing to do this for their own relief of mind, since the responsibility of the management of a giant corporation is so great that the men in control should be glad to have it shared by proper public officials representing the people in a governmental capacity.

There is scarcely a corporation manager of to-day, who is alive to his responsibilities, to the future growth of this country, and to the enormous opportunities before us for foreign trade, who would not welcome this kind of supervision could he but feel that it would come from the National Government, acting through an intelligent and fair-minded official; but to be faced with the requirement to report to and be supervised and regulated by forty or fifty governments, with varying ideas and laws, of course suggests difficulties that are almost insurmountable obstacles. For business purposes, at least in the larger business affairs of this country and from a practical standpoint, State lines have been obliterated. The telegraph, the express train and the long-distance telephone have done their work. For business purposes in this country the United States Government is a corporation with fifty subsidiary companies, and the sooner this is realized the sooner we can get the right kind of supervision of semipublic business enterprises and, in this way, give the public the publicity and the protection to which it is entitled in the conduct of business by corporations. In no other way can the public be protected from evils in corporation management.

The criticism is often made that this would amount to bringing business into politics. That depends. We have at Washington a Supreme Court. Membership in that most honorable body is the goal of every aspiring lawyer. If, for distinguished service and ability, we honor lawyers by promoting them to decide our most difficult legal questions, why should we not honor our railroad men by promoting them to decide our most difficult railroad questions, our industrial men the industrial questions? For example: If we had at Washington a Railroad Board of Control, and that board

were composed of practical railroad men, would not membership in such a board come gradually to be the goal of railroad men? And does anyone, for a moment, think that if such a board were composed of practical railroad men it would be especially partial to railroad interests? Certainly not. Once on such a board a man could not fail to recognize the great responsibility and honor of the office and administer it for the best interests of the public and of the railroads at one and the same time. Thus the business man would merge into the public official, no longer controlled by the mere business view, and would act the part of a statesman, to the improvement of governmental administration and not to the lowering of its level.

This kind of expert, high-minded supervision would not be opposed by the business interests of the country. What they dread is unintelligent, inexperienced administration. National supervision, under a law requiring that those who supervise should be practical men thoroughly versed in their calling, would solve most of our difficult problems and be of the greatest possible benefit and protection to one and all.

To such rational supervision may we not look forward as a result of the sober second thought of the people and our legislators—of their calming down from the bitter denunciation of corporations which has been the prevailing outcry for some years.

In spite of what apparently has been an almost persistent determination to misunderstand or ignore his real purpose, the fact is that President Roosevelt, from the time that he was Governor of New York down to his last message to Congress, has repeatedly proclaimed his belief that modern industrial conditions are such that combination is not only necessary but inevitable; that corporations have come to stay, and that, if

properly managed, they are the source of good and not evil.

The next period in corporation development should be a constructive one—constructive as to the relations of the corporation to its labor and to the public, and this can best be accomplished by the method of coöperation with supervision.

It is almost heresy to say that competition is no longer the life of trade, yet this has come to be the fact as applied to the old unreasoning and unreasonable competition, because of the conditions of our day. The spirit of coöperation is upon us. It must, of necessity, be the next great form of business development and progress. At this moment many people are looking askance upon the change, still believing in the old doctrine. They hold to it for several reasons: First, because they have inherited the belief. Second, because they think that competition means lower prices for commodities to the public. Third, because they think it provides the best incentive to make men work. This may have been the best known method at one time, but it is not and cannot be true in the mechanical, electrical age in which we live.

The highly developed competitive system gave ruinously low prices at one time and unwarrantedly high prices at another time. When the low prices prevailed labor was cruelly hurt; when the high prices prevailed the public paid the bills.

From every point of view the coöperative principle is to be preferred. It is more humane, more uplifting, and, with proper supervision, must provide a more orderly conduct of business, freer from failure and abuse, guaranteeing better wages and more steady employment to labor, with a more favorable average price to the consumer—one on which he can depend in calculating his living expenses or making his business plans.



DIVORCE OR DEVOTION: THE WIFE MUST DECIDE

BY LUCY M. SAUNDERS



HERE has just appeared from the pen of David Graham Phillips a remarkable novel entitled "Old Wives for New." It will call down upon the author's head a storm of abuse; it will be considered in bad taste; it will be criticised as touching upon matters best left untouched; it will be charged as one-sided; it will even be denied altogether. In certain measure all these charges are true. Nevertheless, the extraordinary trait of the book is not only that it is true, but that every woman who reads it will recognize its truth in her heart, though she deny it to herself.

For the moment it is the subject that interests us more than the story itself. Suffice it then to say of the novel that it is a modern story, that it deals with the question of two peasants who marry and in twenty-five years become a king and a queen; that is to say, two young people of the Middle West become multimillionaire and wife in two decades. One moves forward keeping pace with his changing fortunes. The other stays where she was originally—a daughter of the soil. Then develops the inevitable situation of an association of two unsuited souls—an association which may not be broken. One feels regarding it as regarding Hardy's greatest work, that the story was stronger than the author.

The book is the story of a man and a woman, and of those whose lives are irrevocably bound up with theirs. As boy and girl the two meet under idyllic conditions in the prologue and an idyllic union is predicted; yet in the after light thrown on the prologue by the reading of the book

the seeds of trouble have already been sown. The man and the woman are married. The man, Murdock, succeeds in business, and through his business success acquires the finish and the polish that so clearly set off many of our self-made men. The woman meanwhile lies abed morally and physically in luxury. She deteriorates, never so far as the seventh commandment is concerned, yet distinctly so as far as her duties and obligations to herself, her children, and her husband go. The man awakens to the fact that his ideal has not been realized in the wife of his youth, and, unconscious of the forces working within him, grows apart from her.

So far, the book might have been called "Deterioration," but the ideal was not dead in Sophy, whose uncleanness, whose overeating, whose shiftless laziness had destroyed the man's love. Stimulated by her impending divorce, stirred out of her old and lazy life, awakened by the influence of another man, Sophy at the close of the book becomes a most attractive figure—a plump, wholesome, likable, normal woman. The keen insight and pitiless delineation of the great artist marks Mr. Phillips's work, for he has made a book that is turgid with incident yet coherent and simple; always interesting and intense, yet never morbid or neurotic. Juliette Raeburn, a type of well-bred business woman; the Murdock's attractive daughter and pampered pup of a son; Berkeley, the gross piglike voluptuary, yet a virile, likable human animal; Blagden, the aristocratic secretary of the great man, who redeems himself in redeeming his former employer's wife—all these are interesting characters. There will be those who will criticise Jessie

and Viola, Tenderloin belles, yet they are true to life. They represent a force which is ever working, and their part of life is portrayed without unctuousness. The book is not immoral, although it may be called so by the unthinking and evil-minded. As a matter of fact it is highly moral. In its analysis of current life it is as great as "Pendennis," but Mr. Phillips had the courage which Thackeray admitted he lacked in handling the relations of Pen and Fanny.

So much for the book. Now for the problem that it suggests and considers—a problem which the author does not seem conscious of—that is, the responsibility resting upon women for divorce.

If you will follow current comment in the press on the divorce question, you will be surprised to find how frequently the blame is laid at the man's door. The responsibility is placed entirely upon him. That this is unjust in spite of the preachings of the press and the pulpit is the impression left upon the reader who puts down this book. Disregarding the question as to whether or not divorce is right or wrong, leaving that for settlement by canon pronouncers and lawmakers, it seems worth while to consider how far a woman may control her own happiness in married life and be responsible for the outcome of the contract into which she has entered. The modern student of the human mind and its workings goes back through the animal kingdom, step by step, to analyze and determine the working factors of the human brain.

One note runs through nature: it is the female who attracts the male. When one thinks of the gayly bedizened male bird, the red-breasted cock robin and the gorgeous rooster, the resplendent peacock and his modest hen, the impressive lion and his somberer mate, this seems contradictory. Yet all these natural furbelows and impressive effects are but nature's method of selecting the best of the males for the females to attract. In good old Biblical phrase, a man marries when he covets a maid. Man is more or less of an idealist; woman is more practical. A man betrothed will be lost to all save sense of his love, but his fiancée will always be able to remember the time or the social obligation.

American women are being criticised at

home and abroad because of their alleged extravagance, because of their devotion to dress, because of their monopolizing the social life of the day, because they play while their spouses work. This would indicate that women are making the most of their social opportunities and advantages—using the word social in its broadest and unrestricted sense. Yet are they? In their social relations with their husbands are the women of America doing their part?

A prominent Englishwoman, recently lecturing in New York, sneered at and condemned the man's idea that a woman should be a dutiful wife and a faithful mother and nothing more; that she should abandon the public arena and make herself a slave to her home and household duties. Yet is not this a larger and better part for the woman to play? The story of Murdock and Sophy is a cruel one, a painful one, but it is not a plea for divorce. Underneath it all is the stern arraignment of women, bringing home to them that it is for them to elect whether their married life shall end in divorce or love.

Man loves an ideal. This he applies to woman, and he marries that woman who most nearly approximates his ideal. That ideal he must keep on its pedestal, for if it falls, the whole home falls with it. If it is smirched, the home is smirched. Then, if the man be such as Murdock was, he will look again and elsewhere, because every man of ability and ambition—indeed every man—has his ideals and seeks them always. It rests with the wife, the mother, the woman to so look to it that she keep herself always on the pedestal where her husband put her, that she furnish him with an ideal to work for, that she bear ever and always in mind that neither spiritual nor physical love is enough alone, nor that either, or both together, can burn without fuel. Women are cleverer than men in their relations with the other sex. Thackeray pointed out in "Vanity Fair" the possibility that any woman may marry any man. Yet women ever shirk the responsibility and place the blame upon the men. It seems doubtful whether Mr. Phillips himself, in the joy of expressing his observations and theories, in the development of his own flesh and blood characters, in working out the story with the finished technic of an able, intelligent, virile au-

thor, appreciated fully this great lesson of his book. Murdock had an ideal which Sophy fulfilled at the start. She failed to live up to the standard which she had herself set, and the pity of it is that she never knew that she had failed, but forever placed the blame on him. Sophy felt that her married life was a failure because Murdock was as he was.

It is just here that the extraordinary change in woman's attitude has taken place in recent years, and for that matter the man has changed his attitude as well. Just for a moment picture to yourself the woman of seventy-five years ago. She was, we will say, a well-bred woman—a lady. At thirty-five or forty she had perhaps three or four children. She wore a white cap; she sewed beautifully. She had little or no thought of what women to-day call "figure," but which is in reality the result of a mental, philosophic change in the whole consideration of everyday life.

This woman of seventy-five years ago at forty years of age was an attractive matron, a nice old lady. It would have shocked her to be asked to attend a dance. She would have replied, as Sophy did, that (paraphrasing the Bible) when she had been a child she had followed childish ways, but when she became a woman she set aside childish things. In a single word a woman, in those days, was, not old perhaps at forty but was all that was meant by the words "matron" and "head of the household."

Look at the change in less than three generations. I have this winter seen and read of cotillions in New York and in other places led by men whose partners in many cases were more than sixty years old. I remember one case where the cotillon was led from both ends to save time. At one end was a young débutante; at the other was her own grandmother. And—mark the real essence of the situation—the grandmother had a figure, a carriage that varied but little from that of her nineteen-year-old granddaughter.

Sophy was lazy and she deteriorated from year to year because of a helpless, half-understood jealousy of her husband's freshness and perennial youthfulness. But in reality her sense of the impropriety in a woman of her age wearing pretty underclothes and constantly studying her figure

and personal appearance was based on what I have just written. To her it was almost sacrilegious, certainly it was unseemly and unwomanly, for her to go dancing about to parties and dinners and theaters when in her own phrase she was "old enough to know better." Indeed, she seemed, in doing this, to be in some way competing with the *demi-monde*.

The point that I want to bring out is that this situation—this modern, constantly increasing sense all over the civilized world that it is better to live long and well in this world than to grow ill and dowdy in preparing for the next—is a very vital note of this day. Some one who knew a great deal said to me once that if one tenth of the money that has been spent since the beginning of the Christian Era in preparing human souls for the next world had been spent in preparing human bodies for this world, we should not only now be living happily to the age of one hundred and fifty, but we should go on to the next life better fitted morally and mentally for what is to come to us hereafter. It is not a sacrilegious thought. It is the religion of health—mental and physical. It is the statement that a fine, true, healthy soul cannot and never could live in a dirty, unhealthy body.

In reality there is no more reason why a woman at sixty-five should not go to a dance on Saturday and to church on Sunday than there is that a girl of sixteen should not do so. Our ideas to-day forbid us to think that God can approve of an unwashed body, yet in the early middle ages the really religious people never washed at all! Different times, different customs. The twentieth century opens with a new idea of youth and the length of an effective life in every sense of the word. And in so far as this book goes Sophy represents the passing, and her husband represents the coming, religious ideals.

Naturally when these two are bound together in matrimony the dangers and pitfalls are constantly appearing in every moment of the day and night.

Entirely aside from this, every marriage contains the seeds of trouble just as fully as it contains the possibilities of great peace and happiness. Happiness, after all, is a state of mind and not of physical surroundings. Diogenes was as happy in his tub—and his conceit—as Alexander was in his

palace and in his power; happier, perhaps, for he felt satisfied, while Alexander longed for more. Happiness may be possessed by a woman if she will let herself be happy, or even make herself be happy. One of the penalties of married life is the discovery, not that one's god has clay feet—whether that god be a man or a woman—but that man is made of clay; yet, if viewed right, it is better to live with and enjoy a mortal than a god.

Sophy and her sisters—and their name is legion—bemoan the loss of the love of their husbands, wail over and rail against the gradual separation, yet do nothing to save the day for themselves. Before dismissing Mr. Phillips's book, before dismissing it as an interesting novel, it is well to consider it as a truthful picture of current affairs, of present-day life, and to consider what it, in common with life itself, has to teach. If one approaches the book in this spirit, if one views marital relations in this light of inquiry, is it not possible that the conclusion will be that the woman decides the outcome of marriage?

Risking indignant denials and severe criticism, the writer ventures to suggest that Murdock was faithful to Sophy even when he left her, and that many a man is fundamentally faithful to the wife whom he leaves. This is not so paradoxical as it seems. The boy Murdock, the "young corn and wine god" of the prologue, loved his ideal, and believed that Sophy fitted

that ideal. So long as she let him, he was faithful to the ideal. Had she done her part, her share in carrying out the marriage contract, she would always have approximated that ideal; but she failed to do her part. He remained loyal to the ideal, and when he found it personified anew in Juliette Raeburn his loyalty carried him to her side. Yet this was not without struggle: even at the last, when Sophy, through untidiness, unhygienic life, and ever-neglected person, was driving him forth, he was ready to remain true to her. Had she risen to the emergency she could have held him. This point is brought out strongly by a discussion between her doctor and Sophy. The advice of Dr. Schulz is startling in its truthfulness, both as advice and as a picture. That one passage alone would make the book worth while and would warrant its being placed in the hands of every married woman. As a picture of a frank, fearless physician it goes far to neutralize the unnecessary severity of Mr. Phillips's strictures upon fee-hunting surgeons at the time of the railroad wreck—one of the most dramatic portions of the book.

Mr. Phillips's latest work will provoke discussion, but it will have played the part its literary merit warrants if it makes some American women sit up and ask themselves if they are growing Sophy-like, if they are facing the responsibility for divorce or devotion.

THE ASTROLOGER

By FREDERICK TRUESDELL

THE stars that fall across the night
And seem to go right out,
Are souls that never see the light,
And never know a doubt.

And those that strike the waiting Earth
And bury them within,
Are souls companioned from their birth,
For they a haven win.

But stars that fall, and never touch
On any world at all,
They are the souls to pity much,
Which fall—and fall—and fall.

THE PHILANTHROPIST

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL



MISS AGATHA DELAFIELD climbed the dark stairs of the tenement conscious of more than ordinary self-denial. She had given up a luncheon in honor of a visiting celebrity that she might make her weekly visit to Mrs. Anna Murphy, widow of the late John Murphy, bricklayer, and mother of six children, of whose destinies Miss Delafield felt herself supreme director. Of their complete acceptance of her in this character she was sure, with the exception, perhaps of the eldest, Katy, who was complicating her patron's plans and her own existence by her unintelligent and unreasonable love for a young man, Michael Kelly. Miss Delafield had never had the pleasure of meeting Michael, but on Mrs. Murphy's description of him as "a bit wild, though a kind lad," she had made up her mind that Katy must be withdrawn from his influence. Her own plans for Katy included a long training in the Girls' Friendly Society, and the placing her at service in some Christian home where "followers," if allowed at all, would be supervised by a discriminating mistress.

The cold, sour smell of the halls seemed to thicken with each story. Miss Delafield was well acquainted with this effluvia of poverty, and always sprinkled her furs with violet extract before starting for the East Side. She had heard that perfumes made good disinfectants. Her skirts were very short, because of the germ-laden floors and stairs. For the rest she was richly dressed, as became the owner of great wealth, righteously used.

Arriving on the top floor she tapped at

a door and opened it without waiting for a reply. The flat was the usual three-room affair, of which the outer room only had direct light and air. It was almost filled with a "gold-and-white" iron bedstead, an extravagance of the late head of the house. A high chest of drawers bore some stuffed canaries under a glass case, purchased at a Grand Street auction, and an eyesore to Miss Delafield, who mourned over the uselessness of the treasure, as she mourned over the stiffly starched Nottingham lace curtains excluding the precious light and air, and the highly colored religious pictures tipped at a break-neck angle from the wall. The mantelshelf bore vases of artificial flowers and boxes of shell work. A crayon portrait of John Murphy, with a fixed and awful stare, hung over the mantel.

Mrs. Murphy was at the stove in the middle room, her youngest at her feet, sucking, with every appearance of satisfaction, a piece of bacon. A small boy stood at the sink, trying to arrest some fleeing water bugs with a stream of water. Katy sat near the stove, holding one of her little sisters in her lap. She was a slender girl of nineteen, with a pale, pretty face, now tear-stained. A kind of delicate refinement was about her, as if somewhere in the dim past an obscure progenitor had had dreams of a world beyond his cabbage patch.

Mrs. Murphy came forward and passed her apron over one of the chairs. She was a thin, bright-eyed little woman with a motherly, alert air. Her manner toward Miss Delafield had a certain timidity, as if she had nothing to oppose to that lady's tremendous grasp on theory.

"I'm always cookin'," she said, with an

apologetic smile. "Growing boys, like my Johnny here, do eat you out of house and home."

"If you don't mind my mentioning it, Mrs. Murphy," Miss Delafield said, unfasting her furs, "the air is thoroughly exhausted in this room."

"Ma'am?"

"The air is very bad."

"Go open a window, Johnny dear, for mother."

"You should have them open all the time in these close quarters," Miss Delafield said, with a sigh. She had said the same thing so many times!

"Yes'm, but it's cold weather, and baby's on the floor——"

"You could accustom him to it. If you took cold baths in the morning——"

Mrs. Murphy looked bewildered.

"I try to keep their skins clean," she faltered, "but Charlie he has to get up at five-thirty, and Mary she——"

Miss Delafield dropped the subject, and went on to the one of uppermost interest to her.

"Why are you home at this time of the day, Katy?"

The corners of the girl's mouth drooped.

"I've lost me job."

The visiting lady looked faintly satisfied.

"What was the trouble?"

"A strike somewhere out in Oklahoma. The boss said it hurt the trade, and he let forty of us go."

"Well, I hope a few more of these uncertainties will show you, my dear, how much preferable a good home would be with regular hours, regular food, Christian influences."

"Yes'm," Katy said, meekly. Her spirit was at a low ebb. She had heard a dreadful thing concerning Michael. This major sorrow dwarfed all others.

"Don't cry. I am going to get you a position as housemaid."

"I wasn't crying because of me job."

The girl answered half under her breath.

"What then?" Miss Delafield asked, a note of anxiety in her voice.

Tears filled Katy's blue eyes. Mrs. Murphy cast a solicitous motherly glance at her eldest, and beckoned Miss Delafield into the next room.

"She and Michael had a quarrel last week, 'cause he wouldn't promise her to

quit his wild ways, and get on a job with his uncle who keeps a grocery on Chrystie Street. And this week she got it straight that he'd taken up with another girl, a red-faced chit no candle to my Katy, who, if she's me own, looks like a real lady and acts like it, and good to her mother——"

A corner of the apron went to Mrs. Murphy's eyes.

"You spoil her, Mrs. Murphy. You remember the day when you spent the money I gave you for fresh eggs on pink side combs that Katy wanted for a dance."

"'Twas the Glad Sons of Killarney's ball—her father's own lodge."

"Well, never mind. I'm glad she's quarreled with Michael. I'll take her away soon from all these influences."

Mrs. Murphy looked sheepish.

"He come back last night, but Katy wouldn't see him. 'Don't let him in, mother,' she says, 'for he's after breakin' me heart.'"

"Well, I gave him her message and he went off with never a word; and then Katy runs after him, callin' 'Michael'; but he never turns his head, the bad fellow, and she comes back and cries all night. She says she's lost him for good and all——"

"I am not so sure. Now let me think a moment what's to be done."

Miss Delafield had a theory that you could close the gates on almost all experiences, your own and other peoples, by declaring them finished. Since Katy was not strong-minded enough to write finis on her love story, she would do it for her.

Mrs. Murphy awaited the result of her pondering with some anxiety. She regarded Miss Delafield as a kind but capricious deity, whose laws of life were drawn from strange, remote sources, not always intelligible to a mind occupied wholly with the struggle of existence.

Miss Delafield emerged from her trance with the relief of full decision shining through her eyeglasses.

"Send Katy in here to me, and close the door for a moment."

Mrs. Murphy went reluctantly. What could the lady be saying to Katy that her own mother shouldn't hear? This was one of the moments when the patron's gift of three dollars a week seemed paid for too heavily.

"Katy, me girl," she whispered, "go

into Miss Delafield and close the door behind you. She wants to talk to you private."

The girl looked up piteously.

"She'll speak of Michael, and I can't bear it."

"Go, dearie. Think what she's done for us."

Katy rose slowly and went into the front room. Miss Delafield had drawn a chair close to her own, and she motioned Katy to take it.

"I want to talk to you very seriously, my dear, about a crucial question."

Katy did not know what "crucial" meant, but the word had an uncomfortable sound. She seated herself and allowed Miss Delafield to take her hand, though with a sense of repugnance that she dare not show. Miss Delafield's hands were always cold and moist.

"My dear, I want to tell you first of all that the emotions and feelings of nineteen are not to be trusted. You've never read much, but the greatest authors testify that at nineteen the heart is a foolish guide. You cannot really care for Michael. You only think you do."

"But I do care for him," Katy said, with a little shake of her dark head. The color came softly to her cheeks, and her long black lashes rested on them an instant.

"How do you know? Have you ever analyzed your emotions?"

"You mean picked 'em to pieces, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"We don't have time for that down here," Katy answered, tapping her foot nervously on the floor.

"It would be good if you thought more instead of going through life blindly. Now, I want you to give up Michael."

"He's given me up. I guess I don't have to do nothin' more," the girl answered, bitterly.

"But you'd take him back."

"Sure I would! He's been me steady over a year."

Miss Delafield groaned.

"Why, it's dreadful to think of a girl of your age having a—a—steady, as you call him. You should say 'one of my men friends,' by the way; 'steady' is so vulgar, Katy."

"I haven't got any men friends, Miss

Delafield. There never was anyone but Michael."

"But your own mother says he's wild."

"Well, he plays the races sometimes, and once in a long while he will drink, Miss Delafield; and he doesn't stick steady to his jobs. He says he gets all dried up like, when he stays on his job too long."

"And yet, knowing all these things about him, you still care," Miss Delafield said, with a sigh.

"Sure."

The little stubborn monosyllable became a rock in the way, threatening to block further progress.

"How *can* you care when he does all these dreadful things?"

Katy looked bewildered.

"Why, he's Michael," she said, at length.

"Such a reason!" Miss Delafield groaned. "Why, Katy, that's no reason. You should care for a man because he has a fine character and is sober and industrious. That's the kind of a man I want you to marry some day, after you've been well trained in housework. I am going to get you a place this week."

Katy's shoulders drooped. The deep look of gratitude which Miss Delafield loved to see in the eyes of her beneficiaries was entirely absent.

"Michael's a grand man," she said, perversely. "He's that kind to the children. He plays horse with Johnny, and once he took him uptown to a show—a real swell show—that was when he'd been workin'."

"Now, look here, Katy, I am going to find out once for all the truth about Michael. Where did he have his last position?"

Katy longed to tell a lie, but she had been brought up to tell the truth, and even for Michael she could not send Miss Delafield on a wild-geese-chase.

"He worked in a hardware store on Grand Street," she said, sullenly.

"The address?"

Katy gave it. The color had left her face again. She looked pale and unhappy. Her big gray eyes were fixed wistfully on Miss Delafield.

"Are you goin' to ask 'em things about Michael?"

"Yes, Katy, for your own good. I'll be back in half an hour."

She swept out of the room with the dig-

nity of destiny itself. Mrs. Murphy, venturing in, found Katy seated on the state bed weeping. After repeated questioning the girl sobbed out Miss Delafield's righteous errand. Her mother listened in miserable silence. She wanted Katy to have her man, yet she thought of the children and of the three dollars a week they could ill spare, least of all now that Katy had lost her job.

"She's—she's an old maid!" the girl sobbed.

"Hus-s-s-h!" her mother said, soothingly.

"She is. She's forty if she's a day. What's she know of men; what's she know of wantin' your own man—him and nobody else? I bet—I bet she never had a steady," she added.

"Katy, dear, don't talk like that. Sure, she's been kind to us. We'd had niver a taste of mate, but for her."

"She wants me to give up Michael and go 'way uptown 'way from youse all."

Her sobs broke out afresh. The younger children, seeing her grief, began a sympathetic wail of their own, and for a while the flat was turned into a house of mourning. The baby choking on the bacon proved a sudden diversion. Mrs. Murphy spoke up, briskly.

"Be sensible, Katy, do. Sure you sent your lad away of your own will last night."

"I was cruel to believe what that long-tongued Mame Flanagan said. She always hated Michael anyway, because he wouldn't take her to the Golden Key ball when he was keepin' company with me. She had bought the ticket, too—admit gent and lady and check your hat."

A smile dimpled over Katy's face at the recollection. She went off into a day-dream through which Michael moved in the iridescent light of heroship. He was so big and handsome, and he could lick any man in the ward. His eyes were as blue as the sky, and his smile coaxing. Well, you just had to look away when he smiled, because you might kiss him without being asked.

Into the midst of these tender fantasies Miss Delafield walked rudely, the light of a great confirmation on her brow.

"My fears were fully justified by Mr. Kelly's late employers," she said, calmly.

"Now, Katy, are you going to see him again, or are you going to lead the life of a quiet, sensible, noble girl under my tutelage?"

Katy was silent.

"I am waiting for your answer, my dear."

"I'm not going back on Michael. What do they know of him at that store? His nature wasn't made for hardware."

"You won't promise me to give him up?"

"No'm."

"Well, then, I must withdraw my support from the family. I can't do anything for this family when one member of it is so unworthy."

Katy looked apprehensive.

"You mean the three dollars, Miss Delafield?"

"Yes, and everything else—fresh eggs, baby clothes. I am paying that price for your soul, Katy."

"You mean, if I see Michael, you won't do nothin' for mother?"

"Just that."

"Not till I get a job, Miss Delafield?" she said, a pleading note in her voice. She remembered how hungry the children had been before the arrival of this patron.

"No, you must give Michael up from this hour; put him out of your very thoughts. Will you do it?"

Katy sat a long time silent, her hands tightly clasped in her lap. Tears were flooding again her big gray eyes. As so often happens in this life, a trifle turned the scale of her rebellious thoughts. The baby in the next room broke into fretful crying.

"I'll give him—up!" she said, swallowing a lump in her throat.

"That's a good child." She patted Katy's cheek approvingly. "Now I'll get you a position as housemaid soon; perhaps in my own household. My corps of servants is full at present, but the housekeeper may be able to make room for you. You'd have no objections, of course, to wearing a cap. Oh, I mustn't forget to give you this week's money."

She took out three one-dollar bills and dropped them in Katy's lap with the air of a fairy godmother. Then she patted her cheek again.

"My good little girl."

Mrs. Murphy, coming in some moments

later, found Katy on the floor, her face buried in the bedclothes. As she picked up the scattered bills she questioned her daughter. But Katy only said that she would probably go to work next week in some place of Miss Delafield's choosing.

At ten that evening the Murphy family were all asleep except Katy, who sat on the edge of the gold-and-white bed, too dispirited to undress and crawl in beside her two sisters. From the next room came the sound of her mother's deep breathing. A candle burned on the chest of drawers beside the case of stuffed birds, but its light was half put out by the flooding silver radiance of a high-soaring moon, which had just appeared over the warehouse at the back of the tenement. Michael had always said such lovely things about the moon on summer nights on the recreation pier. Katy shivered and put up numb fingers to unfasten her collar. Best to go to bed and forget everything in sleep if she could!

At that moment there was a light tap at the door. Mrs. O'Neill's tap, as Katy knew. Lizzie O'Neill lived in the flat across the hall, and mothered the tenement, having lost her own children. Katy was very fond of her.

"Come in, Liz," she said. Then as the door slowly opened: "They've all turned in but me."

Mrs. O'Neill nodded, comprehendingly, and spoke in low tones.

"I've brought you in a Charlotte. Jim brought three home at noon, and I saved one for you."

In the middle of a highly decorated plate was the round tower of sweetness, the pale-whipped cream nearly overflowing the bright yellow cake. Mrs. O'Neill had thoughtfully added a spoon.

"My, but that looks good, Liz!"

"Eat it right up."

Katy glanced toward the darkness from which came her mother's gentle snoring. Mrs. O'Neill interposed.

"Now don't you be thinkin' how much Mom would like it—guess if she was awake she'd make you eat it."

Katy laughed and sank the spoon in the delicious creaminess. Mrs. O'Neill watched her with affectionate solicitous eyes, talking gossip the while—the virtues of the new landlord, and how he wasn't

going to raise the rent on old Mrs. Ridge—or nobody over eighty!

After a while, when Katy had eaten the last crumb, Mrs. O'Neill leaned over and put her hand gently on the girl's arm.

"I heard you crying to-day, Katy, and it made me own heart sore. Can I do anything?"

She felt the slender form quiver. Katy's lips grew tremulous.

"No, Liz—you can't."

"Is it about Michael, dearie?"

Katy could only nod now.

"I heard him on the landing last night," Mrs. O'Neill said, musingly. "I heard him go away quick."

Katy's tears overflowed.

"It's somethin' worse than that I'm cryin' for," she sobbed. "Miss—Miss—Delafield."

"Oh, *her!*" said Mrs. O'Neill a trifle sharply.

"Yes, she—she—made—me——"

Between sobs the story came out. Mrs. O'Neill listened in sympathetic silence; various emotions reflected in her broad, honest face. She squeezed Katy's hand at frequent intervals.

"You poor girl! Well, she did put it up to you! Never you mind. Maybe Michael——"

"Oh, I can't see him. I must keep my promise——"

"Sure, so long as it all goes just that way."

She put a motherly arm about Katy and soothed her.

"Don't you worry. It'll all come right. You did what you thought best for your mother and the childer."

Katy accepted the offering of comfort and kissed her friend's cheek though her heart was heavy. Mrs. O'Neill seemed in a hurry to be gone now that the tale was told.

"Do you think you can drop off to sleep?"

"Oh, sure, I always sleep," Katy said. Even sorrow could have no dominion over that great privilege of her youth.

"Well, sit at the window and watch the moon a bit. It's a grand night."

She left the room with a casual air which dropped from her the moment she closed the door behind her. She hurried across the passage into her own flat. Her husband



Drawn by Stuart Travis.

"Katy sat clutching Michael's hand, her face radiant with love and hope."

was dozing on the settee, preparatory to his going out at twelve on night turn. From the stove came a savory odor of Irish stew and freshly made coffee.

"Jim, Jim," she said, softly.

Her husband opened his eyes and yawned.

"Time up?"

"No. I want you to do something for me. I want you to go out and find Michael Kelly, Katy's Michael, and tell him I have a stew that'll make him sit up and take notice—a stew with dumplin's in."

Her husband half asleep regarded her in astonishment.

"What you be after wantin' Michael for?"

"I've got somethin' to say to the lad, and I want to feed him first."

"Long of Katy?"

"Yes, long of Katy. If Michael's a man's heart in his breast 'stead of a boy's, he won't shirk now."

She told her story of the Visiting Lady. Jim, who had lit his pipe, listened, and puffed in silence. When she had finished, he said:

"Married, is she?"

"No."

"—thought as much."

"Now, go and fetch Michael," she said, impulsively.

Her husband grinned.

"You do beat the Dutch, Liz. Where shall I look for the lad?"

Mrs. O'Neill named over several places.

"Now, you bring him," she said in a tone of wifely authority.

Jim slouched out, grumbling mildly. The smell of stew and coffee was sweet to his nostrils, and to be sent out into the cold night to hunt a young man somewhere between Chatham Square and the East River was exasperating. He thought, too, of the possibility of Michael's declining the invitation. And he could not bring six-foot-three of an Irish lad out of the streets like a small boy.

But his luck was with him. At the first saloon corner he spied Michael, lounging alone, white and sullen of demeanor. Last night he had tried to drown his sorrows in drink, but this proving futile, he had gone his brooding way through long hours of miserable street wandering. Only one thing seemed worse than this prigrination

—going home to his attic. Katy's voice and face would haunt him there, with all the poignant lure of a lost sweetheart.

Meanwhile Mrs. O'Neill was spreading her board temptingly. Because she had no children now her little flat was spotless, and her heart sometimes ached over the still order and what it symbolized. But to-night she was glad that the silver-plated coffeepot shone and that the china glistened in the lamplight. She could not have expressed it to herself, but she was working that night for something more than a lover's reconciliation. The mother in her yearned to awaken the manliness that she believed was dormant in Michael's stormy nature.

Her fear that Jim would fail to find him was soon set at rest by the sound of their footsteps on the stairs. Michael came in behind her husband sheepishly. He looked cold and miserable, but at the smell of the stew his face brightened.

"I just dropped in—" he said, casually. "Me and Jim have somethin' to talk over—politics."

"Sure, Michael! you're more than welcome. Take a chair while I dish up."

She bustled around, while the diplomatic Jim talked wisely and well of ward politics. Michael listened and nodded. The warmth and the friendly atmosphere and the consciousness that he was only two doors removed from Katy's blessed presence, were driving out the evil spirits and melting his heart in spite of himself. When they drew up to the table and Mrs. O'Neill filled his plate with stew and fried mush and handed him a cup of coffee with real cream in it, he was ready to get down on his knees and ask anybody's forgiveness—anybody who happened to be handy—for being the damndest fool and idiot in the ward—a good-for-nothing, dirty loafer, not fit to tie Katy's shoe—the darling!

He ate and drank ravenously, for he had not thought of food all day, and as his physical balance was restored his contrition deepened. Jim watched him with an inward grin and thought that Lizzie's task would be easy.

After a while the host rose and said it was time for him to fade away, but Michael must stay and have another cup of coffee. Well! Michael would.

Alone with Mrs. O'Neill, Michael breathed more freely. The emotions he felt were more for a woman's comprehension than a man's. His hostess's kind searching eyes seemed looking for something in him that reached far beyond the present moment, but she made no sign, waiting by the law of her femininity for the man to give her the opening. The truculent spirit had grown meek under her ministrations. She believed that Michael would break the silence. If she broke it, all that she had won might be lost.

He rose to his feet at last, shuffled them a moment, then said, awkwardly:

"Have you—have you seen Katy to-day?"

"Yes, Michael."

He hesitated.

"She t'rew me down—last night."

Mrs. O'Neill looked incredulous.

"Not her! Katy ain't that sort."

"'Twas her mother handed me a lemon then," he groaned. "It's me own fault. I wouldn't stick to me job. I wouldn't give up the booze."

"Mebbe I heard Katy a-callin' after you. I don't think she'd a done that if she—"

She waited. Michael's head drooped.

"I heard her a-callin'," he admitted.

"Shame on you, Michael, not to go back to your girl!"

"Could I see her now?" he asked, his blue eyes lighting with sudden hope.

"It's too late."

"It's only eleven."

"I don't mean that."

"She don't—care—" he faltered.

"I don't mean that neither. She loves you dearly, Michael, but she give her word, for the sake of her poor mother and the childer—them with no father!"

Michael grew white beneath his freckles.

"Give her word," he repeated, slowly.

"What do you mean?"

Here was the golden opportunity for which she had been waiting! She told the story of Miss Delafield's visit, simply and without embellishment. Michael listened in silence. She watched him narrowly till the light kindled in his eyes on which she

had set her hope—the light of a new-born manliness.

When she finished he said:

"Go and fetch Katy."

"But she give her word, Michael."

"Go and fetch her."

"She can't break her word—to Miss Delafield."

He brought his fist down heavily on the table.

"To hell with Miss Delafield! I'll take care of Katy's mother. I'll make that three six."

"Ah, Michael, me boy, it sounds easy 'cause Katy isn't yours. Katy has little brothers. If you're their big brother you've got to—"

"I've got to get on the water wagon, and I've got to work. You bet I'll work! I'll go to me Uncle Patrick to-morrow. He'll give me a job, and if he won't, somebody else will. Now, fetch me girl."

"So help you God, Michael," Mrs. O'Neill said.

"So help me God!" he answered, solemnly.

Half an hour later Mrs. O'Neill was presiding over another party. Katy sat clutching Michael's hand, her face radiant with love and hope. He himself was in an elysium beyond his rosiest dreams.

When she kissed him good-night at last—it was close on to midnight—she confided to him her only fear. It concerned Miss Delafield.

"Have you the three dollars, darlin'?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Fetch 'em."

While she was gone he called for pen and ink and paper. Then he wrote laboriously:

Dear Lady:

I take my pen to return said three dollars left on account of Miss Kate Murphy's not marryin' me, Michael Kelly. After this I will under take care of Miss Murphy's fam'ly. Thanks for all favors, but you needn't do them no more. I am on the job.

Yours respectfully,
Michael Kelly.

WHO KILLED LADY POYNDER?

BY RICHARD MARSH

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA



STANDING in the open doorway was Cleethorpes with the sunny smile upon his face which, even in times of greatest stress, it seemed to wear; nor did it fade, or alter its character in the smallest perceptible degree, even when he saw the figure which was still perched upon the side of the table. Coming farther into the room, he observed, in tones which were cheery as ever:

"I hope we don't intrude; but they told us below that they thought you were both of you up here, so we both of us came up. Margaret, here is Hereward." Slipping his hand through the other's arm, Cleethorpes brought Lord Sark from behind him to the front. But it seemed that, of late, Lord Sark was destined to appear to disadvantage. Instead of advancing toward his wife and greeting her on lines which he and his companion had discussed together, he remained rooted to the floor, staring at the figure which was on the side of the table, and that in spite of his friend's efforts to induce him to carry out the programme as arranged. "Now, Hereward, don't you see Margaret, or do you see a ghost?"

The figure on the table replied:

"I rather expect that that is what he does see. How are you, Hereward? It's some time since we met. Is it so long that you've forgotten me, or does this

fancy-dress costume act as an effectual disguise?"

Judging from his words and manner, until she spoke it had done so.

"Alice! Is it Alice? Why" — he glanced from Cleethorpes to his wife, and back again, as if searching for the answer to a riddle which he hoped to find upon their faces—"what does this mean?"

It was Alice who answered.

"I think I know what it means; your entry on the scene may be more apposite than at first it seemed." Getting off the table, she stood up straight. "Have the goodness, Hereward, to do what I just now asked Margaret to do. Observe me carefully, and tell me if you have ever seen me in this guise before."

There was no doubt about his observing her; he was staring at her with the fixed stare with which Hamlet might have regarded the apparition of his father, incredulity giving place by degrees to a stupefied conviction.

"It's the woman," he exclaimed, "who stopped Lady Poynder in the street, and who afterwards came rushing out of the house alone."

"There!" cried Alice. "Now, Margaret, perhaps you're satisfied; unless you suggest that I'm in collusion with Hereward, on which point you're at liberty to refer to him. You know how much I've seen of him of late; so I don't quite see how we could have conspired together; still I dare say you'll have your doubts. Good evening, Leonard. Is there anything about this dress of mine which recalls something to you? I am sorry to say that since I saw you last I have learned

certain facts which lead me to suspect that a sensitive conscience is not your strongest point."

Ignoring her, Cleethorpes addressed himself to Lady Sark:

"I see she has been telling you about that dream of hers. Like Joseph of old, she has ever been a dreamer of dreams; and I dare say she always will be."

"But, Leonard, surely you don't attach the slightest importance to a dream, merely because it's hers?"

"Not the slightest; be under no delusion on that point. Margaret, Hereward and I have been having quite a time of it to-day; we have been assailed by all sorts and conditions of people, including his own family and the king; and having borne the heat and burden of the day, we have arrived at a conclusion. Hereward, can't you tell Margaret on your own account what is the conclusion you've arrived at?"

Lord Sark crossed the floor, somewhat limply, toward his wife.

"Margaret, I—I have come to beg your pardon."

Neither in his manner nor his voice was such an air of spontaneity as might have been desired—so the lady appeared to think. Instead of moving to him she moved a little back, as she put to him a frigid question:

"For what?"

"Because I—I was so foolish as ever to have suspected you."

The words might have been well enough, but in the fashion of their delivery there was a good deal lacking; not only was his bearing of the perfunctory order, as if he were going through a task in which his heart was not, but it was accentuated by the distinctly awkward fact that, though he spoke to his wife, he kept his eyes upon her sister. It was not surprising that Lady Sark showed no signs of enthusiasm.

"Is this your own spontaneous action, Hereward, or have you been coached for the part?"

Lord Sark turned to her with an expression in his glance which was even less calculated to convey a conviction of his sincerity; it was as if, while his thoughts were far away, he was endeavoring to grasp what it was that she had asked him.

While he was mentally stumbling, Cleethorpes said to Alice:

"Would you mind taking off those things? You know how fond I am of that veil—and that coat is almost equally becoming; still—I could spare them both."

"My dear Leonard, if you will only have a little patience your wish shall be obeyed; I am as much aware as you are how well these things become me. But, before I do take them off— Hereward, would you mind looking this way?" The request was unnecessary; since, considering his wife's question was still unanswered, he was looking that way with an eagerness which was sufficiently marked already. "I am going to walk round the room," explained the young lady; "I want you to watch me closely, and to tell me if you notice anything about me to cause you to alter, in the slightest degree, your opinion that I am the woman whom you saw that night." She walked about the room, while they stood watching. "Now, Hereward, please."

His wife laid her hand upon his arm.

"Hereward, remember that whatever you say against Alice you say against me—and more. I may be able to pardon you for what you have already done; but to my capacity for forgiveness there is a limit."

"If Hereward takes my earnest advice," interposed Cleethorpes, "he'll keep his tongue still. By wagging it he's written himself down an ass in as large letters as he need do, and worked all the mischief that is wanted."

"Since it seems that you three are joining yourselves together in a conspiracy to hang that innocent young woman, I must ask you to count me out." Alice had removed her veil. "By the way, Leonard, who was the maker of the revolver with which Lady Poynder was shot?"

"Alice, I'm the last person in the world of whom to ask questions; I'm so bad at answers."

Lord Sark struck in.

"I happen to know that it was with a Webley's 'W. G.'"

"Thank you, Hereward; my debt to you is growing. Once more you have settled the question. Here is a Webley's 'W. G.'; it's one of a pair; its companion is lost. It looks as if I left it behind

me, having used it that night in Portman Square. Now, I'll make these telltale garments into a neat bundle, and I'll march around with it to the nearest respectable police station."

Lady Sark appealed to Cleethorpes.

"Leonard, why do you stand there speechless?—smiling at her, too. Can't you do or say anything to show her how wickedly she's behaving?"

"The difficulty is I'm not sure that she is behaving wickedly."

"By what term would you describe her conduct then? You are surely not intending to support her?"

"That depends. You see, she's still dreaming; and—she finds it amusing."

"Thank you, Leonard, for your appreciation. I can only remark that your definition of amusement is your own. If you please, Margaret, will you let me go to my room? I want to put my hat on."

Cleethorpes put a question.

"Why do you want to put your hat on?"

"I can hardly go out into the street as I am."

"But why go into the street?"

"Leonard, there is nothing which I wish to say to you. Margaret, will you be so good as to stand out of the way? You surely cannot wish to have an unpleasant scene. All the time you're talking I'm thinking of the innocent girl whom you, her advocate, have allowed them to keep in prison, although a word from you would have set her free."

"If you suppose that telling your dream will induce anyone to set her free you're very much mistaken; prison doors are not so easily unlocked. It was an odd coincidence—one, I admit, which wants explaining—that it should have come to you that night; the hat, the veil, the coat, the missing revolver, all heighten the mystery; but if you imagine that they establish the fact that what you dreamed you did, you show a childlike ignorance of what is, and is not, evidence, which would make the rawest bobby smile at you."

"Aren't you forgetting that there is other living evidence? Aren't you forgetting Hereward?"

"Let me disabuse your mind on that point. Hereward's evidence is absolutely worthless. Not long ago he was crying

aloud to Heaven that—Margaret was the guilty person. He was prepared to swear, and did swear, that she was the woman he saw; and though Margaret assured him she was not, his conviction remained unshaken; because of it, he's perpetrated the most egregious follies. Yet now he's thrown it overboard, and all of a moment asserts it was you. Why? Because he saw you in that Guy Fawkes get-up! It wasn't you he recognized, or thought he recognized; it was the things you've bundled up. Hereward, now you see Alice clearly, with nothing about her to make her look like somebody else. Remember how you've blundered already; of what perjuries, in your haste, you have been guilty. Looking at her calmly, are you ready to take your oath that Alice was the woman you saw in Portman Square?"

"I'm not. It was the clothes I recognized, or—thought I recognized; without them I don't recognize her in the least."

"The clothes are something!"

"Granted; and they're something which we'll probe to the bottom. Alice, if you wish it, inquiries shall be instituted to prove or disprove that dream of yours. They shall be set on foot in the morning."

"They might have been instituted before—considering what that girl has suffered through placing her trust in you."

"I have, personally, made all the inquiries it was possible to make without creating what appeared to me to be unnecessary scandal."

"Pray what inquiries have you made?"

"You know Tompkins, who is one of Margaret's indoor footmen?"

"Of course I do."

"That night he was on night duty. He tells me that he came on duty at ten o'clock, and remained on duty till he let Margaret in soon after two."

"I remember very well his letting me in."

This was Lady Sark.

"He says he was never out of hearing of what took place in the hall, and that most of the time he was in the hall itself; if you had gone out, or come in, he must have known it—he is sure you never did either."

"Tompkins! I'll bet that two nights

out of three, when he's what he calls on duty, I'll slip out without his knowing it."

"Suppose you did, how would you get in again? You haven't a latchkey."

Alice dropped her bundle on the table.

"There are lots of ways of getting in without latchkeys, or without Tompkins either. Pray what other inquiries have you made—besides of Tompkins?"

"Neaves, Margaret's maid, tells me that you were fast asleep in bed at half past twelve; so that doesn't look as if you were, about that time, anywhere in the neighborhood of Portman Square."

"Pray how does Neaves know anything of the kind? What has Neaves to do with me—that night, or any night?"

"That's what I asked; it's only because you will twist the thumbscrew that I am violating her confidence. Neaves was waiting up for Margaret; she wanted a book which was in your sitting room."

"What book?"

"A novel in which she was interested. Having rapped at the door and received no answer, she came in; having put the light on, she saw that your bedroom door was open; being a prudent soul, she went to close it; before closing it—it was only an inch or so ajar—she listened at the opening, and she distinctly heard your gentle respirations coming from the bed."

"What do you mean by my gentle respirations?"

"You were breathing with sufficient clearness to be audible; Neaves says she distinctly heard you; perhaps at the moment you were dreaming that surprising dream."

"Neaves behaved with great impertinence."

"Still it's a pity that she didn't push her investigations further. If she had waked you up you would at least have known that you were in bed at half past twelve; and another delusion would not have been born into the world."

"None of your investigations explain in any way how I came to be in possession of the telltale garments."

"That's true; and that's the puzzle to which I shall have to apply myself."

"All your energies appear to be directed in proving me innocent; you appear to be absolutely indifferent to Claire Seton's sufferings, though Margaret tells me they are frightful. Don't you think one way to en-

able her to prove her innocence would be to let her see me in those things?"

"I don't. In such a matter I would value her evidence no more than I do Hereward's."

"What evidence would you value? Was Lady Poynder killed with my revolver, the companion to this one? And if she was, isn't that evidence?"

"Alice, nothing will persuade me, or any judge, or any jury, that, in a state of dream, you killed Lady Poynder. If you did do it you did it of set purpose; wide awake; fully conscious of what it was that you were doing."

"Leonard!"

"All authorities agree that there is no case on record of a sleepwalker having had any after-consciousness of what he—or she—had done when asleep; they go further, they say that that is a test of the subject's state. If a somnambulist pretends to have any after-memory of what occurred while he was in the somnambulist state, then that's plain proof that it was not a genuine case of somnambulism, and that the supposed sleepwalker was not asleep at all. So you see, my dear Alice, that you're on the horns of a dilemma; either you dreamed, in which case you stayed in bed, or you walked in your sleep, in which case you have no recollection of what took place; or if you did do something, and remember what you did, you were neither dreaming nor asleep; that's as certain as that you're standing there; you can impale yourself on which of the horns you please. I can only assure you that if you did kill Lady Poynder you will get no one to believe it was done unwittingly."

CHAPTER XXV

MISS DRUMMOND WRITES TO HER BROTHER

"MY DEAR BERTRAM:

"Something has happened at last, and by that I mean something which you will think something. As a spy, or a detective, or a private inquiry party, or whatever it is I am supposed to be, I may be a failure, and I dare say I am, but if you were dear Sir John Poynder's nurse you would have all your time fully occupied without doing any private inquiring. I keep on thinking

of your client, but dear Sir John takes care that I don't do anything else for her, or you, but think. To be quite frank, my dear Bertram, he is not only the most dreadful person I ever met, he's the most dreadful person I ever heard or read of; but you need not think I am coming home on that account, because I am not; so you will please tell mother nothing at all about it.

"If you like you can give mother my love, and tell her I'm perfectly happy—which I am—and I'll write to her to-morrow.

"As for Sir John, to show you the sort of patient he is, only this morning he and I had something like a free fight, which was not the first by any means. Fortunately I am as strong as a horse, and when he does understand that I mean business he is so surprised that he stops fighting, or I should have been a patient before this. He seems to be under the impression that when the doctor issues orders it is his business to disobey them, and that I'm here to back him up. The arguments which result would surprise you; they surprise me. But when his man Hankey interferes it becomes too much. When, this morning, I had finished with his master, I took Mr. Hankey by the shoulders and led him out of the room; that surprised the pair of them. In this house a nurse has to be persuasive. It sounds ridiculous, but within the next thirty minutes I received what had a colorable resemblance to two offers of marriage—one from the master and one from the man. It was too funny; I'll tell you about it when we meet.

"It was some time after lunch when Hankey came tapping at the door to say that there were two gentlemen downstairs who particularly wished to see Sir John. I said that Sir John was dozing, was not to be disturbed, and could see no one; and of course the aggravating man must at once wake up and ask what was the matter. Hankey told him. He gave him two cards, and said that their owners declared that their business with Sir John was of the first importance, and that it was essential that they should see him, whereupon he told Hankey to bring them up. One was an ordinary, respectable-looking, elderly gentleman, who announced that his name was Harris, and somehow

he looked it; and the other was rather an extraordinary looking person, who might have been any age, with the blackest hair and eyes, a long, lean, and sallow face, and a general expression which looked like liver. Mr. Harris said his name was Pardebeck—I know that's how it's spelled, because afterwards I saw his card. Sir John, who was in his great armchair, propped up with cushions—he is still too weak to remain for any length of time unpropped—looked them up and down in that way of his which suggests a terrier which is about to snap; but he said nothing—his manners also, like everything else about him, are his own. Mr. Harris tried to be affable.

"I am sorry, Sir John," he said, 'to find that apparently your health is still not all that could be desired.'

"Never mind about my health," said Sir John. 'You concern yourself about your own.'

"Mr. Harris, who seemed an inoffensive sort of person, seemed taken aback at this; but Mr. Pardebeck smiled—he was quite a different type. Both men kept looking at me; I knew what they meant, and no doubt Sir John did too; but he was not taking a hint, and it was not my duty to take one either. Finding that they remained silent, Sir John remarked, in that genial way he has:

"If you've anything to say to me, say it; if you haven't, take yourselves outside.'

"Thus urged, Mr. Harris explained.

"What we have to say to you, Sir John, is of a strictly confidential nature, as you yourself will presently perceive. Might I suggest that if this lady were to leave us—"

"He rounded off his sentence by looking at me.

"This lady," Sir John informed him, 'is my nurse. The doctor's orders are that she is not to let me out of her sight'—which was, of course, absolutely false—'so if you can't say what you have to say in her presence, don't; go!'

"The two men exchanged glances.

"In that case," observed Mr. Harris, 'I will speak in the presence of the lady. It was not for my sake that I suggested privacy, but for your own. If the nurse is a person in whom you have implicit confidence—'

"Don't you insult my nurse," said the sweetly reasonable Sir John, "or I'll have you thrown downstairs and kicked into the street."

"From which it appears that he regards the right of insulting me as his own exclusive perquisite. Mr. Harris tried to make out that he regarded the remark as humorous, and succeeded fairly well. Up to then both visitors had remained standing. Sir John is the last person in the world to offer a seat to anyone, and it was not my business to do it."

"Since," suggested Mr. Harris, "what I have to say to you will occupy some little time, may I take a chair?"

"You may," said Sir John, "so long as you don't take it out of the room."

"Mr. Harris looked as if he did not understand; then he tried to smile; but that certainly was a failure. Both men, taking advantage of this courteously worded sanction, sat down. Mr. Harris put his hat on the floor; Mr. Pardebeck kept his on his knee. Mr. Harris took one of those long envelopes full of papers out of his pocket and, balancing a pair of *pince-nez* near the tip of his nose, looked over the top of them at Sir John—I cannot think why some people wear their glasses so near the tips of their noses. Then he began. His manner was what I should call stodgy—it's no use your saying that you wish I would not use such words, because I shall; I believe most solicitors are stodgy."

"I do not know if you have gathered from my card, Sir John, that my name is Harris, that I am a solicitor, and that my offices are in Walbrook."

"Damn your card," said Sir John; "I am bound to report him literally sometimes, or you would not have the least idea of what he is like. Mr. Harris seemed to experience some slight difficulty in going on; but he did go on."

"I don't know if you're aware, Sir John, that I acted as solicitor to the late lamented Lady Poynder."

"Then Sir John did prick up his ears."

"What the—? Well, Sir John asked him what he meant."

"Both before and after her marriage I acted as her solicitor, Sir John."

"It's the first I've heard of it. What did she want with a solicitor? Bevan's mine; he acted for us both."

"I have some personal acquaintance with Mr. Bevan, of Bevan, Barker & Ford; I need hardly say that there is no man in the profession for whom I have a greater respect; I have no doubt that that feeling was shared by the late Lady Poynder. At the same time there are circumstances in which ladies like to be represented by a solicitor of their own choice; that certainly was the case with Lady Poynder."

"I had a feeling that Sir John did not relish the idea of his wife having had dealings with a solicitor of whom he knew nothing; although he did not say so in so many words his manner showed it."

"Well, sir, and what has this got to do with me? I presume my wife paid you for your services, and that there's an end of the matter; or have you brought a bill to which you are looking to me for payment?"

"Mr. Harris looked at Sir John sideways in a way that did remind me of Aunt Jane's parrot; you remember the creature."

"Sir John, I am the custodian of the late Lady Poynder's will." Sir John straightened himself so suddenly that he startled me. "I have here a copy of it. I have brought it for your inspection." He drew a sheet of blue paper out of his envelope. "You will find that all she died possessed of was left in the first place to her children, if any. I need not tell you that she had no children; and, failing issue, to Hortense Boyes, whose name is the only one which appears in the document."

"And who the—?—I must not report Sir John's words; he is so full of them—is Hortense Boyes?"

"It appears that Miss Boyes is a lifelong friend of the late Lady Poynder. She rendered her ladyship many services before her marriage; and it was to show her appreciation of those services that her ladyship left her sole residuary legatee."

"This is—this is—hang me if I ever heard anything like it! Let me look at that confounded paper." Mr. Harris handed over the blue sheet of paper; Sir John glared at it with emotions which were as obvious as, I think, they were natural. The best-natured man in the world might have felt cross. "This thing's dated a week after I married her!"

"You will remember that you went

for a week to Paris. On the day after her return she called at my office; and then and there the will was drawn up, and duly signed and witnessed.'

"Of all the—of all the—but this isn't worth the paper it's written on!"

"Not that—no; that is merely a copy; the original is in my desk."

"But the original's worth nothing, if there is such a thing. What do you, or Hortense Boyes, or anyone else, suppose she had to leave? When I married her she hadn't a sixpence."

"When you married her you settled on her fifty thousand pounds."

"For her life only!"

"Not at all, Sir John; not at all. Your memory misleads you. The original deed is also in my office; but here I have an exact copy." I thought Sir John would have tumbled out of his chair as he watched Mr. Harris take a second sheet of blue paper out of his long envelope. "The gift to her ladyship was absolute, being voidable in one event only—in case of marital misconduct. Then it was to revert to you; it was superfluous, and indeed impertinent, to remark that her ladyship remained a dutiful and faithful wife to the end."

"Man, she was going to run away from me the night she died."

"Mr. Harris looked amazed. I had a curious feeling somewhere about the small of the back."

"Sir John, that is a serious statement to make—at this time of day."

"Do you suppose I'd make it if it wasn't true? I know who the man was, it was a scoundrel named Cleethorpes."

"You can fancy what I felt when he said that."

"Cleethorpes? Dear, dear, Sir John, you shock me. It is a name with which I am familiar."

"At the last moment she wouldn't go with him, and because she wouldn't he shot her!"

"Bertram, I thought I should have shrieked. If there was a word of truth in it, what a wretch that man, who posed as your friend, must be. Your worst forebodings were nothing to this. I should not have been surprised if Mr. Harris's glasses had fallen off the tip of his nose, he gave such a start of amazement. Mr. Pardebeck never turned a hair. I was

prejudiced against that man from the first. I felt that he was the kind of person who would listen to the recital of any horror without its disturbing him in the least. By degrees Mr. Harris regained some of his self-possession; but I could see it was as much as he could manage—anyone could see how agitated he still was.

"Mr. Cleethorpes shot Lady Poynder? Sir John, do you realize the gravity of the charge you are making? I understood that a young woman named Claire Seton—"

"That's all buncombe! That's the diabolical ingenuity of the man Cleethorpes. When I get out of this infernal chair I'll make the charge in a fashion which will show you if I realize its gravity. I'll—I'll have him hanged as high as Haman!"

"Think of that old man knowing all the time that Mr. Cleethorpes was guilty, and never breathing a word, even in the police court—and letting that poor girl suffer all the while! I felt as if I must say something; but I didn't; and on went Mr. Harris."

"While what you say about Mr. Cleethorpes fills me with the horror which I do not doubt will be felt by every Christian creature, what you say about her ladyship fills me with joy."

"I don't see why it should."

"I am bound to say I couldn't see either; but the artful old party explained."

"Not when you state, as you have stated, that, virtually, her ladyship died in the fair cause of purity? Apparently the man Cleethorpes acted the part of tempter; to a certain point she listened to his tempting; then the noble nature which was in her gained the upper hand, and she preferred to suffer death rather than infamy."

"This might sound fine, but it struck me also as being tall; and that is how it struck Sir John. Of course, as usual, he expressed himself in the strongest possible language."

"She was a perfidious baggage—that's what my late wife was!"

"Mr. Harris went smoothly on, as if he had not noticed the sorrowing widower."

"The admission, on your part, of her moral rectitude places Miss Hortense Boyes in unchallenged possession of the

handsome sum which her ladyship so generously bequeathed to her.'

"'But I don't admit it; and as for Miss—Miss—what's her name?'

"Mr. Harris paid no heed.

"'Besides the fifty thousand pounds, Sir John—there were some fine jewels which you presented to her ladyship—on one occasion pearls to the value of some twenty thousand pounds.'

"'They—they were personal to her; they were not meant for her to do as she liked with. Her property in them ceased with her life.'

"'Again your memory misleads you, Sir John. With a view of avoiding future misunderstanding—always a most unpleasant thing, Sir John—her ladyship obtained from you a written statement in which you make it perfectly clear that the gift was absolute, and untrammelled by conditions. That statement is in my office, together with other papers; but here is a clean copy, Sir John, if you would wish, by glancing at it, to refresh your recollection.'

"'You should have seen the old man's face as Mr. Harris held out to him a third sheet of blue paper.'

"'Of all the—of all the—by the Lord, that woman was a cat!'

"'Of course, the jewels pass, with the money, to Miss Hortense Boyes. I have here a list of the principal ones, if you would like to look it over.'

"Sir John showed no desire to touch the fourth paper which was advanced.

"'I hope she'll get them!'

"'Beyond a doubt she will get them, Sir John; beyond a doubt. Now you have been told to whom they belong, a strict account will be required of your stewardship.'

"'Will it? And who is Miss Hortense Boyes?'

"'I have already told you; she was a dear friend of your late wife's.'

"'I dare say. I happen to know that my late wife had some very queer friends—once. I ask you, who is she?'

"'There is nothing queer about Miss Hortense Boyes; she is one of the most intellectual women in Europe. Her friendship did honor to Lady Poynder.'

"'Did it? Then it's odd that she should never have mentioned her name to me.'

"'Probably she did; but—on one or two points I myself have had to refresh your memory, Sir John.'

"How the old man did glare; but he continued to hold himself in.

"'Where is Miss Hortense Boyes?'

"'At the present moment she is in Paris. Mr. Pardebeck is here to act as her representative.'

"Sir John turned to Mr. Pardebeck.

"'You know Miss Hortense Boyes—this dear friend of my dear late wife?'

"'Exceedingly well.'

"Mr. Pardebeck spoke with a marked foreign accent; on which Sir John immediately fastened.

"'You're not English?'

"'No—unfortunately.'

"I fancy the man but intended a politeness. Sir John attacked him as if he had been guilty of a crime.

"'You think it's unfortunate, do you? I have seen a good deal of the world, and of men; and I long ago came to the conclusion that when a man expressed a wish to belong to a country of which he wasn't a native, it was because the country of which he was a native had shown an unkind eagerness to be rid of him—always for a sufficient reason. And is Miss Hortense Boyes English?'

"'Miss Boyes is a cosmopolitan.'

"'That's bad; a woman can be few things worse. I have heard it said that Sir John Poynder is a cosmopolitan. I dare say you've also heard it said that old Jack Poynder has been a pretty tough morsel. Are you making out that Miss Hortense Boyes is like me there? Because if so she'll be just the kind of friend I should have guessed my wife would have.'

"'Miss Boyes is a lady of the highest respectability.'

"There was something in Mr. Pardebeck's tone which nettled Sir John.

"'Is she—and you're her friend?—I see.'

"I have no doubt that Sir John meant to be offensive; and I am equally sure that Mr. Pardebeck was the sort of person who is quick to take offense. Before he could speak Mr. Harris went blandly on, as if nothing had been said which could be objected to by anyone—I was beginning to think that he was an artful old gentleman.

"There is one other point which I should mention, Sir John, before I go: it is with reference to another gift of some value which you made to the late Lady Poynder, and which, of course, also passes to Miss Hortense Boyes. At the time of your marriage you purchased the lease of this house, which you presented, together with its entire contents, to her late ladyship. The actual deed of gift is at my office; however, I have here a copy which may serve to remind you that that gift also was unconditional."

"That was a blow. I felt for Sir John. To have your home handed over to a complete stranger, lock, stock, and barrel, without a with your leave or by your leave, would be hard on anyone; and it was doubly hard on him, since it was the result of his own generous faith in a woman. The whole business began to remind me uncomfortably of King Lear, you know. Sir John kept still for so long; his silence affected me much more than any number of bad words could have done. And when he did speak, it was with a grim calmness which was unpleasantly effective."

"Do I understand you to say that the home which I made for my wife she, by her last will and testament, has given a stranger the power to turn me out of?"

"There is no wish to turn you out, Sir John. Miss Hortense Boyes is not a lady who would wish to do anything harsh or unkind. The proposition she has authorized me to make to you is that the premises, with their contents, should be valued, and that you, remaining in possession, should hand her an equivalent sum."

"That's the proposition she has authorized you to make, is it? Then you can tell her to be—' You know what. I won't write the word."

"Mr. Harris pretended to be duly shocked, but I wasn't; I was beginning to feel more and more for the ill-treated husband."

"Sir John, I trust that that is not a sample of the spirit in which you are prepared to receive a friendly overture."

"That's what you call a friendly overture, is it? I didn't know. Nurse, ring the bell. I am ringing," he explained—I may say, as a matter of fact, I had not rung

—'for my servants to come and throw you down the stairs, the pair of you.'

"Your servants will touch us at their own proper peril. We have more right in this house than you have."

"I believe Sir John would have got up out of his chair and resorted to physical measures, only I put my hand on his shoulder and restrained him. He was more amenable than I expected."

"All right, nurse, don't you be afraid; I'm not going to hurt them. I'm a pretty shrewd judge of character; and if ever I saw blackguard written on the faces of two men it's on theirs. As for the thing they call a will, if it's in existence, which I doubt, there's a low swindle about it somewhere; and when it comes into court, if they dare produce it, it'll be shown to be the concoction of as pretty a lot of thieves as ever were spawned."

"I warn you, Sir John, that your words, spoken in the presence of witnesses, are actionable."

"Actionable, are they, Harris? You listen to this. You're a—' The things he called him really were too dreadful; yet calling him them seemed to do him good; he chuckled when he had done. Mr. Harris sat making pencil notes on his long envelope all the while the adjectives were streaming from Sir John's lips. 'Got 'em all down?' asked Sir John. 'That's good; now you take action on that lot. I'll bet you what you like that no jury awards you a farthing damages. If you venture your rascally old carcass in the box when my man starts handling you you'll have the worst time you ever had in all your wicked old life. Now will you go?'"

"They went, ultimately, after a scene on which I won't dwell; the proceedings had what you might call a fireworky wind-up. I expected that Sir John would suffer for it afterwards, but not a bit of it so far; the excitement seems positively to have done him good. He has been talking to me nineteen to the dozen ever since; setting me to do all sorts of things, hunt up papers, sort out jewels—those pearls which Mr. Harris says are to pass on to Miss Hortense Boyes are perfect dreams; I can easily credit that plenty of women would sell themselves alive for them—and he's been telling me tales which would make your hair stand up on end; and I'm sup-

posed to be his nurse, with a moral epidermis of the most sensitive kind. I'll tell you some of them one day; I can't now, I want to catch the midnight post. Besides, I've written you enough already, perhaps you'll think too much.

"Yours,
"M."

"P. S.—Of course, you understand that I don't pretend to have given you a literal report—I should be sorry to! I have only given you the sense of what was said. As for what Sir John said about Mr. C., that's reported, as you lawyers say, 'without prejudice'; the more I think of it the more incredible it seems—I can't believe it's true. Altogether the late Lady P. seems to have been a most delightful person."

CHAPTER XXVI

MR. CLEETHORPES STARTS OFF TO MAKE A CALL

MR. DRUMMOND received his sister's letter on his return from a visit to Holloway Jail. His visits there had become daily ones. Not always were they strictly lawyerlike. That Claire Seton's troubles possessed him to the practical exclusion of all other interests he was painfully aware; as he himself admitted, the girl was in his mind both day and night—he never suspected that the interest he took in her was anything but legal.

On that particular afternoon Drummond returned to his office in no pleasanter frame of mind than usual. Claire had told him of the visit she had had on the preceding day from Lady Sark; as was the case with everything she told him, her recital, or the manner of it, moved him profoundly. Her account of how Lady Sark had persisted in asking if she recognized in her the woman she had found in the room struck him—as indeed it had struck Claire—as pregnant with a curious significance. Some one had suspected her—she had not told Claire who. Drummond drew his own inferences. That some one must have had pretty strong grounds to go on, or he had not ventured to suspect the Marchioness of Sark. Claire had assured him that she was not the woman

she had found in the room, and he was willing to believe it; but that this sudden intrusion of so distinguished a personage on the scene had to do with what had puzzled him in Cleethorpes's attitude he did not doubt.

And now here was his sister's letter; he devoured it from the first line to the last. It was not the first he had received from her, but it was the only one which had contained, from his point of view, anything either of interest or importance. When he came to her report of what Poynder had said of Cleethorpes's connection with his wife he gave a gasp of sheer amazement; he remembered his friend's repudiation of any intimate acquaintance with the lady. Yet here was her husband charging him with an intention to elope with her—on what he declared to be proof beyond all cavil. Surely he would not make such a charge without it. Why then had Leonard denied her? On reflection, did that not explain itself? Had not some men a code of honor, by which they held that, under certain circumstances, it was more honorable to tell lies about women than the truth? Was that not a sufficient explanation of Leonard's position? Was it not, indeed, a sufficient explanation of very many things?

Drummond read on; and presently came to Sir John's charge against Cleethorpes of actual, willful murder. Then he laid the letter down, and ran his fingers through his hair, and looked about him, as if wondering if things were what they seemed. It was some seconds before he took it up; then he reread the damnable sentences and put it down again. He got up from his chair and began to walk about the room; for the moment he could read no more.

Could there be anything in the charge? Were, as his sister had put it, his worst forebodings so much better than the truth? Apparently Poynder had produced no actual proof, either of this charge or of the other; but he declared he had it, and would produce it at the proper time—it was easy to think of circumstances under which a cross-grained old man like Poynder would consider himself justified in holding his tongue till it suited him to speak—that explained, also, his otherwise incomprehensible treatment of Cleethorpes in the police

court. But in that case, if the thing were true, as his sister again put it, what a wretch he must be—what a monster of infamy! It was incredible that a man in Sir John Poynder's position would advance such a charge without having some grounds to go upon; if he had even the slightest grounds, Leonard Cleethorpes had been playing a part of a sort of which Drummond did not care to think.

He took the letter up again and read it to the end, and had just reached the end when Cleethorpes came into the room—as usual, spick and span, and good to look at, and with an atmosphere about him of a world with which people in Clement's Inn had but little to do. He laughed at the gloom which was on the lawyer's face.

"Bertram, you look as black as a thundercloud! What storm is brewing now?"

For answer Drummond held out the letter he had just finished.

"Read that!"

Cleethorpes took it with a smile.

"There's a story told of how Mrs. Siddons frightened the linen draper by the tragic emphasis with which she put to him the question—Will it wash? You remind me a little of that queen of tragedy. Yes, Bertram, I will read it now, at once; we're both in the vein. 'My dear Bertram'—before I start, what is this thing?—it looks as if I were intruding into your private correspondence."

"It's a letter from my sister, written last night in Portman Square, where she is at present acting as Sir John Poynder's nurse."

"That sounds portentous; I don't know why, but it does. I have the pleasure of knowing your sister only very slightly; would she like me to read her letters?"

"I wish you to read that one."

Without attempting further remonstrance, Cleethorpes read from start to finish, without once stopping or changing countenance by the way; then he announced:

"I have read it."

"You see what she says?"

"Yes; also what she says Sir John Poynder says."

"Is it true?"

"As true of me as it is of you; no more, no less."

"He says that you were going to elope with his wife; is that true?"

"Are you asking me seriously?"

"I am; I am forced to ask you. Then—see what he says about your having shot his wife; that he has proof of it. Surely he would not make statements of that sort, in quasi-public fashion—there were three persons present—if they were the mere coinage of his brain."

"Drummond, it appears that you have been, and still are, meddling with what does not concern you. I do not know what rôle Miss Drummond is playing in Sir John Poynder's house; but it cannot be a pretty one; and cannot redound either to your credit or to hers."

"Be so good as not to criticise my sister."

"Although she criticises me?"

"I have asked you for a categorical answer to a categorical question."

"Really? You are very good."

"Do you refuse to give it?"

"That's as you like to put it."

"Then—then you'll have to take the consequences of your own refusal."

"Are you threatening me? Drummond, don't be such an ass!"

"There's another thing. Yesterday the Marchioness of Sark went to see Miss Seton—she went armed with the Home Secretary's authority."

"Is that how you put it—armed?"

"Why did she go?"

"Her address, if you don't know it, is easily obtainable; put your inquiry to her."

"So you mean to fence with me; it's what you've been doing all along. I have felt from the first that you were playing a double part; I feel it more than ever now. I warn you, Cleethorpes, that I intend to take measures to protect Miss Seton against you, be the consequences to you what they may."

"Are you threatening me again? How odd! Be careful, Drummond, that's all I wish to say. I must congratulate your sister on her appreciation of my problematical villainy; she seems to have inspired you. I fear, Bertram, that you will hardly be a success as a criminal lawyer."

"Why do you say that? Because you think that you are fooling me?"

"Here, in your sister's letter, is the

clew we've been looking for, and you don't see it."

"Don't I? I see what she says about you."

"That's an allusion to the foolish chatter of a crack-brained old man for which, before long, you'll be begging my pardon. What I refer to is the real thing. Have you a London directory? Ah, here is one."

Taking the huge volume off a shelf, he began to search its pages.

"What are you looking for?"

"According to Miss Drummond, Mr. Harris said his office was in Walbrook; I'm looking for the number. Yes, here it is; you might make a note of it. If you don't hear of me within the next four-and-twenty hours you might refer to Mr. Harris; it's quite possible that he'll be able to tell you where I am."

Leaving the directory open on the table, Cleethorpes was moving toward the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to call on Mr. Harris."

So soon as he had left the room Drummond, as if impelled by an irresistible impulse, went rushing after him, but stopped on his own side of the door.

"I wonder—I wonder—if he is running because of what May said."

At the street entrance Cleethorpes encountered Alice Mahony, who was getting out of a hansom cab.

"O Leonard," she exclaimed, "it's you; that's lovely!"

"And it's you, which is far lovelier."

"I've been to Cork Street; Woods told me you might be here, so I came tearing along; it's great luck my finding you."

"It is—for me; especially in that frock and that hat."

"What do you think has happened?"

"The sight of you has knocked all power to think out of me. I want to do."

"You remember the handkerchief I found in that horrid coat?"

She was holding out the blood-stained pocket handkerchief which she had discovered in the pocket of her motor coat. He eyed it with startled surprise.

"Alice, put the dreadful thing away! Or, better still, give it to me, and I'll dispose of it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind." She

put the handkerchief behind her back. "I wouldn't let you what you call 'dispose of it' not for a sack full of dollars."

"Now what maggot have you got in that overactive brain of yours?"

"It's one worth having this time, and don't you make any mistake. I was looking at that horrid coat just now, wondering what I should do with it; then I took the handkerchief out and looked at that; and what do you think I saw?"

"A ghost?"

"I saw it wasn't mine!"

"What do you mean?"

"It's not my handkerchief—it's Bergholt's!"

"Bergholt? And pray who may Bergholt be?"

"Have you forgotten? The maid who left me; the amazingly superior person I was always talking to you about; who, although she was such a perfect maid, wasn't in the least like a maid. Don't you remember my saying I should like to introduce you to her?"

"I believe I do, now you recall it; but you didn't. I never saw the lady. Was her name Bergholt?"

"She said it was, and this is her handkerchief—here's her initial in the corner—look!—B!"

She held it up to him.

"Embroidered in black silk. Isn't that rather a superior article for a lady's maid to have?"

"Of course it is; but everything about her was superior. Don't you see what I am coming to? Even if I wore the coat that night, I didn't put Bergholt's handkerchief into the pocket."

Understanding flashed into his eyes.

"Alice, I believe you've done it!"

"Done what?"

"Found the link which makes the chain complete. Can I trust you?"

"Can't you?"

"Don't breathe a word about that handkerchief to anyone; hide it now! Go straight home; put it back into the pocket of the coat, and don't let it be produced until I ask for it—then I fancy you'll find it will be worth to some one even more than the sack full of dollars you mentioned."

"Where are you going? Won't you come with me?"

"I wish I could, but I can't. I am going to call on Mr. Harris."

"Who is Mr. Harris?"

"I'm not certain; but I'm inclined to wager—that sack full of dollars—that somewhere in his possession is the key to the riddle."

CHAPTER XXVII

A LIVELY VISITOR

WHEN Cleethorpes reached that number in Walbrook which he had looked out in Drummond's directory, he examined the names which were printed on a board that was fastened to the wall just inside the street doorway.

"Mr. Harris, I perceive, keeps on the second floor, and apparently in most respectable city company. Possibly one of those lucky limbs of the law who are able to combine a high-class family practice with a lucrative commercial one. They're the gentlemen who make the money."

Cleethorpes smiled, as if in the enjoyment of a capital joke. Having ascended to the second landing, he found himself confronted by the usual door, on which was inscribed, in dingy black letters, "Mr. Harris." On the left was an electric bell, over which was the legend, "Please ring." After inspection of a kind which led one to suspect that his wish was to do nothing of the kind, he rang. Almost instantly the door was opened by a diminutive lad. Before he could ask the visitor's name and business Cleethorpes had strode past him into a room in which some clerks were writing, and through that into a room beyond.

In this apartment were two gentlemen, who were seated on either side of an office table. One was short, cobby, scanty-haired, with a pair of *pince-nez* perched almost on the extreme tip of his nose; the other was black-haired, black-eyed, dark-skinned, thin-faced. Both rose as Cleethorpes entered, as if in surprise at being interrupted. The visitor, hat in one hand, cane in the other, greeted them both in turn.

"You, I am sure, are Mr. Harris; and you—why—Pultowski! Think of meeting you in London after—how long is it since we saw each other last?"

Cleethorpes was completely at his ease; but the same could not be said of either of the gentlemen on whom he had intruded. The one whom he addressed as Pultowski looked, indeed, so disconcerted that a curious pallor suddenly showed through his dark skin. His companion, glancing at him, as if for an explanation of the stranger's coming, seemed affected by the discomposure which he saw upon his face.

"Who—who is it?" he asked him, almost in a whisper. Receiving no reply, he addressed himself to Cleethorpes in firmer tones.

"Pray, sir, who are you? And what do you mean by coming into my private office unannounced?"

Cleethorpes addressed the black-haired man.

"Pultowski, introduce me to Mr. Harris. Tell him who I am and all about me."

But Mr. Pultowski continued dumb, the other seeming to be more and more struck by the singularity of his bearing. Again, as he spoke to him, he dropped his voice nearly to a whisper—a somewhat tremulous whisper at that.

"Do you—do you—know this gentleman?"

Since the person questioned seemed unable, or unwilling, to answer for himself, the visitor answered for him—there was a something in his seeming heartiness which made Mr. Pultowski paler and paler, as if every word he uttered had a hidden—and a painful—meaning.

"Why, Pultowski, why do you hesitate? What's the matter? I can see that you have not forgotten me; you can see that I have not forgotten you; we are not likely to forget each other, are we? Though—how long is it since we saw each other? It must be quite a while, yet—I do not find you changed, Pultowski."

The reiteration of the name appeared to please Cleethorpes; obviously it had the opposite effect upon the other; he seemed to wince each time that it was uttered. Indeed, it was the repetition of the name, more than anything else, which seemed to goad him into speech.

"Do not call me by that name!"

"Not call you by that name? Why, Pultowski?"

"I use it no longer."

"Is that so? I beg your pardon for—my stupidity. What name do you use—at present?"

"My name is Pardebeck."

"Which still begins with a P. May I take it that the remaining letters are all that has changed about you? And the old friends, are they unchanged?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"Ricard—how is he?"

As Cleethorpes asked the question Mr. Pardebeck seemed to shrink farther back against the table on which he was leaning; momentarily his uneasiness seemed to grow.

"Ricard?—he is dead."

"In the affair of the prefect?"

Mr. Pardebeck started as if the question had been a blow.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you not understand? Were you not in it? I thought—"

"I will ask you not to think."

"And Geoffroi—what of him?"

"What do I know of Geoffroi?—what do I know of any of his people—Put your questions to some one else."

"But were they not old friends? Then the ladies—the fair Bébé—what of her?"

"Bébé? You—you amuse yourself."

"She amused me—in the days which are gone. There is one of whom I have still more tender memories—the most remarkable woman fate has thrown across my path—Henriette Buchner; is she well?"

Mr. Pardebeck was glaring at his questioner as if he would have liked to scorch him with fiery glances.

"I believe so."

"Where is she?"

"At the moment I do not know."

"Can you put me in the way of getting her address?"

"For what do you want it?"

"My good—what is it?—Pardebeck! Why does a man want the address of a lady who is an old friend? I would like to see Buchner again."

"I regret I can give you no assistance."

Mr. Pardebeck turned to the cobby man, who had remained an interested, but bewildered and slightly disturbed, listener. "Can I not continue to discuss that affair with you?"

"Certainly; at once. Eh—you have not yet told me who this gentleman is."

"This is Mr. Leonard Cleethorpes."

The two men looked at each other with meaning in their eyes—evidently the name conveyed an unwelcome significance to Mr. Harris; which came on him so suddenly, he was unable to conceal, for some seconds, the effect it had on him. His pendulous lips seemed to tremble; his glasses slipped off his nose. He took out his handkerchief and wiped them with a hand which obviously shook. He was still rubbing them when he spoke, in a voice which became steadier as he went on.

"Eh—Mr. Cleethorpes, your name is familiar to me—eh—I may say, quite familiar. It gives me pleasure to see you—much pleasure. Just now I was engaged with Mr. Pardebeck on a somewhat important matter which—eh—happens to be pressing. But so soon as I am at liberty, I shall be most happy to give you my best attention—if you will be so good as to wait in the next room. Here is a newspaper, if you would care to see one; I won't keep you more than four or five minutes, at the outside."

"Thank you, Mr. Harris; but I prefer to wait here. I presume you are Mr. Harris."

"Yes, my name is Harris. I am afraid, Mr. Cleethorpes, that you don't understand. I say that I am engaged with Mr. Pardebeck."

"Yes, I heard."

"I will not keep you an instant longer than I can help, if you will be so good as to wait in the next room."

"But I won't."

"You won't—what?"

"Wait in the next room."

"Mr. Cleethorpes, it is now I who fail to understand you."

"Then you must be duller than I think."

Having carefully perched his glasses on the tip of his nose, Mr. Harris looked over them at the speaker with a solemn air, which was possibly intended to convey the idea that he found it difficult to credit that his ears were not deceiving him. Mr. Cleethorpes bore his inspection with an appearance of the utmost good humor.

"Sir, are you in earnest?"

Cleethorpes said nothing; he only smiled. Mr. Pardebeck made an effort to relieve

what bade fair to become a delicate position.

"It is all right, Mr. Harris. Since Mr. Cleethorpes—who is an old friend of mine—wishes to talk to you at once, it is possibly because his business is very pressing; mine will wait. I will continue my conversation with you afterwards. It so chances, also, that I have a message which I must deliver."

As he turned toward the door Cleethorpes fell in at his side.

"And I'll come with you and help you to deliver it."

"So?—I thought you were so anxious to talk with Mr. Harris?"

"Not at all; I'll be just as pleased to come with you."

Mr. Pardebeck looked at the speaker's smiling face as if in doubt as to whether he was serious; then he smiled queerly.

"Good; it contents me. You and I will go somewhere together, Mr. Cleethorpes, where we can talk over old friends and the times that are past." He turned to Mr. Harris, a wireless message flashing from his eyes. "I go with Mr. Cleethorpes, for an hour's social talk." At the door there was a little byplay, neither gentleman showing a wish to be the first to leave the room. Cleethorpes held it open with outstretched arms. Mr. Pardebeck pressed on him the honor. "I beg, sir, that you will be first."

"Impossible, Mr. Pardebeck; after you."

With the same queer smile, Mr. Pardebeck passed through, just glancing over his shoulder as he went. They paused on the landing while Mr. Pardebeck lit a cigarette.

"Now, Mr. Cleethorpes, I am at your service. Where shall we go?"

"Why," exclaimed that gentleman, "I've left my cane behind! I would not lose that cane—"

By some accident the outer door of the office had not been quite shut. Leaving his sentence unfinished, Cleethorpes went rushing through it. As Mr. Pardebeck glared after him his smile changed to a sneer.

"You lose more than your cane—animal!"

Without waiting for further news of the forgetful gentleman he went flying down the stairs three or four at a time.

Cleethorpes passed through the room in which the clerks were. As he opened the door of the private office he heard Mr. Harris's voice saying within:

"Give me 3009, Central."

Entering Cleethorpes shut the door behind him. Mr. Harris was standing at the table, holding the telephone receiver to his ear; he stared at Cleethorpes in bewildered amazement. Crossing the room, Cleethorpes wrested the receiver from him with his left hand and gripped him with his right.

"Don't you make a fuss, Mr. Harris, unless you're looking for trouble."

Mr. Harris seemed looking for his scattered senses. He stared stupidly at the man who gripped him so tightly as if at a loss as to where he came from, or who he was, or what he wanted; while he stared Cleethorpes was holding the receiver to his own ear. A voice came over the wire.

"Hollo!"

"Hollo! Who's that?"

"This is the Cosmopolitan Hotel."

"Is Miss Hortense Boyes stopping there?"

"She's stopping here, but I don't know if she's in; I'll inquire."

"No, don't; give her this message. Ready? Mr. Harris, solicitor, of Walbrook, wishes to see her on business of urgent importance at 27 Cork Street, at once; inside half an hour; anyhow, at the earliest possible moment. Tell her that Mr. Harris says time means more than money. Have you got it? Got the number? That's right; see that she has the message instantly."

Replacing the receiver, Cleethorpes turned to Mr. Harris, who was shivering as if he had been made of jelly; whether because of the liberty which had been taken with his telephone and his name, or for some other reason, was not clear. Cleethorpes spoke to him with quiet good humor.

"Now, Mr. Harris, be so good as to put on your hat and come with me."

Mr. Harris began to stammer.

"Who—who are you? What—what do you mean by using my office as if it were your own? What—what's the meaning of that message you've sent?"

"Mr. Harris, if you please, your hat."

"Where's Pardebeck?"

"I rather fancy Mr. Pardebeck, if that's what you prefer to call him, is looking for a telephone on his own account. If he isn't, he's going to the hotel to look the lady up in person; I'm afraid he'll be too late. Mr. Harris, will you get your hat?"

"You—you leave my office!"

As an answer Cleethorpes picked up the receiver. While the other watched him, still shivering, he said, in reply to the usual call—

"666, City." Then he observed to the trembling Mr. Harris, "I've called up the city police station. If you don't put on your hat inside two twos and come with me nicely and quietly I'll have the police round; you know what that will mean, to you and to your friends. What are you doing there?" Mr. Harris, having subsided in a chair, had drawn open a drawer in his writing table and was fumbling at the back of it. Suddenly Cleethorpes had him by the throat, pinned to the chair, just out of reach of the open drawer. "What's that—a bomb?" He was looking at a bright metal something which was peeping out of a large wad of cotton wool, which Mr. Harris had been trying to get into his fingers. "You—you old dear! So you are one of them! If I were to break your neck I should be rendering society a service. Would you?"

It appeared that Mr. Harris would. Showing unexpected presence of mind, with a quick twist he half wrenched himself away, and although the other had tight hold of him again in an instant, it was not before he had struck a bell which stood upon the table. Hardly had the gong sounded than the door of the clerks' office opened and a slight, dark man came into the room. In spite of his visitor's restraining fingers he managed to articulate:

"This is Leonard Cleethorpes. Don't let him leave the room alive!"

The newcomer's hand went to the back of his trousers; when it reappeared it held a revolver. Cleethorpes laughed.

"You have clerks prepared for all emergencies!"

He thrust Cleethorpes backward, so that he and his chair went toppling to the floor together. Rising to his feet, he snatched the telephone instrument bodily from the table, the bell ringing as he did so.

"That's the city police station!"

He went rushing with it across the room—the wire snapping, the bell ceasing. The newcomer fired. Apparently the bullet struck the instrument—there was the ring of metal. Before he could fire again, Cleethorpes, striking him with it on the shoulder, knocked him down, and sent the telephone after him; then dashed across the outer office, on to the landing, down the stairs, and into the street.

When the newcomer picked himself up, he saw that Mr. Harris was disengaging a bright metal ball from a mass of cotton wool, and that two frightened clerks were looking in through the open door. These latter he treated with scant ceremony.

"Get back to your places! Go on with your work! Mind your own business!" He slammed the door in their faces, then ran across to Mr. Harris. "Leave that alone! What is the use of blowing yourself to pieces? He is gone! What is the use? For God's sake, be careful how you put it down! How much does he know?"

For the second time Mr. Harris relinquished the task of disengaging the metal ball from its envelope of wadding. The other returned his chair to its original position; Mr. Harris sat down on it, a very shaken man.

"How can I tell you how much he knows? He seems to know everything. He has broken the telephone."

"And my shoulder with it."

Mr. Harris paid no heed to the complaint, nor to the gesture with which it was accompanied.

"There's another in Baker's office on the floor above; go up to it; ask them to let you use it. Tell her that the message she's just had is not from me; it's a trick; it's from Leonard Cleethorpes. And while you're gone I'll get the papers and the things together; if we're to get out of this it'll have to be at once."

"What is the message I'm to send?"

"Are you deaf or dense? Get on to the Cosmopolitan Hotel and tell her that the message which has just come through is not from me at all; it's from Cleethorpes. She's not to go to 27 Cork Street as he told her—that's where his rooms are; if she does go she'll be trapped. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, I think I understand."

"Then go—send the message—while there's time."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CALLER WHO CAME, AND THE ONE WHO IS COMING

IT was not till he was out in the street that Leonard Cleethorpes found that he had come away without his hat; to say nothing of the cane on which he had professed to set such value. He was apparently still in the best of spirits—he laughed at the discovery.

"I don't think I'd better go back for them; I'll present Mr. Harris with the hat, and that very useful clerk of his can have the stick. I think that the sooner I remove myself from this immediate neighborhood the better it will be for the public peace." He walked quickly down Walbrook into Cannon Street, revolving in his mind, as he went, what his next movement should be.

"If I buy a hat I'll be wasting time; if I go to the Cosmopolitan I may find her gone, and I may find Mr. Pultowski-Pardebeck, which I'm not anxious to do at this particular moment. I'll go to Cork Street and trust to luck. Hansom!" He got into the cab, which drew up by the curb. "27 Cork Street; and move!" If Mr. Woods, on opening the door in Cork Street, was surprised to find his master hatless and stickless, and with something in his general appearance which suggested that he had lately been having a lively time, nothing in his bearing showed it. "Anybody been here?"

"Yes, sir, Sir John Poynder's upstairs at the present moment; and a young person."

"What do you mean by 'a young person'?"

"The young person appears to be his nurse, sir; hospital nurse, I should say, by the look of her."

"But in what condition is Sir John?"

"As regards health, sir, I should say not up to much. Mr. Hankey and the young person helped him out of the carriage and up the stairs, and Mr. Hankey was wishful to stay and keep an eye upon Sir John.

But Sir John wouldn't have it. He sent the young person down to see him off the premises. As regards his temper, sir"—Mr. Woods put his hand up to his lips and coughed discreetly—"I should say that was worse than his health. He's been here about twenty minutes, and he's rung the bell I should think quite a dozen times, and each time when I informed him that you had not yet returned, the language he used was—well, sir, strong."

"What did you tell him when he came?"

"That you were not in, sir, and that I did not know when you would be in. In reply, sir, he called me an adjectival liar; and he kept on adjectiving Mr. Hankey as he helped him up the stairs. If I may make so bold, sir, since his language is so very, what I should call forcible, I shouldn't think his health can be so bad as it seems."

"I dare say you're right, Woods; I dare say you're right." Cleethorpes, holding his watch in his hand, was making a mental calculation. "Say about fifteen minutes since I sent the message; then five for them to hunt her out in the hotel and let her have it, ten for her to put her hat on, a good fifteen for her to get here; that should leave me a quarter of an hour in which to enjoy the cayenne-peppered conversation of my good friend Poynder, before she comes; that is, if she comes at all. Woods, it's possible that in a few minutes a lady—a Miss Hortense Boyes—will come, who will ask for Mr. Harris, of Walbrook; you've got it?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Harris, of Walbrook; lady's name, Miss Hortense Boyes."

"Right! Don't say a word about me, but tell her that Mr. Harris is upstairs, and that he gave you instructions to show her up the moment she came. You show her up, and cough on the stairs to let me know who's coming. You understand?"

"I believe so, sir."

"And—there's another thing! While she's here, don't you let anyone in whom you don't know; of course, in the case of anyone you do know, it doesn't apply; but as it's possible that a friend, or friends, of Miss Boyes, knowing she's here, may try to get in also, after you've shown her up, put up the chain, so that, before you know

who's there, they mayn't force an entrance, as it's quite likely they may try to do. Again you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir; directly I have shown Miss Boyes upstairs the chain shall be put up. Is she to be shown into the room in which Sir John is, or into the dining room?"

"Bring her where Sir John is; his coming just now may be looked upon as almost providential. I fancy he'll be even more anxious to see her than I am. Who's that trying to break the bell?"

"Sir John, sir. He has been keeping on like that ever since he came. Here's the young person coming down to make inquiries. I should not be surprised if, having had the door open, they have heard your voice."

A feminine figure, in the garb of a nurse, appeared on the stairs. A clear, pleasant voice observed:

"Excuse me, but is that Mr. Cleethorpes?"

By advancing toward her, the gentleman in question admitted that it was.

"I'm very sorry, but Sir John is so impatient; he will have the door left open, and he thought he heard your voice."

"Did he? I am glad to learn that his hearing remains so good. And you, Miss Drummond—how are you? I did not know that you were entitled to wear that costume until, a little while ago, I read the letter which you wrote to your brother yesterday."

The lady's face burst into flame.

"Mr. Cleethorpes! Did—did Bertram let you read my letter?"

"He not only let, he pressed me to read it. I assure you that I should not have read it had his manner not made it plain that he should regard my refusal as an unthinkable thing."

"How—how ridiculous he is!"

"Why? Because he wishes to keep me posted in the details of the case which I—as you are possibly aware—placed in his hands? I was naturally interested in learning what Sir John had to say of me; and—in your comments."

"He had no right to show it you; it was meant for his own eye only. I'll not forgive him."

"That is between you and your brother."

"I—I said that I didn't believe what Sir John said."

"I noted what you said. Shall we go up to Sir John?"

"I—I don't care what you think of me. I never meant——"

"I said, shall we go up to Sir John?"

The nurse's pretty cheeks were redder than ever. She looked as if she could, and would, have said a good deal had not the other's cool, courteous tones acted on her as a cold douche. Conscious of the snub he had administered, she bit her underlip as if to hold in check the flow of words which pressed at the back of it. With an effort she regained her professional bearing.

"I came to ask you, if you can possibly help it, not to excite Sir John; to bear with him as much as you can. He pretends to think himself quite well, but he is very far from being that. He has only been allowed to come to see you because it was feared that the consequences of not allowing him to come might be more serious than letting him come. He was so bent on coming that we did not dare to try to stop him; but now that he has come, he finds that he is weaker than he expected."

"I will try to bear your words in the front of my mind, Miss Drummond. Do you think I should excite him unduly if I were to tell him what is the actual position you occupy in his household?"

In the nurse's eyes were tears of rage. It was only her pride coming to her rescue which stayed them from trickling down her burning cheeks.

"You are at liberty, Mr. Cleethorpes, to tell Sir John exactly what you please."

"Thank you, Miss Drummond, for your kind permission. Aren't we keeping your patient waiting? Won't you lead the way?"

Turning, she marched up the stairs as if she had a poker down her back. It was with the same stiffness that she entered the room in which Sir John was sitting, the old gentleman greeting their advent with a volley of his characteristic language.

"What have you two been conspiring about on the staircase?" He addressed himself to his nurse. "Didn't I send you to fetch him up? Then why the something didn't you fetch him? Why must you stop him on the stairs and gabble, gabble, gab-

ble? Hang me if I ever knew anything like a woman's tongue!"

She might have been excused the retort that, in that case, he could hardly have been acquainted with his own; but the sound of his rasping voice seemed to induce in her a softer mood. Nothing could have been gentler than the voice in which she spoke to him.

"Here is Mr. Cleethorpes, Sir John."

The old gentleman showed no sign of a responsive gentleness.

"Don't you think I can see him? Do you suppose I don't know him as well as you do? It would be better for him if I didn't."

She smiled at him.

"Is it any use," she asked, "appealing to where your common sense ought to be, and asking you not to excite yourself? We shall never get you home if you do; you will have to remain here as Mr. Cleethorpes's guest."

The old man's rejoinder was grim.

"Then I'll be a stiff un. I might consent to stay here dead; alive, I'm damned if I would." He glowered at her balefully, then he turned to Cleethorpes. "Where can you put her? She would come, and she will stop; but what I have to say to you I want to say to you only. I'll have no listener, least of all a thing in petticoats. Where'll you stow her, so that she'll be out of sight and hearing?"

The room had three doors: the one which led on to the landing, one which led into the bedroom which had been occupied on a memorable occasion by the Marquis of Sark, and a third which Cleethorpes held wide open.

"This," he said, "is the apartment which I call my dining room. If your nurse will condescend to take a seat in it I shall be honored."

The lady referred to strode past him with her head in the air; he closed the door after her and returned into the room.

"That's a nice girl," growled Sir John, "but I've a feeling that she has good ears."

"They struck me as being pretty ones."

Cleethorpes, glancing at his watch, perceived that Miss Boyes might be with him very soon. The possibility moved him to bring his visitor as quickly as might be to the point.

"May I ask, Sir John, to what I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

CHAPTER XXIX

WHAT MR. CLEETHORPES KNEW ABOUT THE LATE LADY POYNDER

SIR JOHN took his own time to answer. He sat hunched up in the big armchair, both hands leaning on the handle of a malacca cane. Cleethorpes noticed that it was the same cane he had had in the police court; it seemed that without it to rest upon he would have been unable to sit up at all. His host noticed how old he looked, and how frail and ill; only his indomitable spirit could have kept him out of bed; he would have looked much more at home between the sheets than paying calls. Even his voice had aged since Cleethorpes had heard it last; except in his occasional whirls of rage it was tremulous and rusty, as if it was with difficulty he spoke at all. Now and then, in the middle of a sentence he paused, as if he had not breath enough to carry him to the end of it.

"I came to see you because I didn't think you'd come to see me, even if I sent for you."

"Your reception of me last time you paid me the compliment of sending for me was hardly of a kind to make me over-anxious to come to you again."

"Cleethorpes, you've the finest trick of sneering ever yet I saw. You're one of those fellows who smile, and smile, and smile, and keep on cutting throats."

"Is that the sort of remark you've come to me to make?"

"No, it isn't. I wonder if you ever tell the truth."

"That's a species of curiosity which does you credit."

"I've been looking through a desk which belonged to the late Lady Poynder before she was my wife—one of the few things which did belong to her; and—its contents surprised me."

"At that I shouldn't wonder."

"Oh! you wouldn't, wouldn't you? Among other things I found some portraits of you; and—other things still stranger. That's why I'm here; and why I wonder if you ever tell the truth; do you?"

"We all of us tell the truth at times."

"I hope this is one of your times; because I want you to tell me what you know about my wife. Did you kill her? I'll

take no steps against you if you did; I've got to that stage where she's concerned; but—did you?"

"I did not."

"Who did?"

"I think it's possible that I may be able to introduce you to the person who did in a few minutes."

"What do you mean?"

"Patience; perhaps you'll see. You note I say perhaps."

"Cleethorpes, what did you know about my wife?"

"Let's begin the other way; how did you come to marry her?"

"I was at Trouville. I saw her bathing; I liked her figure—she wasn't shy; I introduced myself to her; within a month I'd married her."

"Knowing nothing about her?"

"Except what she told me."

"Which was?"

"She said she was an orphan."

"Which was true."

"That her father was the Chevalier de Robina——"

"Which was a lie. Did she tell you anything about her own life?"

"In shadowy outlines. I gathered that her father had been dead some time, but that her mother had only died recently; and that generally she'd had a pretty rough time, in the course of which she wandered over a good deal of ground."

"That also was true. What else did she tell you?"

"Nothing; I didn't ask her that much. She'd captured me; she'd got me on a bit of string; she'd only got to pull the string and I was at the end of it. No fool like an old fool? I'm not so sure. You see I'd had three wives before I had her."

"When I heard that you were married I wasn't so surprised as I might have been; because I supposed it might have come about through your discovering that you were birds of a feather."

"How do you mean—birds of a feather?"

"There was a look on the old gentleman's face as if he did not altogether relish the other's suggestion."

"I don't know if you have learned the fact from what you found in the desk you spoke of; I should hardly think she'd carry about with her evidence which would con-

nect her with that sort of thing. The woman you married was, in her way, the most famous woman in Europe; possibly in the world."

Hitherto Cleethorpes had been standing. Now drawing an easy chair forward, he sat on it; leaning toward Sir John, and dropping his voice nearly to a whisper for reasons which he explained.

"You remarked just now that that nurse of yours had ears. The door is shut; it's a solid, well-made door; I am sure she can't hear on the other side of it what we're talking about in here; still—it's desirable that what I am going to say should be heard by you alone. I told you, in reply to a question you put to me, that there are times when we all of us speak the truth; that is so. Also there are situations in which it is impossible to tell the truth; the late Lady Poynder was in one of them when you married her."

"What was it?"

"I'll tell you part of her story; then tell me if you don't think it was practically impossible for her to tell you the truth. Where were you in February, 1880?"

"I was in Nicaragua."

"That was a lively time in Europe. On the seventeenth of that month the dining room of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg was blown up by dynamite. The leading spirit in the whole business was your late wife's father."

"Cleethorpes!"

"The intention was, of course, to blow the Czar up with it. Alexander II used to take his seat at the dinner table at six-thirty; the explosion took place about a quarter to seven, when he ought to have been there some minutes; but he wasn't there. On March 13th in the following year, Alexander II, who was a wrong-headed man and wouldn't take advice, was bombed to death when driving through the streets of St. Petersburg. The affair was engineered by your wife's father, and that time he didn't fail. Several bombs were thrown; he threw one of them."

"How do you come to know these things?"

"Some years after I was an adventurous youth, with some crack-brained ideas, a pocket full of money—I seriously doubt if money is not more dangerous than dyna-

mite to a youth of a certain sort—a fondness for Continental life, and a taste for queer acquaintances. I made a good many of the latter in different European cities, and, among them, your late wife's father, and several members of the circle in which she lived."

"Were you one of them?"

"No, never. I had the saving grace of a sense of humor; for me to have become one of them would have been too absurd. But some of them were not rich; in those days money was no particular object to me; I think my money kept the life in some of them. We got on excellently together; they talked as freely in my presence as if I had been one of them; I fancy that, though I was a young idiot, they realized that I was an English gentleman, and wouldn't sneak."

"What kind of man was he?"

"Charming, altogether charming, with fair hair and laughing eyes, and one of the sunniest dispositions I ever met. The one thing for which he lived was the liberty of his country—as he put it, Russia ruled by Russians."

"When did you first know my wife?"

"I'm thirty-five; I was then in my early twenties; I suppose twelve or thirteen years ago. She was younger than I was; I imagine she was then eighteen, as fine a girl as you could wish to see."

"I don't need you to tell me that."

"They called her Bébé, satirically; she never had been a baby. She knew much more of the world than I did, or, thank God, than I am ever likely to."

"Why do you thank God?"

"Consider what her knowledge must have been! Of such parentage; born in a Siberian prison; no other home in which to spend the years of her childhood; the year in which she came, with her mother, out of prison was, I believe, the year in which her father threw that bomb. I know she once told me that almost the very first words she ever heard her father utter were to the effect that he had killed the Little Father, and that, to that extent, her childhood was avenged; she didn't know what he meant then, but she did before very long. That was a pleasant overture to her life. Then the years which followed were—picaresque. How else could it be in such an environment?"

"What was the connection between you?"

"None. Her father was my friend; she never was. I was always rather afraid of her."

"Why?"

"I regarded her as an embodiment of a feminine devil; she loved mischief for mischief's sake. But—with such a record—what could you expect? I did not blame her! I only kept out of her way."

"There were three of your portraits in her desk."

"I dare say. I know nothing about them; I didn't give her them. Perhaps they were her own sketches. She had a pretty trick with a pencil."

"There are proofs, in her own writing, that she—liked you?"

"And why shouldn't she? Hadn't she some cause? When her father was killed her mother was left destitute; I allowed her two hundred a year, which was paid through my bankers. I lost sight of her for years, though the money was regularly drawn; until one day the bankers received a curt intimation from Mademoiselle Bébé that her mother was dead. I instructed them to continue the allowance to her; she informed them, still curtly, that it wasn't wanted. When next I heard of her she was your wife."

"What was her father's name?"

"That is not my secret."

"Did you write that?"

Cleethorpes glanced at the sheet of paper which the other held out to him.

"I did not."

"That's the letter which was found inside her bodice when she lay dead. I've compared it with some of your handwriting, as to the genuineness of which there's no dispute, and I'm free to own that there's no resemblance between them. Who did write it?"

Cleethorpes shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know?"

"Poynder, did you ever take anyone's advice?"

"Not often."

"Then let this be one of the exceptions—take mine. Your wife is dead. 'After life's fitful fever'—and with her it was a fitful fever—'she sleeps well.' Let everything you possibly can sleep with her—including that."

"The man who wrote this killed her."

"I think not." There was the faint sound of an electric bell being rung below; he sat back in his chair to listen. "I shouldn't be surprised if that bell was rung by the person who killed your wife."

"Cleethorpes!"

"Can you keep cool and control your language and your temper? I suppose that in some of the tight places in which you've been you must have done all three?"

"I can do it now, if it's needed."

Cleethorpes, who had risen from his chair, stood in the attitude of an attentive listener. Without, some one coughed. Cleethorpes stood and whispered to Poynder:

"Then do it now; it is needed. When that person who is coming up the stairs is in this room you'll be in one of the very tightest places you ever were in."

He moved close up against the wall, so that when the door was opened he was hidden behind it, as presently Mr. Woods unconsciously illustrated.

"Miss Hortense Boyes," announced Mr. Woods.

A woman entered; Mr. Woods retired; the door was shut; and, that same instant, Leonard Cleethorpes had his back up against it.

CHAPTER XXX

MISS BOYES'S PRETTY PLAYTHING

THE newcomer was far from being unprepossessing. She was possibly somewhere in the early thirties, and her years became her. Of the average height, neither too tall nor too short, she was of the build which, to the eye of an expert, would have suggested an athlete. One felt, from the way in which she came into the room, from the way in which she held herself when she was in, that here was a woman who was quick, active, untiring; who was used to various physical exercises; who kept her body in condition; who would possibly more than hold her own against the average untrained man in trials of strength, agility, endurance. A citizen of the world had only to glance at this woman once to be impressed by the probability that she was strong upon her intellectual side; yet she

certainly was not lacking in personal charm. It was only when she spoke that one learned she was not English.

She stood well inside the room, one hand resting lightly on her parasol, looking from Sir John Poynder round the room to Cleethorpes with an air of being slightly puzzled.

"Where," she asked, "is Mr. Harris?"

Her voice was low, clear, resonant, one which once heard was not likely to be easily forgotten; in her pronunciation of English there was ever so faint a foreign accent. Cleethorpes, still with his back to the door, replied, not to her question:

"Miss Boyes—if it is Miss Boyes; it did not use to be—this is—a pleasure."

"You?" There was an unmistakable twinkle in her eyes as she regarded him. "What does this mean?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Where is Mr. Harris?"

"Haven't you seen him?"

"I expected to see him. He sent me a message on the telephone—" She was struck by something which it seemed she saw on Cleethorpes's face. "Wasn't it sent by him?" He shook his head. "By you?" He nodded. "But—I do not understand. How did you find out where I was?"

"From Mr. Harris."

"Did he tell you? I do not believe it."

"Not intentionally; still—he did."

"Where is he?"

"I cannot positively affirm; but I think it's possible that he's making arrangements to vacate, at the earliest possible moment, those offices of his in Walbrook."

"Why?"

"Again I ask you, can't you guess?"

"Why should you interfere? Whose rooms are these?"

"Mine. I am pleased to see you in them."

"Then—it is a trick?"

"I was so anxious to have a quiet chat with you that I had to stoop to strategy."

She looked down at the figures which she described with the point of her parasol on the carpet; nothing in her bearing suggested uneasiness, or the least loss of self-possession. She smiled as she spoke—her smile made her face quite pretty.

"What is the quiet chat to be about—old times?"

"And some new ones. In the first place, let me commence by introducing you to some one whom you ought to know—Sir John Poynder. Poynder, this is Miss Hortense Boyes, the lady whom, I am told, your wife has made her sole residuary legatee."

Even in performing the ceremony of introduction Cleethorpes did not budge from the position he had taken up, with his back close to the door. If Miss Boyes saw anything singular in his unconventional attitude, nothing in her manner showed it. Eying the old man, she acknowledged the introduction with a graceful little inclination of her head.

"I grieved to hear that you had an accident; I trust that before now you have recovered."

The old man said nothing; he only leaned on the handle of his stick and glowered at her. One felt that he was finding himself in an unlooked-for situation; that this pleasant vision of feminine health and brightness was not at all the sort of person he had expected to see. It seemed as if his silence conveyed to her a significance which was not altogether without promise. As if actuated by a sudden impulse, she seated herself in the armchair which Cleethorpes had left, leaning toward the old man with an air of assurance which was both tender and sunny.

"I hope that you are not grieved by what Bébé has done? You must know that to me she was always Bébé—I should like you to understand."

"I also should like to understand."

The contrast between his grim tone and her soft one, his age and her youth, his frailty and her vigor, was, in its way, grotesque; it was as if she stood for the present and the future, and he only for the past.

"It is quite simple; she and I were the friends of a lifetime; I knew her since she was—ten."

"That was when she came out of jail with her mother."

"Then—you know."

"Your friend, Mr. Cleethorpes, has just been telling me."

She glanced round at Cleethorpes, still with his back against the door.

"You had no right to tell him! He had no right to know."

"There, I regret to say, we differ."

The old man struck in.

"I also differ. It seems to me that I ought to know something about her, since she was my wife. It'll not make much difference what I know—now. It would not have made much difference if she'd told me before she was my wife. I believe I'd have married her just the same, if she'd had me; only—we should have understood each other better. I've lived in troubled waters, and thrived in them. It wouldn't have hurt me to have known, as Mr. Cleethorpes had it, that we were birds of a feather. But go on with what you were saying. You and she were old friends; considering that you were both young women—were you?"

"When I heard that she was going to be married it was a wrench to me—in all kinds of ways! As a compensation she made a will in which she left to me everything she had."

"Which was nothing, when she came to me."

"Ah, but there were your gifts to her."

"I did not realize that in giving them to her I was giving them to you."

As he looked at her there was a twinkle in the old man's eyes.

"Cleethorpes, what am I to say to this young lady?"

"Tell her to play the game."

"You hear, you're to play the game."

"What does he mean by play the game? What do you mean?"

She turned to the man against the door.

"Don't you understand that your cards are on the table, face upward, and that we can see what they are?"

"I do not understand."

"You mean you won't. Very well; I'll explain. You not only persuaded the late Lady Poynder to make a will in your favor, but you also took steps to make its provisions active. I saw your hand in it from the first, and I believe you knew it. But there was a good deal I didn't understand, and don't. For instance, one thing which still bothers me is, how was it you couldn't gain the end you had in view without resorting to such a very drastic measure? Where are you going?"

The lady had risen from the armchair.

"Since you stick fast to the door, as if you fear that I should rush through it if you moved from it an inch, I prefer not to

continue with my back to you, so I will sit at the table. Have you any objection?"

"Not in the least. What are you doing with that bag?"

She was taking something out of one of those small leather hand bags which women carry in lieu of a pocket.

"You are inquisitive. Why do you approach me? Go back to your door. If you come too close you will perhaps be sorry." She was holding a wad of white cotton wool. As with deft, quick fingers she opened it out it was seen that in the heart of it was a gleaming ball, which looked like nothing so much as one of those silver balls with which children adorn Christmas trees. "You had better not move another inch. I am as quick as you, and quicker. Go back to your door, I tell you. You see what this is? You have seen things like it in the old times; but we have improved on them since then. In those days they often would not go off—you know what I mean by go off?—when they were wanted. Now they sometimes go off when they are not wanted—they are of such a delicate constitution. I have but to drop this from my fingers on to the table, or let it roll from the table on to the floor—there is an end of this room and all that is in it. What value you set on your own lives I don't know. On my life, under certain circumstances, I set none at all. That you know."

Mr. Cleethorpes regarded the lady and the shining ball, to all outward seeming, unmoved.

"I saw one of those pretty playthings not many minutes ago."

"Where?"

"In Walbrook."

"Ah! Did he——?"

"No, he didn't; and, if you'll be guided by me, you won't either. You'll put that dangerous toy back into your bag, and you'll confide the bag to my keeping; it won't be wanted."

"Then it will not be used. You think you have me in a trap? Not at all. No one ever has me trapped while I have this; it will dispose of any trap in the twinkling of an eye. Go back to the door, Mr. Leonard Cleethorpes; it is a position you yourself have chosen. If you quit it, I shall know it means danger to me; and that will certainly mean death to you and to our good friend, Sir John Poynder. Go back

to the door. Do not attempt to open it, but stand with your back against it, as you have been doing all the time."

For a second Cleethorpes hesitated. Then, as he saw the delicate fashion in which she was holding the shining disk between her forefinger and her thumb, with a grimace to Sir John he did the lady's bidding.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW LADY POYNDER CAME TO HER END

"SIR JOHN POYNDER, I understand that Mr. Cleethorpes has told you about Bébé's father and mother; what they did—especially her father."

"Sir John Poynder has been told."

"You will easily believe that when her father died she was regarded by those who have spent their lives in waging war against that anarchy which is represented by the czars of Russia as a saint and a martyr and a hero. His widow was blind; he left only one child—Bébé. At her own urgent request she was regarded as his successor in the cause of humanity. At a great meeting which was called of the leaders of the forces of liberty, she begged to be allowed to dedicate herself to the sacred cause, in which her father and her mother, and nearly all her forbears, had worked and suffered. Her dedication was accepted—I need not describe to you the enthusiasm with which she herself was received; there were those present who would have been glad to have kissed the hem of her dress. Her father had disposed of one of the representatives of anarchy; she made a special appeal to be allowed to dispose of his successor, that that might be regarded as her special work. It was agreed. Combatants all the world over, remembering what her father had done, placed in his daughter their profoundest confidence. Their eyes were turned to her as the sailor's to the star which guides him. They watched, and waited. Once, twice, thrice, was the business to have been done; but each time there was a hitch—something which prevented. Then again matters were arranged. All preparations were made; everything was ready; the date was finally fixed. A few days before the actual date Bébé went to Trouville—to enjoy the sea bathing, and

also, more particularly, to divert the suspicious eyes which were always following her. She and I were to work together. Imagine, therefore, what were my feelings when, on the morning on which I was to start for the scene of operations, I received from her a letter in which she wrote, as if it were a matter of no importance, that for her it was all over, since just now she had promised to marry an Englishman."

"Do you mean to say that when she accepted my offer she was just about to start on an expedition whose objective was, as you euphemistically phrase it, to dispose of the reigning czar?"

"Precisely! You have the situation in a nutshell! Conceive, then, what were my sensations when I received such a letter."

"So soon as I had her letter I rushed to Trouville; but it was no use; I knew it would not be all the time I was rushing. She looked as though she had the tenderest nature, a soul which could be moved by a word. In reality her nature was harder than this table, and she had no soul. She laughed at me. I could have killed her then and there, but what would have been the use? By our laws, in acting as she was doing she was guilty of a crime for which her life was forfeit; but of all persons I ever met she was, I think, the most artful, the most difficult to get into a tight corner, the quickest to slip out of it. She made to me a suggestion which, as was my duty, I laid before my colleagues."

"We were in want of money. If we could obtain from her a sufficiently large sum, then we could do without her; we could let her go; we could arrange for some one else to follow in her father's glorious footsteps. In the case of an ordinary person we would not have listened; she would have had to pay the penalty; we would have treated her offer with contempt; but—she was the daughter of her father; so we listened; and permitted her to trick us as she had tricked you. She was to get fifty thousand pounds on the day you married her; she wanted a hundred thousand, but you would not give it to her; she said, however, that she would get the other fifty thousand from you in less than twelve months. She got from you as well, your house, and all that was in it. In it, she said, were many beautiful things, which were worth more than fifty thousand

pounds. She told us that she was to get the fifty thousand pounds in hard cash; the understanding, therefore, was that so soon as she was married she was to hand it over to us."

"But directly she was married the difficulties began, and the excuses. She came to me when she was in Paris."

"She said that you had given her the money, but that it was in such a form that she could not get at it; it was represented by securities which were deposited at your bankers, and that you had so arranged matters that she could not touch the principal, and that only the interest was paid to her."

"She was extremely diplomatic; there was something at the back of everything she said; you could not fathom her. As usual she was ready with an offer to gloss over her failure to keep her promise. She offered to deposit with me the deeds which conveyed to her the money, the house, and the jewels; and to make a will in which everything was to be left to me, for the use of the society."

"When she had gone we submitted the papers she had left to an English lawyer. He at once pointed out that each deed of gift contained an important clause—to the effect that should she prove an unfaithful wife the whole thing was null and void."

"I was sent to London to keep my eye on her; to endeavor to keep her in the strait way; and to warn her that our eyes were on her. I soon found that it was time some one tried to hold her back; she was rushing in a direction which meant ruin to our prospects."

"Was his name Cleethorpes?"

"No, it was——"

"Since his name was not Cleethorpes, names don't matter."

This was from the man with his back against the door; the lady took the hint.

"That is true—names don't matter. I will only say that he already had a wife of his own—a much more charming wife, in every way, than your Bébé; but—he was not the wisest of his sex. In her hands he was as putty. She was in her most mischievous mood; she meant to have him; and she did—almost. I warned her of what the consequences might be—to her; she defied me."

"I requested instructions; they came. I was told to remind her that already she had

incurred a penalty, which was not carried out because she had entered into a certain undertaking. She had broken the letter; if now she proposed to break the spirit of that undertaking sentence would be executed. When I carried her this message she at once became grave; she promised that her relations with a certain person should go no further; that they should be broken off. Within a few hours I learned that again she had tricked me; that she had made him swear to carry her off that night.

"At that moment we needed money for a special purpose more than ever—she was throwing that huge sum away for a toy of which she would grow tired in forty-eight hours—did I not know her? I went to your house, Sir John Poynder, as fast as ever I could. As I reached it she came out of the door—I had actually caught her in the nick of time, just as she was starting on her flight. My appearance was unexpected; for once in her life she lost her nerve; she went back with me into the house, but so soon as she was in it her nerve returned. She told me I was an idiot; that we were in London, not in Petersburg; that if I supposed that I could frighten her I was wrong. In short, she made it plain that, so soon as my back was turned, and before, if it was possible, she would carry out her original programme. So, since evidently further remonstrance was useless, and she did not believe that I was serious, to prove that I was in earnest I had to put the sentence which, in such an eventuality, had been pronounced upon her, into execution."

CHAPTER XXXII

MISS BOYES'S PROPOSITION

THE speaker paused, and her silence was uncomfortably significant. Neither of her listeners spoke; apparently the silence was pregnant with an eloquence which they wholly understood. While they both of them looked at her, she kept her eyes fixed on the old man; when she continued, it was to him that her words were addressed. Not once had she raised her voice, or shown any signs of heat, or excitement, or of consciousness that there was anything strange about her narrative as she unfolded it.

When she went on it was in the same quiet, easy, conversational tones, as if her one desire was to convince by the logical exposition of the problem she had to demonstrate.

"If Sir John Poynder will give me his word—there is no need for him to put it into writing—if he will simply give me his word, in the presence of Mr. Cleethorpes, that he will not contest Bébé's will—which, after all, only affects her own property—but will hand it over, without cavil, to the person I have named in my will, which will leave him still a very rich man, then I will confess my guilt. You can send for the police to this room, and in your presence and theirs I will confess my guilt, avoiding all details which will lead to scandal—it will be easy, I can prove my guilt without reference to anything outside myself—I will surrender myself into their hands. That poor girl, whom I was so reluctant to leave behind me in that room, will be let out of prison; her innocence will be established; and with you others all will be well. Since the money for which it was done will go to the cause I have so much at heart—with me too all will be well. Sir John Poynder, what do you say to my proposition; will you give me your word?"

The old man looked at her, long and silently; then he said, in what seemed to be his harshest and rustiest tones:

"You are still a young woman."

"You mean I am still young to—to die? What does that matter? All my life I have lived with death within reach of my finger." She touched, with her finger tip, the shining ball. "Besides, to die for one's country, what would you wish better?"

Sir John turned to the man who still stood against the door.

"You hear? What advice have you to offer?"

Cleethorpes replied:

"It hardly seems to me to be a case in which advice from me is needed. I have none to offer."

The lady indorsed his words.

"He is right. It is for you only, Sir John, to speak. Say that what you have given you have given."

Looking into space, his hands resting on his stick, his chin on his hands, after a pause the old man echoed her words.

"What I have given I have given."

"That is well. You say it realizing all that it means."

"I realize. Only don't imagine for one second that I say it because I am afraid of that bomb of yours."

"I do not imagine it; I am not so foolish."

"I don't know why I say it, but it's not because I'm afraid."

"I think it is perhaps a little because, like me, you believe in the first principles of elementary justice."

Cleethorpes spoke.

"There is some one coming up the stairs, probably to this room. I trust that you will not regard my moving from this particular spot as a signal for you to try an experiment in extinction."

She laughed.

"Not I; all that is finished. Matters are arranged; Sir John has promised." Standing up, carefully drawing its thick coat of cotton wool about the shining ball, she opened her bag, while the two men watched her. "Perhaps it is already policemen who are coming up the stairs. Did you send for them so soon as I rang at your front-door bell?"

"I did not."

Cleethorpes moved aside to allow the door to open, admitting Mr. Woods, who, in confidential tones, addressed his master.

"A person of the name of Pultowski wishes, sir, to see you."

"Where is Mr. Pultowski?"

"In the street, sir; where I kept him, in accordance with what I understood to be your instructions."

"You have done quite right, Woods; you have followed out my instructions both in the letter and the spirit." He turned to the lady who was standing at the table. "If I ask Mr. Pultowski to favor me with his presence in this room, will you undertake that he shall behave as an ordinary, sane gentleman?"

"Certainly. I do not know why he has come here; how it is that he has come to your rooms at all; but when he sees that I am here, he will act exactly as I wish him. I promise that he will do nothing to destroy, or embarrass, the arrangement which has been concluded between us."

"Then, on that understanding, with your permission, I will myself escort Mr. Pultowski upstairs."

With Mr. Woods he left the room, closing the door after him as he went. When he was gone the lady stood for a moment silent, smilingly regarding the closed door; then, still smiling, she turned to the old man, who, in his former position, continued to stare into space.

"He has gone for the police."

CHAPTER XXXIII

FURTHER EXPLANATION

MR. PULTOWSKI came into the room with a dubious air; plainly he had no notion what might be ahead of him. When he saw the lady standing by the table, he moved toward her quickly, eagerly.

She greeted him with smiling serenity.

"My friend, it is all settled. Let me make you known to Sir John Poynder."

The old man was eying him sourly.

"Name of Pardebeck," he snarled.

"Sir John Poynder, Mr. Pultowski is the person in whose name stands all that I possess. Pultowski, Sir John Poynder has promised to hand over to you, with the least possible delay, all the property which Bébé bequeathed to me."

"But why hand it to me?"

"Because I am going to prison."

The man's face was working convulsively. He drew himself upright, as if he were standing at attention.

She said something to him in Russian, to which he replied in the same language. Though he still stood straight and motionless, the fashion of his face was changed, as if by emotion which was so strong as to be almost uncontrollable. She glanced toward the door, as if her quick ear had heard something which was not audible to the others. "Again some one comes—perhaps it is the police this time."

Again she was mistaken; through the unceremoniously opened door there came darting—Alice Mahony. She stared from one to the other of those present till her eyes rested on the lady standing by the table, then broke into exclamation.

"Leonard!—why—there's Bergholt!"

The lady came a step or two forward, pleasure shining on her face.

"I am glad, Miss Mahony, to see you."

The girl drew back toward Cleethorpes.

"Leonard, what—is she doing here?"

In its bluntness his reply was almost brutal.

"She is waiting for the police."

"The police? Then—she did it!"

The lady referred to could hardly have spoken more cheerfully had the allusion been to the manufacture of a mud pie.

"Oh, yes, I did it. Did you not know?"

"How could I know?"

"Have you not still the hat, and the veil, and the motor coat? And the revolver—have you not missed it?"

"Yes—I have missed it."

"It was with your revolver that I did it."

"I thought—that it was with my revolver—I did it."

"Then—you did dream?"

"What do you know about my dream?"

Cleethorpes replied, speaking for the first time with a show of feeling.

"Everything; she knows everything; it was because of her you dreamed."

"Leonard! How could that be?"

"When, that afternoon, you told me about your dream, I at once began to have a dim perception of how the whole strange coil might be unraveled." He turned to the other woman, who still smiled, as though in the enjoyment of some private jest; there was nothing smiling about either his tone or manner. On a sudden he had grown stern. "It was then I recognized your hand."

"Ah—now I perceive."

"What had I done to you that you should do this to me?"

"How could I know that I was doing it to you?"

"You knew what she was to me; at least be honest! It was the common talk of the house; you could not help but know. Why did you hide from me if you did not know? Alone of all the household you were strange to me; you took care that I never saw your face. I heard of the troubled dreams which had begun all at once to haunt her; if I had seen you I should have understood; but, for all I knew, you were on the other side of the globe. Why did you force yourself into that house at all?"

"I was sent to London to watch; where could I watch better than in that house? When I found out that you were a frequent visitor, of course I hid from you; but it

was not because I knew that there was anything between you and Miss Mahony."

The girl interposed.

"But, Leonard, I don't understand. What did she do to me? What had she to do with my dreams?"

The woman answered.

"Always, Miss Mahony, I have been interested in problems of mental psychology; I have had a theory that, by what I call thought transference, it is possible to induce in others unconscious obedience. So soon as I saw you I knew you would be a good subject for experiment—you were so sympathetic; so I began to experiment on you."

Cleethorpes struck in.

"And so began to weave the rope which was to hang you; because when I began to understand what it was that you had been doing, I vowed to myself that you should pay for it. I promised myself that I would run you down; and I've done it."

Alice Mahony looked from one to the other in increasing bewilderment.

"But, Leonard, still I don't understand. What does she mean by saying that she experimented on me?"

Again the woman answered.

"I began by suggesting to you the subjects of your dreams; I found you singularly receptive."

"Do you mean that it was you who put them into my head?"

"I do, exactly. On that night, when I was starting to interview Lady Poynder, I went into your room to borrow your veil, your hat, and your coat. You were fast asleep in bed. All at once I thought, suppose I suggest to her to dream that she is doing what I am going to do; you were so fast asleep; I knew your sleep was of the kind in which you were most receptive. I stood close to your bedside, and while I was putting on your things I willed that you should dream that it was you who were putting them on; when I left your room I kept on willing that your dream should continue; but until this moment I did not know that I had succeeded. You will remember that the next day I quitted your service; I had a telegram to tell me that my mother was dying; I did not wait to hear of my success."

As she followed the speaker's words the girl's beautiful eyes were distended by horror and fear.

"Then—it was you—who put that—
dreadful dream—into my head!"

"It was not done to hurt you—I did it
in the cause of scientific research."

Turning to Leonard Cleethorpes, Alice,
putting her arms about his neck, hid her
face against his shoulder, her slender form
shaken by sobs. As if both moved and sur-
prised by the girl's pitiful weeping, the
other pleaded for forgiveness.

"I did not mean to so hurt you; I am
very, very sorry."

Cleethorpes's rejoinder as he strove to
comfort the trembling girl was hardly of
a forgiving kind.

"Here is some one coming who will
make you sorrier."

A heavy tread was heard without; a
broad-shouldered man came into the room;
another stood, in plain sight, upon the
threshold. The one who had entered
asked:

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Cleethorpes?"

"I am."

As he spoke he drew the girl closer to
him; but she, choking back her sobs, raised
her head and looked at the stranger, but
she made no effort to withdraw herself
from her lover's arms.

"I am an inspector of police," the new-
comer announced. "I am here in conse-
quence of a message which has just come
over the telephone."

A curious silence followed; as if with
common accord, all glances were averted
from the woman. Then, with a total ab-
sence of any appearance of self-conscious-
ness, she broke the stillness. Coming a step
forward, she said, in a voice which was at
once clear and quiet:

"I am the person who"—she turned, as
if to exchange one word she had intended
use for another—"murdered Lady
Poynder."

CHAPTER XXXIV

MIRACLES

THE next morning Claire Seton was
taken from her cell to the governor's office.
There the governor informed her that he
had just received instructions that she
should be immediately released. She stared
at him as if she did not understand his

words; as indeed, she did not. He vouch-
safed no explanation, he merely informed
her of the fact; the fact, because it was so
unexpected, was amazing.

The governor's manner was not un-
kindly, but it was official—and final. He
took her to the porter's lodge; there they
gave her a letter which had recently ar-
rived. She opened it with trembling
fingers.

37 CORK STREET, W.

DEAR MISS SETON:

The person who shot Lady Poynder has con-
fessed, and immediately afterwards destroyed
herself at the police station. I never for a mo-
ment thought that you were guilty. I am glad
that your innocence has been made plain to all
the world. Sir John Poynder unreservedly ac-
cepts your statement that the shot which struck
him was fired by accident; steps have been taken
to procure your instant release. I should have
come in person to greet you on your return to
freedom, but you will allow that I have a suffi-
cient excuse when I tell you that I am this morn-
ing to be married. Please use the accompanying
to supply your immediate wants. If you will let
Mr. Bertram Drummond have your address, a
similar sum shall reach you weekly, until you no
longer are in need of it. When I return from
my honeymoon I trust to meet you with my
wife, and to assure you of my sincere sympathy,
and of my profound conviction that for you there
is a good time coming. It is a fortunate attribute
of human nature—as you will find, if you don't
already know it—that when the sun shines we
can easily forget it rained. I know that I have
your good wishes, as you have mine.

Faithfully yours,

LEONARD CLEETHORPES.

In the envelope was a five-pound note.

When, feeling half dazed, she found
herself on the other side of the gate, she
saw coming toward her—Mr. Bertram
Drummond. Apparently he was about to
pay her the call, which had become a daily
one, which was supposed to represent his
solicitous legal interest in her as an impor-
tant client. As he approached the prison
his bearing was dejected; but, at sight of
her—on the right side of the gate—his de-
jection gave place to surprise; he stood and
stared as if she were a ghost; then, running,
reached her just in time to put his arm
about her and save her from falling to the
ground.

He walked by her side until they found a cab; in the cab, in the tumult of feeling with which her near neighborhood, and the strangeness of it all, filled him, he said things to her which she had never dreamed that he would say, and to which she had not supposed that she would ever listen, especially as she did listen; it was all a miracle. They lunched together, and were miraculously happy. Then he took her to his mother's house; under her roof she stayed, until she became his mother's daughter.

That same morning, on that day of miracles of healing, Alice Mahony was seated in her own sitting room, feeling that something had happened to the world, so that all the machinery which kept it going had gone wrong. Just as she had convinced herself that that machinery never could again be put into proper order, the door opened, and, unannounced, Cleethorpes came into the room.

"You!" she exclaimed, being in a mood in which she would not for anything have confessed that he was the person she most longed to see. "What do you want?"

"Put on your hat and gloves," he said.

"Leonard, what are you doing?"

He had crossed the room and pressed the ivory button of a bell.

"I've rung to tell your maid to put some of your things in a bag."

"What's happened now?"

"It's not what has happened; it's what's going to happen. You promised that whenever I came—at a moment's notice, or without a moment's notice—to fetch you to marry me, you'd marry me; I've come to fetch you now. I've arranged with the

parson to meet us at the church; and as he'll be there in five-and-twenty minutes, and is a busy man, I must ask you not to keep him waiting. And as we're going to Switzerland by the afternoon train, and I suppose you'll want some clothes, you'd better tell that maid of yours, when she appears, to pack a bag."

"A bag!" she gasped. "I can't go to Switzerland with a bag!"

"Then take ten trunks; only mind that your maid gets them packed so that she'll meet us at Charing Cross in good time for the two-twenty."

The girl laughed; she put on her hat and gloves; she told her maid about those trunks.

As she was going with Cleethorpes down the stairs, feeling that all of a sudden he had put the machinery just right again, she paused outside her sister's sitting room.

"They're in there," she said.

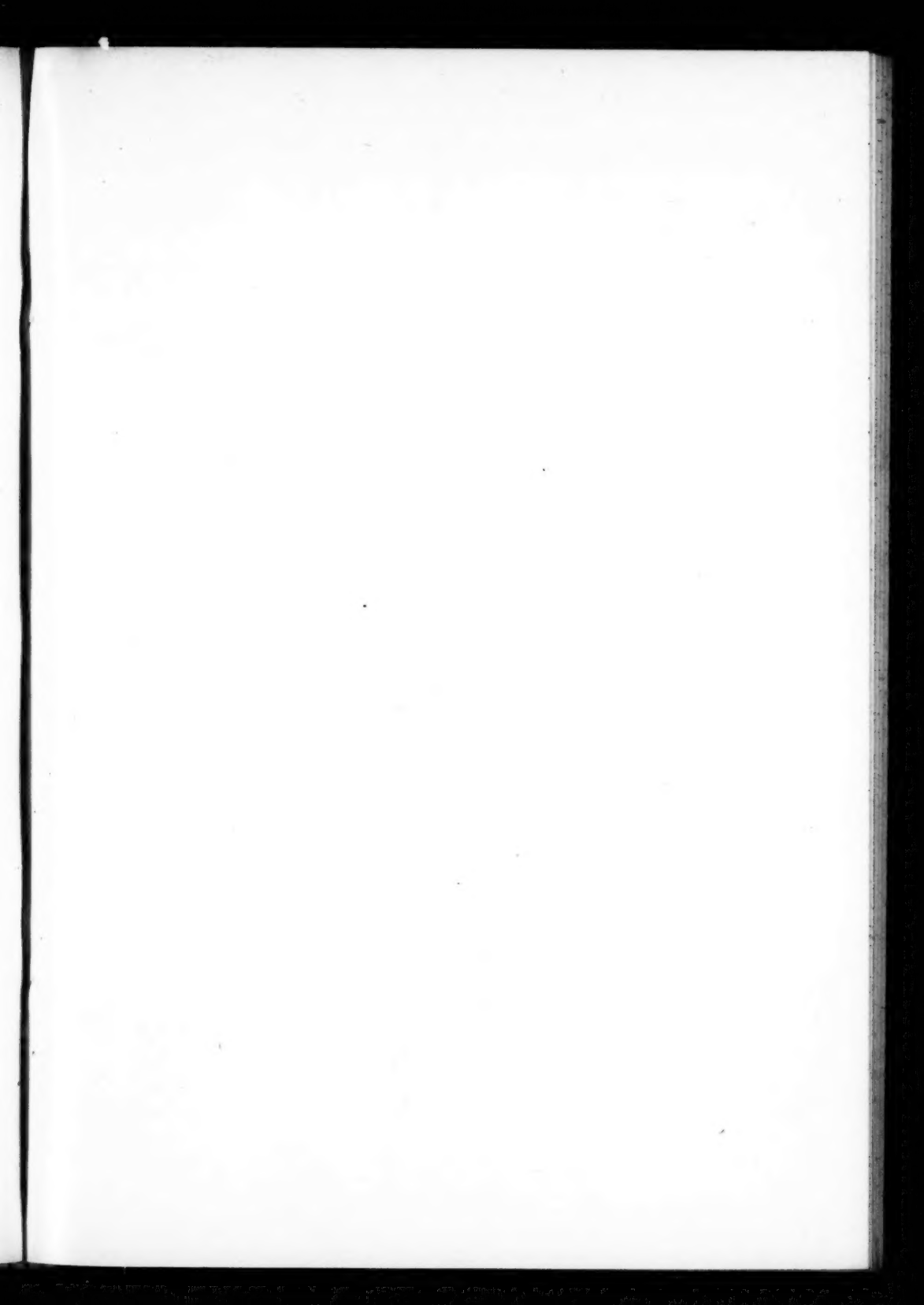
"Both of them? Hereward too?" She nodded. "Then let's go in and insist upon their giving us their blessing; perhaps if we put it to them nicely they'll come with us to church."

That evening, after Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cleethorpes had departed, with the maid and ten trunks, the Marquis and Marchioness of Sark, left alone together, reviewed the stormy events of the past weeks. In the silence that followed, Lady Sark raised her eyes to find her husband's bent upon her in mute questioning.

"Hereward," she breathed, rising, and going up to him, and clasping his hands in both of hers, "shall we not let this be the beginning of our second honeymoon, also?"

THE END

"Who Killed Lady Poynder?" by Richard Marsh, is now published in book form by D. Appleton & Co. It may be obtained at any bookstore, or directly from the publishers, postpaid, for its retail price, \$1.50.





Drawn by G. C. Wiltschko.

“I’ve been driven into being good friends to too many young men.”

—Page 528.